



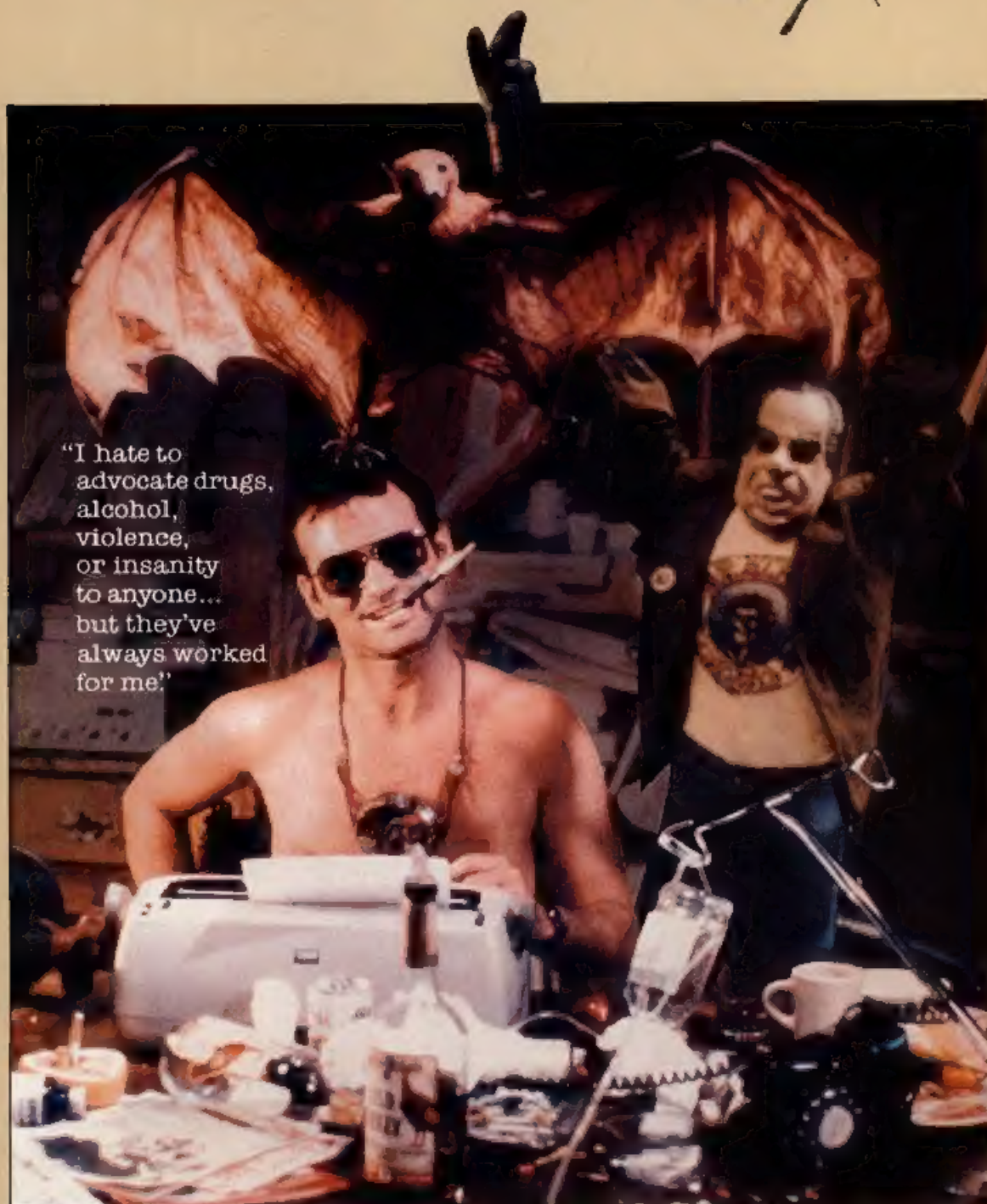
"I think that you [High Times]
shouldn't encourage
young people to take drugs.
I think that's just awful."

JUNE 1980 \$2.50

Mick Jagger
bares his breast!
An exclusive interview
on page 36

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM

BASED ON THE TWISTED LEGEND OF *Dr. Hunter S. Thompson*



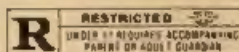
"I hate to
advocate drugs,
alcohol,
violence,
or insanity
to anyone...
but they've
always worked
for me."

PETER BOYLE • BILL MURRAY as Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

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HT 16

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Who's High



In order to do our cover interview with Mick Jagger, **Liz Derringer** was forced to cancel plans to spend New Year's Eve in Cleveland. She did not, however, consider this much of a sacrifice. Liz, who is married to guitar virtuoso Rick Derringer, authored a previous **HIGH TIMES** story on women in rock (November '78). In this startling interview, beginning on page 36, Mick opens up on sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and why he moves around so much.

"In the LSD state the boundaries between the experiencing self and the outer world disappear. A portion of the self overflows into the outer world, into objects, they begin to live, to have another, a deeper meaning. This can be perceived as a blessed or as a demonic transformation." These words, penned by **Albert Hofmann**, the inventor of LSD, could stand as the watchwords of the psychedelic faith. **HIGH TIMES** is honored to have the opportunity to excerpt a selection from Hofmann's memoirs, *LSD: My Problem Child*, in which the great arkbuilder of consciousness exploration imparts his views on the "mystery and myth" of religion and psychoactive drug use through the ages.

The illustration accompanying the Hofmann article was done by **Stanislaw Fernandes**, who did the "Future Drugs" cover illustration for the January '80 **HIGH TIMES**. Stanislaw's work has also appeared in *Business Week*, *Forbes* and *Newsweek*.

For his article "Graffiti '80," contributing editor **Glenn O'Brien** took a walk on the wild side—the wild sides, that is, of subway cars and tunnels, city buildings and telephone booths and bathroom walls, where the "outlaw art" of graffiti colorfully thrives. O'Brien ran with an urban guerrilla art band called the Fab Five who delighted in "burning down ghettos with mystical aesthetics and spray paint."

Beer, beer on the wall, who's the greatest beer drinker of them all? A certain famous brother from Georgia always seems to get that plaudits, but **Shay D. Addams**, also from Georgia, has at least as much stake to the claim, because he not only drinks it, he writes about drinking it. In "From Beer to Eternity" Mr. Addams, the inventor of "Lawrence of Colombia," tells us why imported beer is superior to domestic, what the oldest hangover cure is, why King Frederick of Prussia forced his troops to drink beer, and many pitchersful of other fun information proving that "the pages of this planet's history are as beer-stained as Billy Carter's copy of TV Guide."

"Confessions of an Ex-Fluffer" is an investigative probe into the humorous underbelly of porn cinema, with ex-fluffer **Molly Rosenberg** raising some important issues (among other things) about that industry.

With this issue, **HIGH TIMES** inaugurates a new column, "High Signs," that deals with the effects of hot burning gases on the events of your life. No, it's not about the energy crisis or gastritis, it's about astrology—stars, constellations, sun signs, rising planets and the dazzling shape of your destiny. Its author, **John Wiser**, astrologer extraordinaire, is a respected astrological chart maker whose column in New York City's *Soho News* has inebriably influenced thousands of fortunes.

How much vitamin C should you take after you've spent the day with your favorite hallucinogen? What vitamin gives you more vivid dreams? What vitamin protects against smoke, smog and pesticides better than the Environmental Protection Agency? To find out, take a megadose of **Bill Starr's** article "Feed Your Head: A Nutritional Program for the Recreational Doper." Your body will love you for it. Bill, by the way, has coached dozens of collegiate and professional teams about diet and health, and is the author of *The Strongest Shall Survive*.

We hope **Palma Kolansky's** photo spread beginning on page 67 will leave you rolling in the aisles. Roller skating is an ingenious use of the wheel to overcome the horrible amount of friction in the world while having fun, and "Roll 'Em!" will show you how to do it with grace and style.



Top: Derringer, Fernandes, O'Brien. Bottom: Addams, Wiser, Kolansky.

Photo credits: Top row, Maria Resnick, Ruth Fernandes, Giddy; Bottom row, Clang Selmer, Photofest/1 Studio, Palma Kolansky.

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36 INTERVIEW: MICK JAGGER by Liz Derringer

The loose-limbed Lucifer of the rock inferno is as hallowed in our age as Elvis was in his. But is Mick a fallen devil? Has he philosophically turned coat to sashay about with the beautiful and rich and left the rebel attitudes of his youth behind? Find out what Mick really thinks of rock music and cocaine and why he prefers showers to baths.



44 LSD: MY PROBLEM CHILD by Dr. Albert Hofmann

When Albert Hofmann accidentally discovered LSD in 1943 he had no idea of the chemical magic he had conjured up, nor did he realize he would be hailed as the father of the mind-altering revolution. Hofmann reflects on what it was like bringing up his psychedelic baby and how the careful use of LSD can bring us to a better reality.



48 GRAFFITI '80 by Glenn O'Brien

The world's oldest art form is moving aboveground in the most dazzling display of antiauthoritarian vitality we've seen yet. Here's a look at some of New York's best outlaw art work and an examination of the street credo and savvy that enable graffiti artists to keep laying it on.



55 CENTERFOLD: LOVE IN BLOOM

An ode to the passion of marijuana.

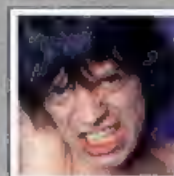


58 FEED YOUR HEAD by Bill Starr

Strength consultant Bill Starr provides a nutritional guide to vitamins for the recreational doper and some vital tips on how to avoid the morning after the day before.

What a cover story! The story behind the cover, that is. Liz Der-
ringer comes in with this revealing interview with Jagger. Mar-
cia Resnick snaps some sensational shots. Then George Lois,

the Greek Madman of Madison Avenue, goes to work. Lois, who
was responsible for those incredible Esquire covers during
the '60s, puts the words and the visuals together and the
office fireworks start. Adrenaline flows. Insults fly. Resigna-
tions are offered. "We sold out!" "Bullshit!" Latimer, our
editor of the picaresque, has the last word on page 8. Wel-
come to the '80s. We have just begun to fight.

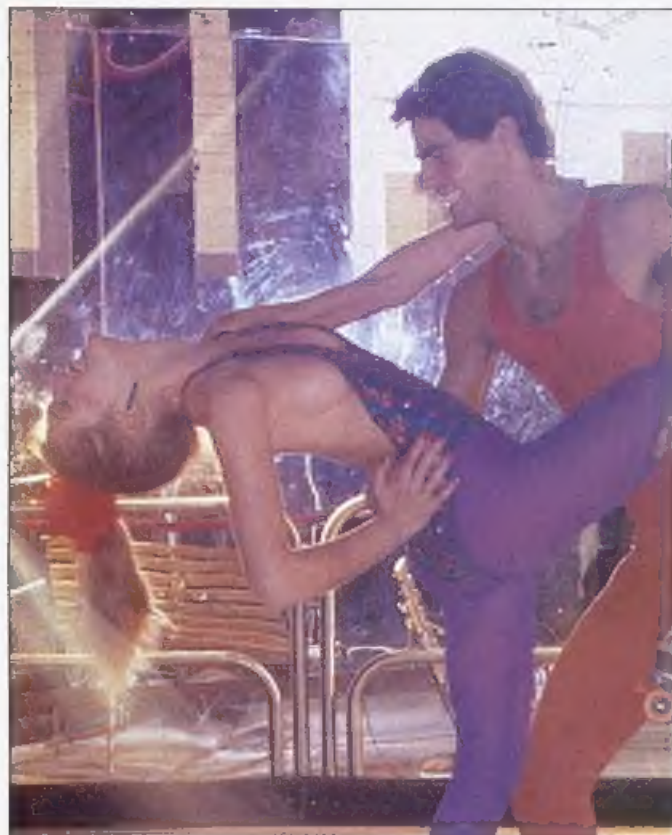


63 FROM BEER TO ETERNITY by Shay Addams

All about hops heads and suds swallows down through
the ages.

67 ROLL 'EM!

Slip slidin' away with the fanciest skates and threads this
side of the Kansas City Bomber.



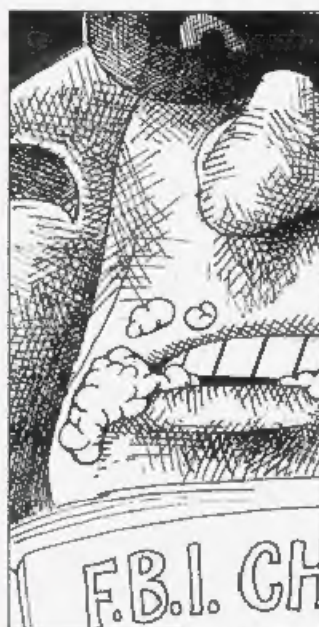
77 COMIX

E Pluribus Pinhead— The Zippy Campaign, Part 4 Mishkin's Last Judgement



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High Times

Interoffice Memo

To: Everyone else around here
From: Dean Latimer
Re: Jagger cover

It was just a matter of time. The big muckamucks here proclaim this vast policy change to widen the ad base, suck in new readers, take the heat off and all that. No more flip wisecracks about celebrity smack ODs, they tell us. No more stashing wholesale weed consignments in our file cabinets. Less copy space on cops-and-robbers games between south Florida coke movers and the narcs, and more solid pharmacological poop on what drugs do to your precious almighty health. "We'll back it up," they keep promising. "We'll bring in real publishing pros, put together a whole new package. Real pros, honest! Guys with suits!"

So it had to happen. The first guy with a three-piece suit they hire to do a cover, he comes in with this abomination that just pisses everybody off! I never saw so many perfectly cool, intelligent, levelheaded dope journalists in my life take themselves so bloody seriously. "It's not funny!" "It won't sell!" "If Jagger wants to flink out, why should we go along?" "This is an insult to everything High Times stands for!" "It'll get us into trouble!"

Well, it happens that we already are in trouble. Worse than we know, I daresay. You guys should go check out a Wolff committee hearing sometime, and see the terrific song-and-dance number going on among those cracker congressmen, the big dope-control cops, and those "concerned parents" groups from all over the country. These people are out to gut the whole Bill of Rights, pure and simple, beginning with the censorship of any literature that might encourage young people to take drugs. That's us.

Not that we editorially encourage kids, or anyone, to take drugs. We just don't tell 'em not to. That's criminal enough these days, when kids everywhere are into dope, and folks are hungry for a scapegoat. Just by the fact that we exist, High Times can be construed as an encouragement to kids to do dope; it's very felicitous for people to blame the whole syndrome on High Times, because that way they don't have to look at the real reasons why all these kids are doing dope. And so we are in fact in trouble, and it'll get worse before it gets better.

Running this cover sure isn't going to dip us any deeper into the shit, honest. It's just Mick Jagger saying he thinks it's terrible when you encourage young people to take drugs. It doesn't even stand out from the context of the interview. It's Mick saying something eminently sensible, not flinking out on nothing, saying exactly the same thing you or I would say. What's the big deal?

It's when this subversive three-piece-suit wearer takes it out of context and splashes it all around our precious logo the hackles go up. These concerned parents outfits do precisely that to us all the time, and here we are doing it to ourselves. Some of the folks here, I take it, consider that just plain humiliating.

Well, it ain't. It's funny, is what it is. It is really magnificently funny, in such a multitude of aspects, on such a profundity of levels, at such a choice moment in time, that it knocks me right on my arse every time I think about it. I could do a whole essay on all the ways this cover's funny, but that would be like a hedge wizard revealing the sleight-of-hand tricks of a grand sorcerer. It would be an insult to the noble art of pissing people off. And who does this cover not piss off?

It sure doesn't piss off that guy in the three-piece suit. I say we watch him very closely from now on.

Dean Latimer

Dean Latimer



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NO NERDS!

I was pissed off with your No Nukes supplement [HIGH TIMES, "Woodstock Nation vs. Nuclear Power," January '80]. The source of my irritation is all the bullshit from wealthy rock stars about nukes. Jackson Browne and company tend to overlook that those big corporations they talk about fucking everyone over are the same people who employ them, pay them all that money. Do any of these gifted people know how much pollution is put back into the earth when their millions of records are manufactured? How much petroleum is used to make those precious vinyl discs? Or how about all of the electricity that is used to run a great show at Madison Square Garden?

How many of these "for the people" stars still fly first-class or won't ride around town in anything short of a Cadillac? Maybe as performers they've earned it, but to tell me, who's always had nothing, to give up more—bullshit!

Nukes are not the best energy answer, granted. But preaching to me from a redwood hot tub isn't either. When Jackson and his friends start playing guitars through wind-powered amps, give me a call on your solar-powered telephone.

—Michael Foltman, Ithaca, N.Y.

Note: Check out the March '80 "Planet" section for a story on the world's first wind powered rock concert. —Ed

WINDOWPANE POT

I found this plant growing in the police chief's office here in Wilts. It makes me



wonder if some poor soul is sitting in jail for providing a pig with a window decoration. —Name withheld, Wilts, Ca

OF BOOZE AND BANDS

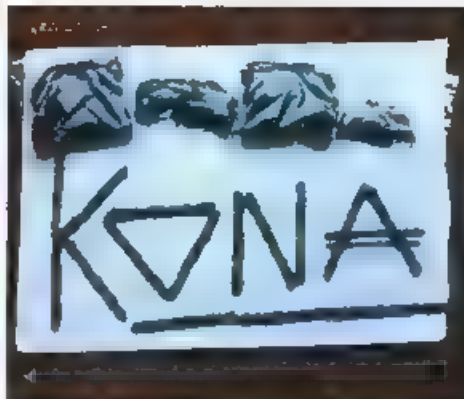
The February '80 issue was great! What a cover! What an island (Hawaii)! I especially enjoyed reading "The World's

Most Potent Liquors." Here's a tip: Vodka is best when chilled; an hour in the fridge ought to do it. And re that issue's review of *Fear of Music*, fans of Talking Heads may not know that their name comes from the British slang for TV news commentators.

Steven F. Schurff, Hillside, N.J.

RICARDO MONTALBAN, EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Here's a shot of some rare Kona sticks, more powerful than dynamite. They sell for \$15 to us local folks and \$20 to \$30 to



tourists. As we say in Kona, "These sticks are da kind da kind kind." By the way, tourists can talk the prices down if they're smart, but never more than \$10 lower than the suggested price.

—R.W.S., Kailua Kona, Hawaii

DOPE IN THE COMICS, PART III

Thanks for a fascinating article on reefer-madness comic books in the '50s [HIGH TIMES, "Dope in the Comics, Part II," December '79]. Although drug stories disappeared after the Comics Code Authority (CCA) ban in 1954, pot appeared in a Superman story in 1961. The story goes that a mutant version of Superman called Bizarro is trying to prove that he can scare the shit out of anyone. At a desert location for a film, Bizarro is laughed at by a couple of cowboys wasted on reefer, or, as Superman puts it, "Loco weed! Its juice makes cattle or cowboys go out of their heads and even laugh at danger! These two actors must have chewed loco weed by mistake, thinking they were mint leaves!" Well, at least the two cowboys didn't wind up shooting up smack or wrecking cars.

Drugs returned in *Amazing Spider-Man* number 97 in 1971, the story was an attack on heroin abuse. It didn't have all the gruesome effects of its predecessors (like trying to jab a needle into an eye), but

because of the subject matter the issue was not approved by the CCA. The story was published anyhow, making it the first comic book to appear without the code's approval since 1954.

Shortly afterward, Marvel's rival company, D.C., launched a "relevance" campaign in their *Green Lantern/Green Arrow* book. Issues number 85 and 86 comprise the famous drug saga, which depicts a junkie fixing some smack; after he injects it, he ODs. On top of it all, Green Arrow's teenage sidekick, Speedy, becomes a junkie. But in the end Speedy is off smack after a painful withdrawal. Instead of code disapproval, the book was praised by many, including then New York City mayor John Lindsay. Since then, antidrug propaganda has been acceptable in comic books. In a recent *Spider-Man*, Spidey's best friend, Harry, is shown frooked out on acid.

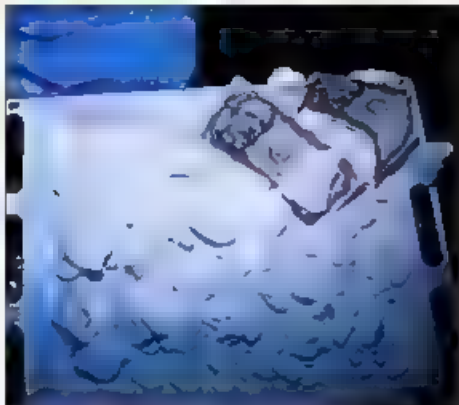
Nowadays, super heroes routinely crack down on drug dealers, usually peddling smack, who either smuggle it in or sell it to kids on school playgrounds.

—Lars R. Brookfield, Wis.

Thanks for the update, Lars. But you missed the mark in assuming that locoweed is another name for marijuana. So-called locoweed is really a member of the *datura* species of hallucinogenic plants. It is found on the American prairies and does indeed trip out unsuspecting cattle, sometimes a whole herd at a time. Mental excitement and illusory thinking characterize the effects of the weed on people. Literature of cowboy life on the Plains abounds with tales of the mad sprees of locoweed users; the Superman writers did their homework! Ed.

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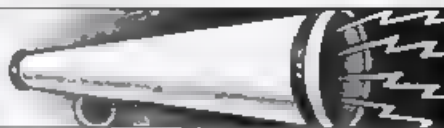
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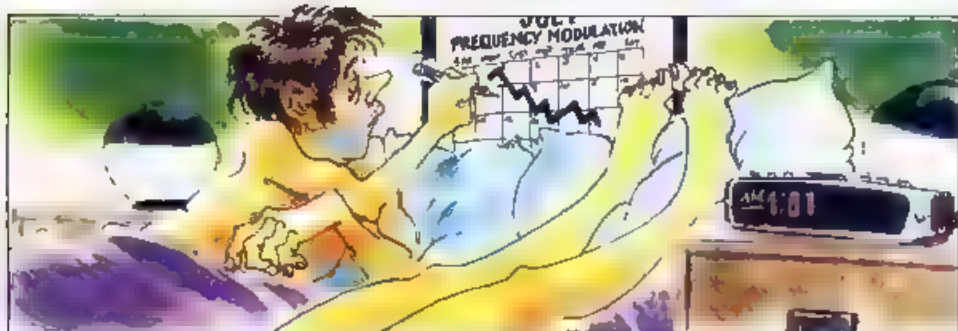
INDIAN "HEMP"

Q: I'd always thought cannabis came to these shores from the Old World with the Jamestown settlers, but while reading about American Indian customs, I found a reference to "Indian hemp," used as a headache remedy ages before Columbus. Is this true? —Edward Brown, Provo, Utah

A: This is an example of the confusion caused by overlapping popular names of different plants. Your book referred to black Indian hemp, alias American hemp, aka wormroot (*Apocynum cannabinum*).

This plant, a relative of dogbane that doesn't even look like cannabis, was called hemp because the Indians wove bags, ropes and quilts from its fibers. Use of its dried root to cure pinworm infestations survived into 19th-century white medicine, but the Ojibwas, Meskwakis and other tribes also used the root as a heart stimulant and a medicine for such kidney ills as dropsy. It was the Pillager Ojibwas who threw this "sacred root" on the fire in their medicine lodge ceremony and also inhaled the smoke for headaches.

FREQUENCY MODULATION



Q: My girl friend and I have a problem, or maybe it's just my problem. She wants to make love once every day—or more—but I'm happy with twice a week. When we do make love it's great, but lately she's been claiming that I'm undersexed. Now I'm worried about it, but I still can't keep up. What can I do? —Bruce G., East Orange, N.J.

A: First, get rid of the notion that there's something wrong with you for wanting intercourse "only" twice a week. You don't mention any health problems or hidden resentments that would interfere with response, so your disagreement with your lover is probably the result of differences in your hormone systems. Each person's hormone chemistry and desire patterns are as unique as his or her fingerprints.

Both of you qualify as "normal," if statistical averages are any guide. A 1977 survey of 4,066 American men, reported in *Beyond the Male Myth* by Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer, found that roughly one-fifth preferred balling once or twice a week. The greatest number chose the three-or-four-per-week level. Respondents to The Hite Report questionnaire wanted sex about as often; those who wanted it daily slightly outnumbered the once-a-week segment, with almost half the women clustered between these extremes.

Bear in mind that, on the average, women have the capacity for far more orgasms than men. Most important, remember that making love and having an orgasm are not

necessarily the same. Part of the answer is to cultivate the unhurried, whole-body sensuality that allows a couple to fuck for hours, with or without orgasm.

Techniques for learning the body's hidden erotic potential are among the best parts of the lore of Western magic and Eastern religion. They recently have been described in several books: Louis Culling's *Manual of Sex Magick* (St. Paul: Llewellyn Publications, \$5) is valuable if you can get past the sexist lapses in his writing; Jolan Chang's *The Tao of Love and Sex* (New York: E.P. Dutton, \$5.95) is inspiring but short on technique; and Nik Douglas and Penny Slinger's lavish *Sexual Secrets: The Alchemy of Ecstasy* (New York: Warner/Destiny, \$24.95 cloth, \$12.95 paper) is by far the most complete and useful.

Finally, remember that two can travel a one-way street. When she's hot but you're not, you have a great opportunity to tickle her with vibrators, rub her the right way or improve your French. Has she ever had the opportunity to come from having her nipples tenderly titillated? You may find your own mood changing in the meantime if the two of you can eliminate the performance anxiety you've built up.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. □

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Raising Cain (and Abel, and Harry...)

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-FLUFFER

by Molly Rosenberg
as told to
Cynthia Astin

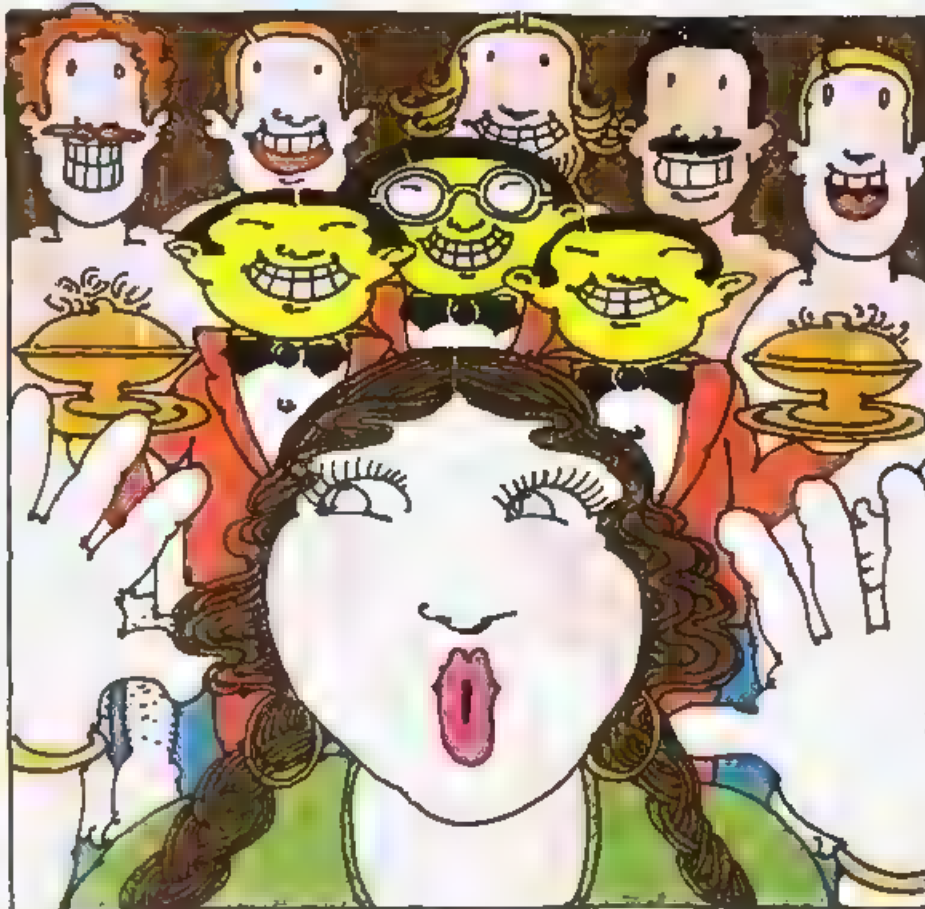
When a naive Jewish girl from Brooklyn meets a group of horny porn actors on the set of *Inside Jennifer Wells*, the results could be...uh...quite stiffening—especially when the nice young woman has been hired as a “fluff.” If you don’t know what a fluff is, take heart—when they called me and asked me to be one, I hadn’t the faintest idea what to do. Unfortunately at the time, I needed the \$150 they were offering more than I needed the word defined.

“Fluff?? Yeah... sure, sure. I’m a great fluff...”

(What the fuck is a fluff??!!)

When I found out that my job was to assist the voluptuous Jennifer in keeping 13 virile men hard for the camera, I almost had cardiac arrest. With only one low-budget porn flick under my belt, I wasn’t exactly your average sexually uninhibited porn star. In fact I was just your typical run-of-the-mill guilt-ridden Jew.

Constipated, I arrived on location—a huge brownstone in one of Brooklyn’s raunchier sections. Wearing jeans, battered sneakers and a “Catholic green” sweater my grandmother gave me on Rosh Hashanah, I was trying desperately to convey an unwhorish image. You see, I couldn’t rationalize fluffing the same way I could doing porn films. Acting in a porn flick is kept very professional. No one is permitted on the set during the filming except the director, cameramen and participating actors. Here it would be different: I was off camera, having to perform intimate acts under the lustful scrutiny of costume people, makeup men, production assistants, the housewife who owned the place, her husband (who, with my luck, was probably a rabbi!)—anyone who casually meandered in. What did I get



myself into?!

I slithered upstairs unnoticed and began to knit. I still had time (maybe they’d think I was the maid). One by one the actors arrived, eyeing my 36D bustline as they changed into their costumes.

“What are you here for?” someone finally asked me.

I coughed.

“I’m the uh... the uh... fluff.”

“Oooh?? Far out!”

Too late—I was trapped by my own greed for the \$150. (When my mother finds out I’ll blame it on the landlord. “But Ma, he was gonna evict me!”)

The director came upstairs and gave the actors a pep talk. Something about keeping a stiff upper something or other. I barely heard a word. Constipation was fogging my ears. Before I got to the john, the director stopped me.

“Molly,” he said, “you’ve got an important job to do. Jennifer can’t handle all these guys at once and it’s essential they stay hard on camera. So give it all you got and don’t worry about the three Chinese waiters. We’ve got a system worked out—everyone’ll have numbers.”

Numbers!! Chinese waiters!! As I

rushed for the bathroom door, the director called, “By the way...it’ll be sexier if you come downstairs without your clothes on. Guys love that stuff—you know what I mean?”

If I’d had the guts I would’ve hung myself with Jennifer’s negligee. But I’m a coward. So I left my sweater and knee socks on, put my hair in pigtails and marched bravely off to battle.

The scene was a fancy cocktail party followed by a real Chinese dinner. Before I could grab an egg roll to stuff down my feelings, the curtain went up. Quiet on the set.

“Okay boys, you got your numbers.

Number one, you go to Jennifer. Number two goes to Molly for a nice little warm-up. Roll ‘em!”

I was on my knees practically the entire day. It was actually kinda fun—sorta like being the tester at an elevator factory. By the time I got one up, a different one was going down.

“Hurry up, Molly, number two needs you! Not yet number eight—contain yourself! You all have to come at the same time! Number two is drooping! Molly, leave number four alone—number two needs you! Not yet number eight—think about baseball!! Molly—I told you—leave number four alone!! (How could I? He was the cutest!) No!!! Number eight!!! Not yet! Not yet!...Shit...Give the bastard a towel...”

I knew it wouldn’t work. After an hour or so, I was exhausted and even though I hadn’t made a fool of myself, my mouth felt like my foot was still stuck in it. And besides, getting a herd of hot men to come simultaneously is a physical impossibility. But then, as my great Aunt Chupkey might have once said, “If God meant men to come together, he would’ve thrown a party.” □

High Signs

by John Wiser, AE

This month promises great changes for the signs Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces. Don't worry if you're not one of these signs! Somewhere in your life you have a little Gemini or Virgo. Maybe you have a Pisces job or a Sagittarius home. In any case, change is coming your way.

On **June 5** Venus enters Gemini for a stay of about a month and a half. This begins a time of light and carefree relations. You'll enjoy the fun and excitement of romance but won't want to hear anything about obligations. You'll be quite capable of loving more than one person at a time and it can be fun—if you can convince your lover everything is cool. You do have to be careful because, without meaning to, you can hurt the people who trust in you. This change will mostly affect the relationships of the signs Taurus, Gemini, Libra and Sagittarius.

On **June 11** issues may arise that you find difficult to deal with. Two important questions will come to mind. How much do you owe yourself? What duties and responsibilities do you have to others? You may look around and see all the restrictions in your life. You want to break out of your rut but something seems to hold you back and keeps you from being yourself. If you look closely you'll find there's nothing holding you back but yourself!

This can be a time of much success. You can gain great insight into others and how they feel about your projects. It can also be a time of considerable uncertainty. It's important to present yourself as clearly as possible. If there is any chance for a misunderstanding, it will arise!

During the second week of June, your encounters with others may be demoralizing or confusing. Feelings of defeat and discouragement can arise if you realize you've missed opportunities. Your energy level will be low and it is best not to struggle too hard. You must maintain your own integrity in a situation that may not be very encouraging. This is a time for reflection rather than action. What do you want to do? The signs Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces will be challenged most strongly and must be patient.

On **June 12** there is a **new moon**, with the sun and moon in Gemini. The emphasis will be on your thinking and relationships. We'll all have a bit of Gemini in us around the new moon, and you may find it difficult to concentrate. Perhaps the

hardest thing to learn at this time is to simply let things happen. The Gemini new moon is a time to pause and to wait, understand before you act, especially if you're a Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius or Pisces.

June 13 is a great day for a birthday! Happy birthday!

At the end of last month the planet Venus appeared and began to move in the opposite direction of the sun. This optical illusion, called retrograde motion, focused attention on the evolution of your likes and dislikes. There are some people you like and others you simply don't like, for no apparent reason. Where do these values come from? They come from Venus!

This can be a time of much success. You can gain great insight into others and how they feel about your projects.

On **June 15** Venus joins the sun, marking the midpoint in this month-long re-evaluation period. It can be a time when new values begin to assert themselves. This change can remain unconscious and you may not realize you've changed. Around June 15 you'll confront the results of your efforts to express your likes and dislikes and you may realize that it's the values you're expressing that are getting you into trouble. It's time to prune away ideas that are causing problems or that are keeping you from achieving your goals. A change in values is especially important for the signs Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces.

June 21 is the **summer solstice**, the longest day of the year and the official beginning of summer, as the sun enters Cancer. In astrology, the day forces represent the individual and the night forces represent the collective or group. In the sign Cancer the individual is strongest but the group begins to press for recognition as the nights get longer. Cancer is associated with the home because it's here that you begin to realize society will swallow you if you don't set aside a particular part of your experience that you can call your own. You'll be more ambi-

tious than you appear and can surprise everyone when suddenly you're first! In a strange and silent way, Cancer is the most helpless and most determined of the signs. For the month of Cancer you must focus your energies with the purpose of making an impression. The need to concentrate will mostly affect the affairs of the signs Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn.

June ends with the **full moon** on **June 28**. With the sun in Cancer and the moon in Capricorn, you'll be aware of your career and your home life, plus any conflict between them. It's important to realize they both have a place in your life! You'll be happiest and most successful when you're comfortable. This full moon brings the need to rise above whatever is trying to bring you down, especially if you're an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn.

On **June 28** the planet Mercury appears to begin to move backward, or retrograde, for about a month. This begins one of the most exciting and obvious astrological cycles. Every time Mercury is retrograde there are major changes in world affairs. Traditionally this period is considered a time of communication breakdown. Little things begin to go wrong—people miss appointments or are late, letters don't arrive, the bus doesn't come. Nothing too serious, but the little things can pile up until you begin to wonder what's going on.

You'll notice as this cycle unfolds that other people become preoccupied with their own affairs and won't have time for you or your ideas. It is obviously not the time to begin a new enterprise. It's a time to go over your past, sum up the success or failure of your projects. Reorganize your thinking and affairs. Decide what mistakes to correct and what new factors to introduce into your life. This is not the time to retreat—it's the time to reassess! If things have to change, change them! The affairs of the signs of Aries, Gemini, Virgo, Libra and Capricorn will be most affected by this Mercury change.

Also on **June 28** the planet Pluto appears to begin to move forward after being retrograde since January. The past six months were a time to take a chance and risk everything to get what you want. It was a time to release pent-up energies and begin to enjoy yourself. If you're not having a good time, it's not too late to start now! ☐

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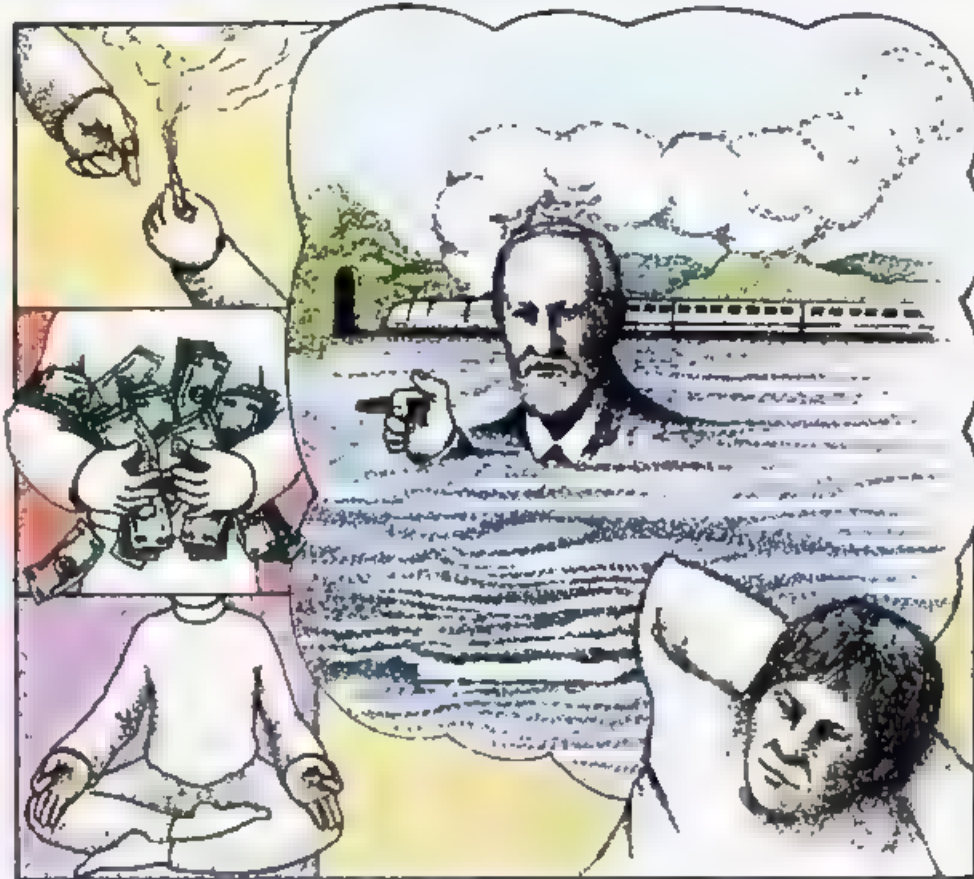
Lately a number of people have said to me "Hey Mr Connoisseur how much does a guy like you actually smoke?" When I thought about it I realized that since taking on my heavy responsibility as taster to the nation, my smoking habits had changed. In fact I was smoking less and enjoying it more. I had even gone on a couple of two-week dope fasts to clear my mental palate for tasting. So I thought it might be worth talking about quantity in relation to quality of smoking, about dope fasts and dope reducing diets and all that.

Now everyone would agree that there's a difference between a wine connoisseur and a wino, but there seems to be some disagreement as to whether there's a difference between a cannabis connoisseur and a pothead. One difference is that grass is not a debilitating physical addiction the way alcohol can be. Dope connoisseurs may smoke a lot but it's because they like it, not because they have to. But must a connoisseur smoke a lot? How much?

In light of my oft-stated view that the mission of this column is not to be a dictator of taste (well, it's not my only mission), but to inspire everyone who smokes to be a connoisseur, I think it's worth talking about how a connoisseur should conduct himself or herself.

Let's start with dope fasts. Several years ago I wrote a story for the *Village Voice* about my first dope fast. It was called "A Month Without a Joint (Except One)." Back then I was trying to give up smoking entirely and I discovered how difficult it was. There were the physical withdrawal symptoms for instance. Now I'm not saying grass is physically addictive, but ask anyone who's smoked for a long time and then stopped cold. There are unpleasant physical symptoms. Even when they're not much worse than a drinker's hangover, they're there. A certain edginess, a jumpy, twitchy feeling, a dull toothache of the mind, heartburn of the spirit ensues for a few days to a week and then it's over.

Is it worth it? There are some rewards. Dreams, for instance. I've found that during each of my dope fasts my dreams became more frequent and intense at first. I'd be interested to hear from readers to see if they've had similar experiences. One explanation might be the "hydraulic pressure theory" of dream function. That within the mind there are certain truths and revelations of self-awareness that the unconscious needs to force to the attention



Ask anyone who's smoked for a long time and stopped cold. There are unpleasant symptoms: a certain edginess, a dull toothache of the mind, heartburn of the spirit.

of the conscious mind. When you're stoned you have these revelations, those moments of truth in your waking state. They can be stifled by straight consciousness and forced to take the form of dreams. And so when you stop smoking and straight consciousness stifles your natural dreamy nature your dream mechanism has to work overtime to relieve the new pressure.

Then there's the matter of "getting high on reality." Some say when you stop smoking after a long time you begin to get high or "altered," as in altered state of consciousness from being not high. Or being not high seems like a high because it's so different—it has the novelty being high had the first times you smoked. I'm not sure this is exactly the same kind of high, but there is something to this. I've always thought that what made getting high on marijuana great was its ever-renewing quality of newness. But there is always something to be said for seeing something

from a fresh point of view. There can be a certain different kind of clarity, an alternate way of seeing reality that's worth exploring.

Since that original one-month attempt things have worked out so that for various reasons of travel and drought I've gone on a two-week grass fast about once a year. Unlike the first one, which was a misguided puritanical attempt to give up entirely, forever, these later ones evolved out of circumstance and the growing realization that giving up, clearing the pot palate for two weeks, can also be a good technique for increasing your enjoyment and appreciation of grass when you resume.

For a connoisseur the trickiest skill is that of evaluating one high through the perspective of another—or several other simultaneous highs. Going on a grass fast serves a similar function to shaking down a thermometer before taking one's temperature. It gives you a grass-free bottom line from which to savor the sweet suble-

ties of successive highs. Sometimes one can even recapture the delights of getting high for the very first time all over again. A grass fast is a good idea at least once a year, but let's talk about the value of cutting down during the year. Needless to say I'm not making a puritanical case for it, but rather there are epicurean, hedonist reasons for smoking less: It can lead to enjoying it more. And recently there have been several practical factors to add to the case for a reefer reducing diet.

The obvious one of course is the skyrocketing price of good weed. People who were accustomed to casually sitting around and smoking up a \$30 lid with friends who'd drop by have had to change their habits with \$250-an-ounce herb. This has led to some changes in etiquette from the good old pass-the-joint-to-the-stranger days, and we'll deal with that in a future column. But the fact is that things have changed and with less, more expensive dope being passed around it's often not a question of reducing your intake, it's a question of appreciating what little there is.

One thing we might do is bring back some of the reverence and appreciation for a good high that has become lost in the shuffle of casual smoking. Now, I have nothing against casual smoking, and I don't want people to make a religion out of a casual pleasure, but good grass sometimes should be savored with the same attentiveness that lovers of good brandy lavish on their spirits. The solution is simple—just restore a little respect for the single puff. The same way each bite of fine food should be appreciatively, consciously chewed, so each puff should be allowed to attain its full potential in consciousness. Most smokers would agree that they neglect this most basic courtesy to the cannabis they consume. There is a tendency to rush to get a rush, rather than enjoy the ride.

Then there is the OPD solution to the problem of reducing grass consumption. If you're finding grass too expensive, if you want to cut down without cutting it out entirely, you can do this: Stop buying, smoke up what you have and then restrict yourself to only smoking joints that are passed to you at parties or other festive occasions. Getting high then becomes a special treat, a celebratory occasion, a way of sampling Other People's Dope (OPD) rather than smoking the same old stuff you've had at home. The only disadvantage is that if you carry on with this policy for too long you could get the reputation not as a dope connoisseur but a dope bum. There are some people who would go as far as to say that I became a dope connoisseur merely to make it easier to bum dope. Nevertheless, if you're a serious connoisseur you've probably passed around more than your share of good weed to the general public and it's about time you started getting your share of OPD. ■

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Dying for Grass: The Chemotherapy Underground

by Roz Kramer

For years, the possibility that marijuana could be used to combat the nausea that follows chemotherapy treatments for cancer has been under investigation. But cancer patients aren't sitting back waiting for legal permission to get stoned, and underground Good Samaritan networks nationwide are spreading the word... and the dope.

Local police in towns around Atlanta have been discreetly passing out confiscated grass to chemotherapy patients, according to doctors at Emory Clinic in nearby Decatur. If the patient doesn't already know that marijuana can ease postchemotherapy vomiting, he or she will probably be tipped off by doctors or nurses. And, just in case some healthy potheads try to get themselves a handout from the police pushers, the cops carefully verify each patient's diagnosis with local medical institutions.

In Washington State, one dealer

was anonymously donating large amounts of free grass for a while, reports Roger Roffman, administrator of the state's legal marijuana-dispensing chemotherapy program.

At present, there are only four government-approved research projects dispensing marijuana cigarettes or THC pills to chemotherapy patients. One such plan underway in Seattle started after a long lobbying campaign by salesclerk Corleen Hapeman and other cancer patients to get the state legislature to rescind the legal obstacles to medicinal pot use. Hapeman was introduced to pot by an anonymous donor who, presumably having learned of her condition, sent her a pipe and some marijuana in the mail. She took up for the first time in her life and found that her nausea disappeared.

Nausea doesn't occur in all chemotherapy patients, but when it

(continued on page 23)

Proposed FBI Charter: Control or Blank Check?

by Peter Haley

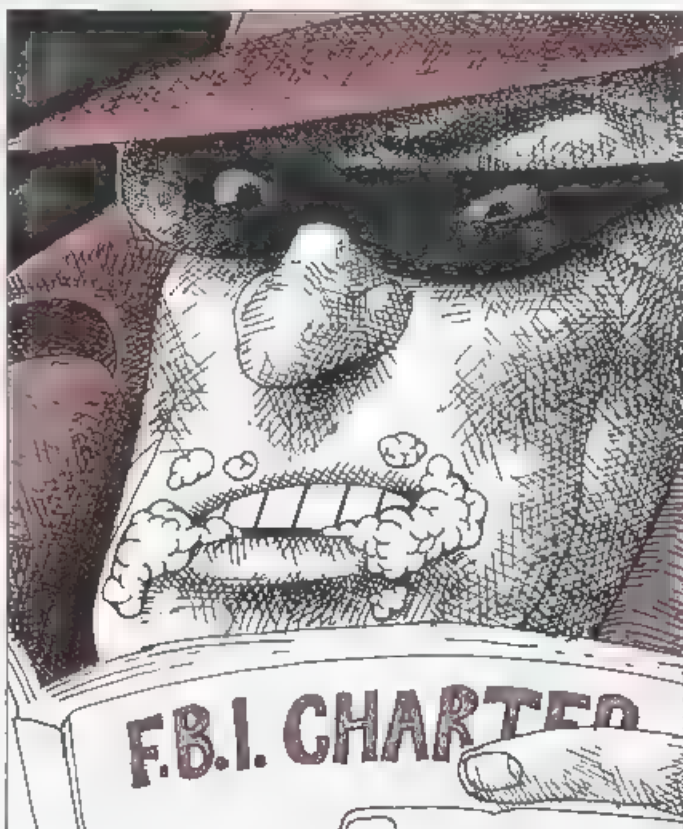
Seeking to end what was then a national epidemic of land-grab swindles, Atty. Gen. Charles J. Bonaparte issued an order July 26, 1908 to create the Justice Department's own police force. Critics at the time argued that the Bureau of Investigation, as it was called, could become a secret police used by presidents to abuse their political opponents. The new agency remained in the department, though, and by 1935 Congress made it officially the Federal Bureau of Investigation by simply passing a law stating that the attorney general shall appoint officials to detect and prosecute federal crimes.

Now, more than 70 years and over a dozen presidents later, following recent clamorous objections to the bureau's all too political and too secretive tactics, comes the FBI charter. Composed by the FBI and the Justice Department, proposed by President Carter and

backed by bipartisan support in both the House and Senate, the charter represents the first comprehensive attempt to define what the famed law-enforcement agency can and can't do.

In the past the agency's celebrated deeds—G-men tracking down notorious bank robber John Dillinger or cracking a Communist spy ring—obscured the lack of legislation regarding its authority and responsibilities. Then, with the passing of powerful FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover in 1972, the focus shifted to the agency's misdeeds, like the widespread use of informers, provocateurs and intrusive techniques employed in its COINTELPRO operations against domestic political groups in the '60s and early '70s, and the surveillance and harassment of such unlikely subversives as black civil rights leader Martin Luther King, Jr. and film

(continued on page 22)



Proposed FBI Charter: Control or Blank Check?

(continued from page 21)

actress Jean Seberg. Now, it seems that the agency recognized the need for effective PR, and front-page accounts of such flashy sting operations as ABSCAM are a harkening back to the golden days of derring-do.

However, public pressure has insisted on laws to combat FBI lawlessness, and the results are the proposed charter now before Congress. But the bill is under attack by opponents on both the right and left. Conservatives blast it for being too conservative and handcuffing agency activities. Liberals who wanted the charter now feel it legalizes some former abuses.

One of the main reasons behind the new laws was to make the bureau stick with crimes and stay out of politics. Yet liberals and civil libertarians point out that there are no real prohibitions against the kinds of "preventive action," "political surveillance" and "selective investigations" the charter was supposedly created to control. The bill authorizes the investigation of future crimes where expectations that persons "will engage" in criminal activities justifies the inquiry. Charter opponents argue that these investigations will be based on individuals' ideas and associations and will allow agents to step on politically active or radical groups. Another disputed area is the authority to investigate "terrorist activities." Critics fear that labeling groups and individuals terrorists will be all that is needed to resume "business as usual," COINTELPRO-style operations by the FBI.

Informants, undercover agents and infiltration are also part of the charter's new style/old style in federal law enforcement. Sanctioning criminal activities by informants and agents, allowing them to infiltrate suspicious groups and permitting the bureau to conduct undefined and unlimited undercover operations, all without warrants and with the agency as judge of justifiable circumstances, legitimizes many of the same disruptive

Royal Canadian Mounties dubbed it a "dope-mobile," an elaborate homemade hash pipe attached to a cheese board fitted with wheels for easy passing while stoned. The device, more poetically known as the "Golden Huffer" to its users, was found while the cops were interrupting a wiggling in Nepean, Ottawa.



Clockwise from upper left: Sen. Edward Kennedy, Rep. Peter Rodino (both defend the new charter), current FBI chief William H. Webster and the bureau's late leader J. Edgar Hoover.

tactics that sparked this reform bill. In addition, proposed new powers will grant the agency access to credit and insurance records.

Furthermore, the bureau created and then sponsored the charter, the very laws supposedly restricting itself from violations of people's constitutional rights and illegal activities. Opponents claim that, while the charter grants the Congress vague inspection powers, it has restricted the enforcement and oversight of these laws largely to the FBI.

"The FBI wrote this charter and obviously it doesn't want to subject itself to scrutiny," said Hal Candee, a spokesman for the Campaign for Political Rights, a coalition of groups lobbying against the current version of the charter. "None of the oversight and responsibilities written into the charter are hard and fast, and their sole enforcer is the FBI."

Enforcement is another sore point with the bill's detractors. It allows no criminal penalties or civil suits for an individual agent who violates his or her authority. Instead, its remedies are administrative sanctions and fines up to \$5,000 to be administered by the FBI director as disciplinary action.

Only its most radical foes would want the bureau's 19,000-member staff and half-billion-dollar budget put on the shelf while its new rules are considered. But the destruction of old FBI files, which the charter would allow ten years after an investigation is completed, is already an ongoing operation. Moreover, the selective destruction of files by the agency denies outsiders, including those mentioned in their pages, the only opportunity to review them.

The FBI has millions of files and multimillions of pages, but it wasn't until the Freedom of Infor-

mation Act came into effect in 1975 that the intensive destruction of files began," said Marshall Perlin, attorney for the Fund for Open Information and Accountability. Over a million files at national headquarters alone have been destroyed leaving only a "file number" behind according to Perlin, who is fighting for tougher controls over the agency's past records.

Defenders of the charter in Washington, including Congressional judiciary committee heads Sen. Edward Kennedy (D. Mass.) and Rep. Peter Rodino (D. N.J.), have made it clear that the bill is open to revision. High-ranking FBI staff testifying before Congress indicated that "positive information" concerning illegal conduct and not just rhetoric will be necessary before they investigate groups as "terrorists." And even the American Civil Liberties Union, which opposes the absence of warrants and civil remedies, concedes that the bill is several steps in the right direction.

The charter contains far more restrictions than current law and past court cases provide, said an ACLU spokesman who pointed out as an example the "millions" the bureau receives to combat terrorism with nothing statutory to restrict these operations.

The last time the FBI was officially told what to do, Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt was talking. His executive order shortly before World War II commanded FBI director J. Edgar Hoover to investigate "fascist, foreign espionage." Hoover and other FBI officials took the message to heart and began the long, unobstructed campaign against "subversives" that lasted through the Vietnam War. This time—for all purposes the first time—lawmakers will tell the FBI how to balance civil liberties and law enforcement.

Eye in Sky Troubles Growers

by Michael Chance

Growers of homegrown pot and various other illicit plants grimaced recently at the announcement by the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office that a radiometer has been invented capable of "deriving accurate indications of ground conditions, such as soil moisture and crop types." The sensitive instrument was developed for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by Prof. Curt A. Lewis of Ohio State University. But says Lewis, marijuana growers don't have much to worry about—yet.

For years rumors have swirled through the growers' underground that the government was



The urban sprawl of Sioux Falls, South Dakota looks like this from 50 000 feet. Narsatellite
re be be covered for the wife and is here

developing a high altitude pot spotter—rumors influenced no doubt by the exaggerated abilities of spy planes supposedly able to identify handheld photographs on the ground from an altitude of 12,000 feet. Yet these fears have so far proven to be unfounded, and cop crop spotters must rely on helicopters and binoculars at best. Nevertheless, as any California or Hawaiian grower will testify, sky spying is a fairly efficient way to root out plots larger than a closet.

The new invention, patent number 4 178 100, is a high resolution radiometer that receives radiant energy from the region and translates it into electrical signals. These signals can then be interpreted to give specific atmospheric, geophysical, and botanical information.

All living organisms emit radiant energy, explained Levis in his heavy German accent, and each produces microwaves of different lengths which are then able to be correlated to their source. Like fingerprints, each plant has a distinctive pattern to its radiant energy emission, and Levis believes, could eventually be used to identify just about any kind of living matter. The radiometer is designed to be carried aloft by a satellite from which it could survey vast terrains from its orbit. Developed at the request of engineers at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Maryland, the high-resolution radiometer has not yet been put into production.

Levis is not sure whether his invention could be utilized by space nauts and says the idea never occurred to him nor has it been discussed by other prominent radiometer specialists. "It could tell the difference between a forest and a wheat field but a field of marijuana, I really can't say. Theoretically it would be possible."

Dying for Grass: The Chemotherapy Underground

(continued from page 21)

does it can mean persistent vomiting for days. Hapeman spent three out of four weeks incapacitated by nausea. The side effect can aggravate the disease itself, preventing the person from eating or leading the patient to stop chemotherapy treatment.

Pot-dispensing programs such as the one in Seattle are available to only a fraction of the nation's chemotherapy patients. Sixteen states have passed laws permitting the therapeutic use of marijuana and some also allow confiscated dope to be distributed. The legality is strictly an empty stem until the Food and Drug Administration exempts the states' programs from the Controlled Substances Act (which bans all medicinal use of pot). Roffman credits the FDA with helping Seattle to write a successful proposal and put it into operation quickly. Since the Controlled Substances Act also classifies marijuana as a harmful drug, no matter what any state law says, it isn't legal for police in Georgia or anywhere else to play Robin Hood with confiscated stashes.

The demand for therapeutic pot has pushed the FDA to finally encourage the commercial manufacture of THC, as of January 17, 1980 but this probably won't wipe out the "network of compassion" as the underground support systems are called by Roffman.

After several chemotherapy patients asked Roffman where they could get information

about marijuana for their nausea, he wrote a pamphlet called *Using Marijuana for the Reduction of Nausea Associated with Chemotherapy*. Roffman says he can't get medical societies to even inform their professional membership of the pamphlet's existence, let alone distribute it to the appropriate patients. "They're not machines. They're not animals. They have a right to know," he said, suppressed anger in his tone. Doctors and government experts have contributed to the pamphlet, but this hasn't helped. The few mentions the pamphlet has received do bring orders mostly from patients, but physicians, hospitals and research institutions have also called, frequently from states where marijuana is illegal. About 3,000 orders have come in since April 1979 when the pamphlet was published.

Many marijuana researchers warn that the THC pill produced by pharmaceutical companies is an oversimplification of the extremely complex marijuana plant. An FDA-approved program in New Mexico compared smoking joints to popping THC pills. Joints proved far more effective. "Of the people who have inhaled, close to 90 percent have shown positive response," said Edward Daux, director of the study. "Of the oral, it's more like 60 percent"

The FDA likes pills because quality can be standardized. The pharmaceutical companies no doubt agree. As long as nature's own is illegal, they've cornered a lucrative market.

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Dial-a-Dope Disconnected

One of New York City's most popular telephone order pot operations has been put out of business twice. The "marijuana supermarket," as the media and cops proclaimed it, got busted twice in two weeks early this year. A total of 19 people took the ride to the local precinct where New York's Manhattan South narc squad chortled over their publicity coup. Despite big play by the D-men and the media, only five pounds of pot, six pounds of seeds and \$180 were seized in the two raids.

The dial-a-dope enterprise was located on the Lower East Side of Manhattan where neighborhood residents say it was a rickety-dime-ounce strictly pot operation that most are sorry to see gone. In fact, some former customers and friends of those arrested feel that the dial-a-dope business could have continued serving the area indefinitely had it not become embroiled in media politics. One 20-year veteran of New York's dealing scene called it "the weirdest bust I ever saw."

Customers of the phone-order pot deli could choose from a variety of weeds ranging from \$10-an-ounce homegrown to \$200-an-ounce sack less Thai. The standard Colombian ounce went for \$55. Those who didn't want to take chances on the quality could hang out at the storefront and sample the half dozen or so entrees listed on the six-foot menu board. It was known as an amiable gathering place where most times of the day or night you could stop in for a smoke and catch up on the Lower East Side grapevine.

The trouble began when someone in the three-story tenement owned by Mickey Cesar 38 gave an interview to *New York* magazine columnist Philip Noble, who then proceeded to write a story headlined "Dial-a-Joint Business Thrives." While preparing the item, Noble called Sgt. Barry Noxon at Manhattan South narcotics squad headquarters and asked what the police were doing about these activities. Noxon responded, "Marijuana's not at the top of the hit parade, but we call up and make buys whenever

they're brought to our attention."

Unfortunately for the weed merchants, Noble's call to the cops apparently forced them into action.

The desk sergeant was waving a copy of the *New York* magazine with the article in it that had come out that morning, and saying if it hadn't been for that article they'd have never brought us in," said one young man booked for possession and sale.

The cops, while not admitting that the article had prodded them to make their move, did say that they had been aware of the operation for some time before the raid. Ironically, they had stumbled on the dial-a-dope business while staking out some heroin dealing centers.

We had these heroin dealers under surveillance around the corner and we saw this steady stream of people going into the other building, so we checked around a little and found out their scene," explained Sgt. John Trzaska, who headed the raid. "We'd also gotten a couple of anonymous complaints. Apparently Trzaska was telling the truth about the other stakeouts, for about a month later the D-men led a series of raids on the Lower East Side that netted 61 suspects and was tagged the biggest hard-dope bust in New York City history.

Meanwhile the debate over journalistic responsibility became moot a few days after the raid when the *New York Post* and WNBC-TV news reported that the pot store was back in business and the place was busted a second time. Eight new faces were led off to jail.

According to the cops and the media, the venture had been set up the second time around as a private club. Members paid \$5 to join and a membership screening process was supposed to weed out the narcs. No such luck as D-men managed to penetrate the security and score two ounces.

We don't think the cops should keep bothering us," said one of those busted in the second haul. "We're doing the community here a service and pouring lots of money into the neighborhood."



One of our international correspondents sent us this picture of the Frankfurt Customs Building in West Germany. Nice picture but not too exciting.... Hey, wait a minute.

Reefer Madness Comes to Africa

DAKAR, SENEGAL—The migration of country people to cities throughout West Africa has, in part, contributed to a "drug problem" so visible that an international conference on drug abuse was recently held in Dakar. Overpopulation, inflation and the ever-increasing desiccation of the Sahel (the semi-arid region south of the Sahara and north of the savannah area) have long been recognized as the root cause of West Africa's increasing urbanization; as a result, the cities are overburdened with landless, herdless, newly de-tribalized nomads who fall prey to every sort of urban malaise. Ironically, though many of these nomads have grown and used cannabis traditionally, both for medicine and as an intoxicant, their continuing use of cannabis in the cities deeply embarrasses public officials and has become a drug problem.

In the cities, though, marijuana has become a highly commercial commodity, the Dakar conference learned. Senegalese marijuana—*yamba*—is nowadays grown regularly by upland farmers who sow it between the rice and peanut harvests. *Yamba* fetches around \$275 per pound, and a single spliff—*bar*—can go for \$2. At these prices, obviously, cannabis undoubtedly constitutes a healthy cash crop that works directly to keep people in the country, cutting down on the influx to the cities.

Not many of the conference delegates, naturally, espoused this line. Representatives from Morocco, where European and American kif wholesalers do regular business with the grass farmers of the northern massifs characterized the trade as a debilitating hangover from the bad old colonialist days. One Senegalese delegate came up with a reefer-madness story about a *yamba*-crazed youth who cut off his cousin's head after "voices" instructed him to obtain a skull with which to seek diamonds.

While the Dakar conference was in session, the Liberian Information Ministry reported that an estimated \$60 million worth of marijuana had been moved through Robertsfield-Monrovia Airport in 1979. A "veritable syndicate" of grass traffickers exists in Monrovia, charges the ministry, comprising businessmen, airport staff and security agents, airport personnel, customs officials and bent cops. Liberia, by far the most industrialized West African nation, consumes a substantial amount of grass and also exports it to the United States and Europe.



The dial-a-dope incident touched off a series of headline "dope supermarket" raids in the Big Apple. The above roundup netted some 61 suspects in what police termed "the biggest drug bust in the tri-state area's history."

New Research Shows More Subtle Danger:

Drug Roles in Birth Defects

PHILADELPHIA—Psychotropic drugs, from alcohol to phenobarbital, may exert subtle physical and behavioral effects on the offspring of pregnant women who take them. Researchers studying the effects of phenobarbital on pregnant rats and their offspring at the University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Children's Hospital, believe they've turned up convincing indications that the effects of drugs on fetal animals may not show up until puberty or even early physical maturity. And in California, other doctors have turned up a clue as to why and how drugs can adversely affect a developing fetus.

In the study here, pregnant rats were given low, nonmobilizing doses of phenobarbital for three days straight toward the end of their 21-day gestation period. This in a human, according to Dr. Sumner Yaffe, would be equivalent to taking low doses of the tranquilizer for about a month in the third trimester. This is well after the drug could be expected to cause physical birth defects (since the fetus already has all its fingers and toes, etc.), and in fact none were recorded.

However, the researchers kept track of the rats after birth through their growth to maturity and observed a number of dramatic anomalies. Compared to rat pups born to nondrugged mothers, the pups of drugged mothers were significantly smaller until the final growth phase of maturity. Two-thirds of the female offspring had irregular menstrual cycles, and 60 percent of these proved infertile at maturity. And, young females at puberty showed an abnormal delay before their vaginas opened.

While it cannot be assumed that these findings would be borne out in humans, researchers are concerned. Similar effects of small doses of alcohol, Darvon and morphine on fetuses are already on record. Speculation is rising that many more drugs might affect postnatal development, because a lot of drugs work in the body in similar ways. "Any psychoactive drug might have an effect," emphasizes Dr. Yaffe.

Philadelphia researchers theorize that phenobarbital and other psychoactives directly influence the limbic structure of the fetal brain, altering its "thermostatic setting" to produce developmental aberrations that might show up as the young animal approaches maturity. The precise interaction of the drug with the fetus has yet to be identified, but a convincing scenario is emerging.

Doctors at the University of California School of Dentistry have suggested that the cells of a developing fetus may bind, on a molecular level, with hormones critical to proper growth and development. It's conceivable that many drugs that work in humans by binding to molecular cell sites may bind with fetal sites and thus keep them from connecting with the necessary growth hormones. According to biologist Dr. Harold Slavkin, such binding may account for one-quarter of all birth defects.

In Washington, D.C., the Center for Science in the Public Interest has expressed concern that caffeine, a psychotropic drug, has been shown to affect fetuses in animals and humans. The center is asking the Food and Drug Administration to enforce warning labels on brands of coffee and tea.

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Was Former Mexican President Echeverría a Speed Freak?



Echeverría. Blanked out at staff meetings.

Luis Echeverría Alvarez, the president of Mexico from 1970 to 1976, reportedly was a chronic speed freak who pumped himself up with pills to work 20-hour days. This claim was made to *High Times* by an internal State Department source, who added that Echeverría would often go blank at staff meetings, causing worried aides to wave their hands in front of his eyes while calling out "el presidente!"

• And speaking of the State Department, *High Times* has learned that three different brands of rolling paper—e-z wider, Job and Zig Zag—are being sold at the agency's Washington, D.C., commissary.



Bourne. Would-be pharmacist, won't be author.

• Trouble continues to follow Dr. Peter G. Bourne, former White House chief drug adviser. Bourne, who was forced to resign his government post in July 1978 after writing a phony prescription for Quaaludes for a presidential staffer, is being sued by the Boston-based pub-

lishing firm of Little, Brown & Co. for reneging on a contract to write a book about his former boss. Pres. Jimmy Carter Bourne received an \$18,500 advance but is over three years late in delivering the book.

• Christopher Lawford, the son of actor Peter Lawford and nephew of Sen. Edward Kennedy, came close to being charged with attempting to obtain a controlled drug by deceit but received a "one year's deferred prosecution" that will get him off the hook if he stays out of trouble during that time. Lawford, 24, was on vacation in Aspen, Colorado, where he allegedly tried to cop 50 Darvon pills by pretending to be a doctor on the phone and calling in a prescription for the painkilling drug to a local pharmacy. But the pharmacist noted a phony Drug Enforcement Administration code number given with the prescription, and when Lawford showed up allegedly posing as the patient, cops were waiting in the back room of the drugstore to bust him.



Blondell. Pot kept her singing.

• Stargazing columnist Earl Wilson reports that the recently deceased actress Joan Blondell once told him her grandchildren got her to try pot and "I started to sing 'Born Free' at the top of my voice and kept singing for two days."

• Marijuana-possession charges have been dropped against popular Cuban folksinger and local Miami TV star Nieva Revuelta and her husband Isidro Cardenas following the disclosure that evidence seized at their home, see *High Times*, "The High & Mighty" (April 80) had been improperly obtained by Miami police. The main mistake the cops made was in putting the punch on someone who unloaded a bale of grass in the driveway of the Cardenas home before a search warrant could be brought to the scene.

• Also let off the hook: Rock star Burton Cummings (former leader of the Guess Who) had pot charges against him dismissed after he donated \$1,000 to a Winnipeg, Manitoba youth center. But the Canadian Justice Department was criticized by a local attorney who claims the settlement is discriminatory to average citizens for whom such a deal would not be offered.

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SCF 28A	100 Asst. Microfine Screens	<input type="checkbox"/>	15.00	_____
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GS 14	African Violet Plant Food	<input type="checkbox"/>	4.50	_____
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GS 5	5" GroWing SyStem™	<input type="checkbox"/>	9.00	_____
GS 7	7" GroWing SyStem™	<input type="checkbox"/>	12.00	_____
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(A public service message from the editors of **High Times** magazine)

HIGH CRIMES

Record U.S. Methaqualone Haul:

2 Million 'Ludes Seized off Florida Coast

What lawmen estimate to be the biggest cache of Quaaludes ever confiscated at one time in the United States was found aboard a boat off the southwest coast of Collier County, Florida.

The 35-foot sailboat *Gypsy, Madonna* was having engine problems and listing in waters near Gordon Pass when a sheriff's marine deputy pulled alongside and asked the skipper for the boat's registration. After being told the papers were lost, the deputy boarded and during interrogation found out the boat was carrying Quaaludes. A subsequent search turned up approximately 2 million of the sedatives hidden under a blanket near the rear of the boat. Sheriff's officials estimate the street value of the pills at \$10 million, based on a price of 5¢ per lude. The three men on board were arrested.

Collier County marine deputy Aubrey Rogers said he believed the illegal cargo was obtained in Colombia. The bust was the third time in four weeks that a major Quaalude seizure was made in or near Collier County: the four-week grand total of ludes taken out of circulation stood at 3.5 million pills.

- We got some weird looks," says Lexington, Kentucky, cop Fran Root, who drove a pickup loaded with an acre of standing rope-dope plants through town one morning. "One guy pulled up beside us and told us we were crazy. In fact, Root and several other detectives had just spent two hours hacking down the exceedingly rosy hemp plants—three weeks before blooming, some of them were already 12 feet high—with machetes. The load was taken straight to an armory across town and burned. Root allowed afterward that "it was very inferior dope."

- A voice-stress analyzer hooked to an accused Florida dope mover's phone didn't keep a Hollywood city narc from infiltrating the outfit for two months straight, say cops. The narc contracted to buy 300 pounds of fume from the Hollywood ring and called in the troops as soon as it showed up in a truck. The ring also had a sophisticated police-band scanner, says vice narc Marco Centelli, "that didn't have Hollywood radio crystals in it."



Bhang the drum slowly: Narcs inspect 2 of the 24 55-gallon drums of pot seized in a Queens, New York, warehouse. The entire booty weighed 2,100 pounds.

- A member of a Virginia posse, searching the woods of Bland County for an escaped convict, spotted a whiskey still out in the wilderness and tipped off the sheriff. On investigation, deputies turned up the still, a \$20,000 bulldozer allegedly pinched in North Carolina in 1977 and 273 marijuana plants that impressed the cops as "very healthy," even "monstrous." The farmer owning the property, say cops, was very helpful. He told us where the dozer and the still were right away. He was busted for possession of stolen equipment and distilling paraphernalia and for manufacturing a controlled substance with intent to distribute.
- Four people in Fort Lauderdale were just finalizing a deal involving 300 pounds of grass with some male strangers in their Wilton Manors home when the police-band scanner suddenly broadcast their address. After a brief attempt at flight, the four surrendered to the setup buyers. Fort Lauderdale narcs who'd bid \$270 a pound for the dope.

- DEA undercover narcs offered to sell a massive quantity of 'ludes to four people in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn who allegedly pooled all the bread for the bogus sale and were popped for conspiracy to purchase what the *New York Post* called "the mind-bending drug." Subsequently, cops searched one of the defendants' homes, a two-story brick suburban bungalow, and claimed to find there 10,000 Quaaludes and 700 pounds of grass.

- An air freight courier and a warehouse keeper at Toronto International Airport have been popped for moving 21 pounds of hash into Canada. The courier evidently scored the dope in Amsterdam, had it packed with a crate of machine parts and mailed it to Toronto International where it was stored long enough for the RCMP to hear about it. The busts came down when the courier removed the hash for storage elsewhere.

New Orleans narcs have a regular March: Grass on their hands, stuffing confiscated weed into tidy bales for incineration.



Robert T. Stroud

Coke Mule Dies When 110 Balloons Burst in Stomach

A California man going through Customs at Miami International Airport collapsed and died after 110 balloons allegedly containing cocaine burst open inside his stomach. The 29-year-old man had just arrived from La Paz, Bolivia, and was taken to a local hospital where the balloons were revealed by X rays. The suspected coke weighed in at 250 grams.

Dr. Ronald Wright, chief deputy medical examiner at the scene, admonished that this method of smuggling usually ended on a fatal note. "The bags, or balloons, always do break," he said. "Rubber is semipermeable to water. As a consequence, over the length of time it takes to pass through the gastrointestinal tract, the condoms or balloons absorb water. The pressure builds up and they burst."

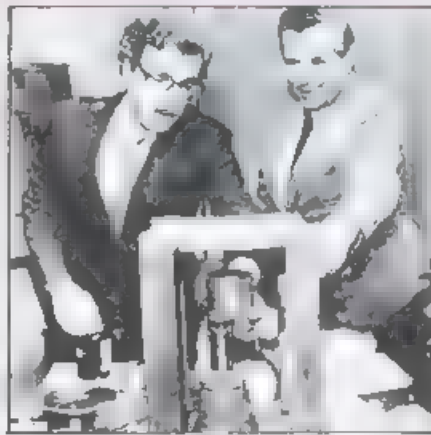
In a related development, it was reported that a friend of the dead smuggler, apparently fearful for his own life, checked into a hospital shortly afterward, telling doctors he had 80 balloons filled with cocaine in his stomach and wanted them removed.

A 39-year-old beautician in the Bronx, New York, is charged with heading a ring of 17 local women who moved some 25 ki's of snort per month from Santa Cruz, Bolivia, to Kennedy Airport in their underwear. Drug Enforcement Administration narcotics busted the woman, along with four of her mules, in Santa Cruz. It was the first coke run the woman herself had undertaken, narcotics said, since 1977, when she'd been busted by Bolivian narcotics and clapped in a jail on the east slope of the Andes. She promptly escaped, they say, made it alone to eastern Brazil and reentered the United States on a phony passport. Her corps of Bronx housewife mules allegedly zipped to Bolivia and back so often that each changed passports once every month.

The Florida to-Connecticut snow chute suffered a major blow when state cops pinched a kilo of cocaine and three men in the parking lot of the Norwich, Connecticut, Sheraton Motor Inn. The coke had been traced aboard a commercial air carrier from Fort Lauderdale and a prearranged sale sent police carrying \$65,000 to the parking lot. Once the blow and dough changed hands, the nip was made, reportedly the state's biggest to date.

New Orleans was the site of its own states coke-bust record when cops seized one pound of snort valued at \$55,000 and two men at an undisclosed location following a six-week investigation.

New Jersey lawmen demonstrate a hydraulic press once used to hammer cocaine into thin discs for transporting. The press was confiscated during a series of raids that netted seven people who were part of a \$1-million operation.



The annual spring harvest ball continues as Coast Guard patrol boats do-si-do with suspicious shrimpers from the south. Customs agents do the rhumba with persons wearing genuine pot belies and narcs pin the tail on the coke mules. Here's what was tallied as the band took a break:

- 40,000 lbs of pot from the abandoned, burning 65-foot shrimp boat *Miss Yucatan* found adrift in a Lake Charles, Louisiana, ship channel. Customs has no leads.
- 30,000 lbs of grass on board the 60-foot cabin cruiser *Something Special* in waters off Fort Lauderdale by Coast Guard cutter *Cape Shoal*; 3 arrests.
- 30,000 lbs of pot from the shrimper *Carla Erickson* off coast of Sarasota County, Florida. Coast Guard arrested 2 men.
- 20,000 lbs of pot from a 58-foot fisher in the Gulf of Mexico off Freeport, Texas; Coast Guard and Customs made 4 arrests.
- 20,000 lbs of South American fume from a tractor-trailer rig parked in a New Orleans warehouse; federal, state and local cops busted 4 men.
- 5,000 lbs of pot aboard 45-foot sailboat 125 miles southwest of Key West by Coast Guard cutter *Dependable*; 3 arrests.
- 2,000 lbs of Mexican pot aboard a 25-foot sail-

boat at Ventura Harbor, California, arrests pending.

- 1,000 lbs of African marijuana confiscated in San Francisco in shipment of native basketware; DEA agents made seizure on tip from customs agents in African nation of Malawi; 3 arrests.
- 60,000 tabs LSD in car that sped past Canadian customs at Detroit Windsor Tunnel. Canadian cops made pinch after finding car parked on Windsor, Ontario, side and arrested woman driver.
- 7.3 lbs hash oil at Toronto International Airport. Royal Canadian Mounted Police took two bottles containing the oil from 2 women arriving from Jamaica. Another 183 grams of hash oil were nabbed from another woman on the same flight; she had swallowed 23 condoms filled with the gunk.
- 4 lbs Iranian opium in false bottom of suitcase at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport. Customs and DEA agents arrested an Iranian man.

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TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

Russians Threaten Hash Pipeline

Hash merchants in Europe and the United States are watching events in Southwest Asia with trepidation, fearing that the Soviet military intervention there may disrupt the world's oldest and best hash connection just as Commie purges disrupted production in the venerable Laotian and Vietnamese pot fields. But, says Asian affairs expert, it will be a while before a bear plugs up your hash pipe.

Reason: The celebrated primo line of Afghani, Pakistani and Nepalese hash is produced by some of the toughest customers around. An assortment of Baluchi, Pakistani, Turkomans, dissident Sunni tribesmen and a score of fanatical Muslim sects each produce their own hash in the midst of the highest and most inaccessible mountains on earth. What's more, they hate Russians. In the Khyber Pass they have been known to seize unwary Soviet soldiers and skin them alive for the amusement of local peasants.

Opines our source in his heavy European accent: "They [the various tribespeople] cannot make bread nor shoes. They make only two things—guns and hashish. It would be impossible to root them out of the mountains even if the Soviets wanted. They live like goats up there and love it. Even a third world war could not stop them from making hash."

Back in the USSR. Meanwhile, another source who spends considerable time in vodka land reports that Soviet hashheads, of whom there is a small but notable number, are grouching because Afghanistan is their main hash connection. Buying from territory occupied by their own soldiers has proven dangerous, they say, and now they are at the mercy of avaricious European and American procurers.

All That Glitters, Etc.: Look out. This is the time of year when fool's gold makes monkey out of a lot of dealers. The cagey Colombians have learned how to turn gold to shit as it were by driving pegs through the stems of the plants near the ground and, in effect, asphyxiating them. They turn bright yellow in the process and with the right kind of packaging look like centerfold material. The smoking quality is closer to that of a brown paper bag, but the cosmetic appearance is so striking that it's easy to talk yourself into buying. Some has made the New York rounds, sending cries of anguish in its wake. Even some *High Times* hands were fooled. One clear-sighted dealer who passed on it described it as "flashy bunk."

Would You Believe: Some Indian hash being peddled in California was allegedly smuggled here through psychic teleportation? Supposedly the hash is set on a table in India and, through the power of concentration on the part of the senders there and a group of receiving telepaths in California, the hash is transubstantiated halfway around the globe. A good trick, but the cops won't believe it either. Also there are the practical problems posed by the commingling of cosmicized particles as anyone who has seen the movie *The Fly* can attest. Can transubstantiated hash be any better than Mc-

Donaldized hamburgers? The world waits.

Head in the Clouds: Or is Timothy Leary serious about his threats to run for the governorship of California or Hawaii? He first used this laugh line at his stand-up routines in Los Angeles and the Big Apple, where he joked that he was going to run for governor of California and legalize pot. But he got so much enthusiastic feedback that he soon popped up in Hawaii and announced that he really was going to run for governor of Hawaii on a platform of legalizing pot. In either state he would garner a respectable number of votes, though doubtless nothing to threaten the powers that be. The pot vote carries particular clout in Hawaii.

Unkindest Cut of All: The coke scene gets sleazier on every level. Quality continues to deteriorate with the standard being about 65 percent pure, a yard a gram (for you people who have never worked in the carnival, a yard is \$100). Good toot is sometimes there for \$125. In Miami and thereabouts it's still cheap at \$75 a gram and \$1,300 an ounce. But there's blood on a lot of this blow—some 50 people have so far died in the Miami coke wars, and many respectable dealers have just sidled away from the scene. Independents and suitcase smugglers have kept connoisseur noses happy.

A Smuggler's Advisory: Although it is remarkably popular, don't try the practice of swallowing balloons of coke on one end and shitting them out the other. Our records show at least 20 people have died in the last few years when the balloons or prophylactics burst in the stomach [see this month's "Cocaine Confidential"]. There have been numerous other narrow escapes. It is not that hard to beat the Customs man without resorting to this primitive and truly dangerous gambit. Liquefied coke can be disguised in everything from shaving cream to tomato sauce packets can be sewn in your clothes or luggage—it can be stashed in furniture, saddles or statues—the main thing is playing the role of anyone who would not conceivably be smuggling. If you swallow smuggle, you're classless, stupid and probably dead.

Last Call. Last year's acid revival waned some what this past winter but with trip season approaching dealers have stocked up early and expect big business. An Alaskan compatriot tells us that this year's homegrown crop includes Matanuska easyroll, distinguished solely by its ability to be easily rolled into a joint. California intelligence sources say grass-roots opposition to sky-high sinsemilla prices is growing and may become organized.

If you're into a really different illegal high make friends in the South where they still turn out that old white lightning; it'll knock your socks off. The heroin market is undergoing severe inflation, causes as yet unclear and perhaps a blessing in disguise. Speed sales are up. Acid down. MDA steady. Ludes brisk but mostly boots. Florida has joined the sinsemilla growing states with a vengeance and claims to rival California as it claims of oranges and avocados.



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AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	quality varies	oz	30-40
Multimubby madness	legendary smoke	lb	350-550
Colombian pot	mostly marsh	lb	550-850
Tha. sticks	super but sparse	one	75-225
Pseudo sticks	useless	one	800-1200
New Zealand homegrown	growing	oz	15-20
Domestic hash	truly stiel	lb	1000-1200
Putty hash	adulterated Lebanese	oz	8-2
Nepalese fingers	slabs too, top-notch	oz	100-120
Indian hash oil	at times primo	lb	75
Pakistani hash	knocks your socks off	lb	600-750
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-100
LSD	ties, blots	one	300-500
Mandrax	rare but there	one	2-3 50
Cocaine	almost nonexistent of late	gm	100-200
		oz	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

HAWAII

Commercial Colombian	increasing daily	oz	65-80
Gold and red Colombian	zitch	lb	600-800
Hawaiian buds	forget it	oz	80-100
Jamaican pot	in the cities, but rare	lb	750-1000
Mexican tops	yo-yo market	oz	250-350
California sinsemilla	top dog on the streets	lb	2500-3500
Homegrown pot	decent	oz	75-25
Hash	considering lots of web	lb	800-1200
LSD	choice of varieties, all good	one	175-275
MDA	mostly PCP	oz	1750-3000
Cocaine	not much	gm	25-35
		oz	100-250
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	a good season	oz	7-15
Commercial domestic	megatons	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	still trying	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a loser, surprisingly coming to U.S. soon	lb	50-80
Mushrooms		oz	10-30
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	oz	100-250
		lb	1500-2000
		lb	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	mostly 'lombo	oz	75-200
Homegrown pot	not bad	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	passable	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	same old song	oz	75-125
Black Afghan hash	top banana	kilo	1250-3000
Pakistani hash	dito	oz	75-130
Cocaine	brisk market	kilo	1500-2500
		oz	190
		oz	190
		gm	100
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ENGLAND

African grass	some ho-hum sticks	oz	120-150
Colombian grass	on blue moons only	lb	1250-1300
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	lb	120
Thai sticks	great	one	1000
Homegrown	good year	oz	6
Jamaican pot	seedy, super	oz	25
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz	free to 50
Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	lb	100-350
Pakistani hash	black slabs	oz	90-120
Hash oil	in milligram units too	lb	900-1200
		oz	180-225
		oz	90-100
		lb	950-1000
		lb	120
		lb	1450-1500
		gm	25-30
		oz	480-540

LSD	embargoed by cops	one	450-7 50
Cocaine	drought	100 gm	300
Opium	vintage year	oz	135-180
Mandrax	rimy ludes	oz	270
		lb	180-300
		one	1800-2100
		one	1 1 50

JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce	oz	120
Philippine pot	plentiful but shitty	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	around not bad	oz	90-120
Thai sticks	taste-test first	lb	900-1200
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one	30-40
Philippine hash	not bad for firsts	oz	300-600
LSD	much blotter, some dots	one	40-60
		one	25
		one	300-350
		one	4 12

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	oz	5-10
Mexican sinsemilla	much polinated	lb	50-80
Acapulco gold	there for jet-setters	oz	5 10
Guerrero gold	mucho pesos when around	lb	50-80
Emerald	sold mostly to L.A.	oz	10-20
Cocaine	sucker's buy	lb	50-100
Opium	searching for a market	oz	7 12
		lb	85-125
		oz	35-75
		lb	400-500
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

NEW ZEALAND

Buddha sticks	chewed-looking	one	12-15
Homegrown 'heads	but great	oz	50-65
Afghani hash	impotent	gm	20
Hash oil	good stuff	oz	120-175
Psychedelic cactus	local varieties	oz	15-20
LSD	less than impressive	one	80
		one	30-50
		one	46

PERU

Brown buds	prices dropping	oz	4-5
Gold buds	mucho bueno	lb	40-60
Lechuga grass	'lettuce' pot from the coast	oz	10
Coca leaves	more fun than gum	lb	70-80
Coca paste	for pros only	kilo	25
Cocaine	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	1 50-2
		kilo	1100-1300
		kilo	8-20
		kilo	7000-8500

USA

Top-grade Mexican	like hen's teeth	oz	50-75
Mexican sinsemilla	dormant	lb	475-650
Quality Jamaican	off and on supply	oz	50-65
Commercial sinsemilla	sometimes seedy	lb	500-600
Colombian	much at cheap prices	oz	40-60
Connoisseur Colombian	on the rebound	lb	475-550
Colombian seeds	not so much this year	oz	75-125
Pseudo Thai sticks	go home	oz	800-1260
Thai sticks	super	oz	30-45
Loose Thai	good buy if illegal	lb	450-500
Hawaiian	top dollar	oz	50-85
Moroccan hash	huge slabs	lb	550-850
Lebanese hash	shitloads	oz	20
Black Afghan hash	costly but boss	lb	200-275
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	oz	25
Pak hash	suitcase stashes	lb	75-125
Indian hash	from the old masters	oz	150-200
Hash oils	good but slow movers	lb	1500-2250
		oz	200-320
		lb	90-125
		lb	1100-1750
		oz	100-150
		lb	1400-1750
		oz	150-200
		lb	1800-2200
		oz	140-180
		lb	1600-2000
		oz	150
		lb	1350-1800
		oz	125-160
		lb	1500-2000
		gm	30-60
		oz	500-1000

Psilocybin mushrooms	healthy cottage industry	oz	25-45
Payote	strong supply	b	100-250
LSD	many 'brand names'	oz	25-40
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	one	200-500
Methaqualone	boots and imports	gm	1 50-5 00
MDA	worth analyzing	oz	150-300
Crystal meth	upsurge	gm	75-125
PCP	the pits	one	1500-2200
Opium	much top-notch Iranian	gm	5-9
		oz	400-800
		gm	85-90
		oz	65-100
		oz	900-1450
		gm	60-75
		gm	40-60

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	grabbed up fast	oz	65-80
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce as seal feathers	b	525-650
Domestic weed	good AM smoke	oz	90-125
Mexican weed	an oddity	lb	650-900
Hawaiian Puna buds	stash supply only	oz	25-40
Lebanese	standard issue	lb	100-200
Hash oil	sleazy too often like snowflakes in hell	oz	50-75
Cocaine	many bogus	gm	550-750
Methaqualone	mainland boots	oz	275-375
White cross		one	3000-3800
		one	15-20
		one	130-200
		one	50-75
		one	125-175
		one	2000-3000
		one	6-15
		one	50
		one	20-35

California

Bollinas County	nice	oz	150
Humboldt County	popcorn buds	lb	1700
Mendocino County	pinny	oz	180
Orange County	border grass	lb	2200
Fallbrook special	red-haired beauties	oz	175
Skunkweed	purple buds	lb	2000-2200
		lb	10-20
		lb	100-200
		oz	125-135
		lb	1500
		oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2400

Hawaii

Puna buds	potent stuff	oz	175-250
Kona gold	forever amber	lb	1800-2500
Mauna Loa	wet with resin	oz	150-225
Mauli wowie	Rolls-Royce of marijuanas	lb	1500-2500
Oahu shake	pounds like pillows	oz	150-225
Leaf sticks	fluffy, clean	oz	50-100
Mountain seeds	like Ping-Pong balls	one	500-900
LSD	dots and blots	four	7 15
Mushrooms	for cheap	one	25
Cocaine	taste for every nose	gm	2-4
Amphetamines	crosses, black beads	oz	free
		one	75-125
		one	1500-2000
		one	2

WEST GERMANY

Thai weed	great	stick	10
Moroccan hash	tourist grade	1000 gm	7000
Lebanese hash	same old song	kilo	3
Turkish hash	available of late	gm	2500
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	kilo	4
Manali hash (India)	knocks off your socks	gm	2500-3000
Nepalese hash	scarce	kilo	5
LSD	mikes and "blottenstoder"	one	3000-4000
Cocaine	cheap European prices	one	6
		one	4000
		one	7
		one	5000-5500
		one	5500
		one	3-4
		one	125-150
		one	110

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Beware of Wanton Gangs of Grade-A Guzzlers:

Too Much Milk Causes Delinquency



Startling new research links excessive milk consumption with juvenile delinquency according to psychologist Alexander Schauss of Tacoma, Washington. Schauss, director of the Institute for Biosocial Research at City College in Tacoma, based his findings on the study of two control groups of youngsters: chronic juvenile delinquents and nonoffenders. In comparing both groups' diets, it was discovered that the nonoffenders ate more junk food but drank less milk, the chronic delinquents imbibed between 60 and 120 ounces a day. Once their milk intake was restricted, misbehavior decreased noticeably among the offenders.

Milk is certainly a good protein source and is excellent food for adolescents,' said Schauss, 'but 24 ounces a day is enough.' Schauss said he is continuing his research to get at the specific source of the problem with adolescent milk fiends.

Stoned on Stereo

Driving while listening to the car stereo is comparable to driving while stoned, according to Dr. Donald Norman of the University of California, San Diego. Dr. Norman says that 'on marijuana, consciousness has been transported some place else.' Similarly, listening to a car stereo means that 'all your thoughts and efforts are being devoted to listening to music. You've lost your important decision-making ability.'

...to make mistakes... that is... an improper speed or tailgating... another car. Sure, and with a few belts of milk in you, God only knows what you'll do behind the wheel.

Small Town Justice

The crime wave just keeps mounting relentlessly in Coyle, Oklahoma. Last year the town's chief and only cop, Joe Long, spied some punks si-

phoning gas out of his sole patrol car, went tearing after them in it and then totaled it. Though he restored order (by using his private car), when Chief Long was called out of town for a few days by a family emergency, the town bank was robbed and his wrecked patrol car was stripped of siren lights, battery, hubcaps and all.

Are You Married or Happy?

Eighty percent of all Americans in 1957 firmly believed that adults who refrained from marrying were 'immoral, selfish and neurotic.' But today, according to a University of Michigan poll, 75 percent of us regard single adults as perfectly normal, worthwhile people.

Swine Sniff Out Horny Heifers

More... project... designed to save farmers... when their cows are ready to be a... performing on cue. Cooper says his pigs have a highly developed sense of smell, that can identify when a cow is ready to be impregnated.

Gainesville/Buffalo Smoke-Ins

Floridians and out-of-state sympathizers, there's just time to catch the Second Annual John Ganga Concert (smoke-in) in Gainesville. For more information, call (404) 231-WEED. And way up north, be sure to be at the Buffalo New York Zoo at high noon for the Third Annual Buffalo Smoke-In sponsored by the Youth International Party, CAMP and the Buffalo Black Hash Rebels.

RIGHT IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND



Have you ever found yourself at the checkstand in a grocery store having your asparagus weighed and then caught yourself wondering whether it really weighs three pounds? At \$1.69 a pound, who hasn't? It's not that you think they are trying to put something past you. But then, a dollar isn't a dollar anymore either.

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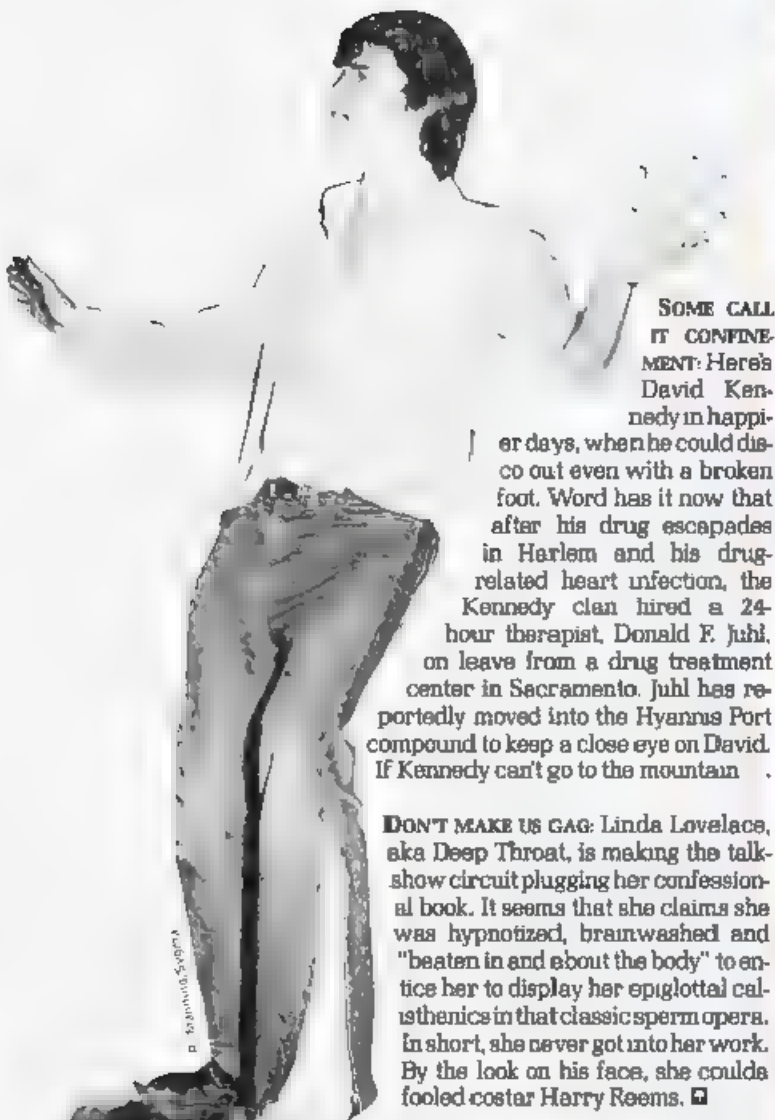


IF GOD WANTED MAN TO FLY DEPARTMENT: No, this is not Mothman (remember last month's Frazetta cover?). This is just another dreamer with an absurd invention who hopes to become rich and famous (it never happens). But Howard Smith (of Marjoe fame) has assembled a slew of oddball film clips into a hilarious feature-length documentary called *Gizmo*. See the woman who zipped high across Times Square suspended by her mouth from a pulley on a highwire. See the policeman who gave her a summons when she returned to the ground.

THE BEARD: This is the beard that got Jagger thrown out of the best discos in New York (see interview on p. 36). He still had it on for Keith Richard's recent birthday party at the Roxy Roller Rink in New York. He took it off for our cover. We think that's good because we think that he shouldn't encourage young people to grow hair on their faces. That's really just awful.

GONZO REVISITED: Mainlining Wild Turkey? Who else but Uncle Duke, Hunter S. Thompson himself, America's favorite (at least first) gonzo journalist. But this is a picture of Bill Murray from "Saturday Night Live" who's playing Hunter in the new movie *Where the Buffalo Roam*. Peter Boyle (left) plays the sidekick. And art imitates life imitating art.





SOME CALL IT CONFINEMENT: Here's David Kennedy in happier days, when he could disco out even with a broken foot. Word has it now that after his drug escapades in Harlem and his drug-related heart infection, the Kennedy clan hired a 24-hour therapist, Donald F. Juhl, on leave from a drug treatment center in Sacramento. Juhl has reportedly moved into the Hyannis Port compound to keep a close eye on David. If Kennedy can't go to the mountain

DON'T MAKE US GAG: Linda Lovelace, aka Deep Throat, is making the talk-show circuit plugging her confessional book. It seems that she claims she was hypnotized, brainwashed and "beaten in and about the body" to entice her to display her epiglottal calisthenics in that classic sperm opera. In short, she never got into her work. By the look on his face, she could have fooled costar Harry Reems. ■



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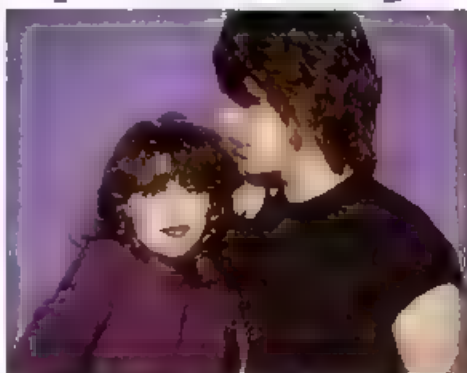
Mick Jagger

The man behind the mascara

by Liz Derringer

Mick Jagger is more than just a singer in a rock 'n' roll band. For the 18 years he's fronted the Rolling Stones he has been one of rock's most fascinating and mysterious personalities. The Jagger mystique has been fueled in large part by his lyrics, which range from moon-june love plaints to discussions of Faustian mysticism, all delivered in a deft yet offhand manner that makes the singer seem credible in the song. His feel for interpreting black American blues singers has helped the Rolling Stones make their reputation as one of the best white blues bands. His extramusical exploits, from affairs with models and socialites to his history-making liaisons with Marianne Faithfull and Bianca Jagger, have always been top-line news for the gossip pages. Even when the Rolling Stones are out of the public eye Jagger is ever-present—socialite, sex symbol, the man everyone recognizes. Jagger's multifaceted talent has also enabled him to translate his persona to film roles—in *Performance* and *Ned Kelly*—with ease.

Despite the notoriety and social graces, Jagger is an extremely private person who has consistently refused over the years to open himself up in interview situations, preferring to adopt a mocking tone when journalists turn on their microphones. In order to get a truer picture of the real Jagger, the man who shows himself to his friends in private moments, *HIGH TIMES* sent Liz Derringer, wife of guitarist Rick Derringer and a personal friend of Jagger's, to visit Mick and his girl friend, model Jerry Hall, in their New York town house last New Year's Eve for an exclusive interview. As the champagne flowed, Liz drew Jagger out, and a more complete picture of the rock star emerged. Recounting the experience, Liz found Jagger "conservative, very human, always joking, making faces like a little boy, hardworking, always up, yet not fucked-up on drugs." A good friend, she seems to have had to fight off the temptation to linger on his sexuality, while frankly discussing affairs. "As he speaks," she recalls, "his focus is intent. His blue-green eyes are characterized by a spark of



Derringer and Jagger: Before the breast baring.

"I very rarely take drugs. I think cocaine is a very bad, habit forming bore. I can't understand the fashion for it."

brown in his left iris that looks like a sunspot and is just one of several alluring aspects of his uninhibited sexuality."

Here then is the result: the private Jagger, the Stone at home, the man behind the mascara.

High Times: Why do you move around so much? I know you live in L.A. for a while, then you live in Paris and then you live in London.

Jagger: I don't know. If you can do it—and most people these days can do it if they really want—it's just nice. And I like Paris, London, New York, Tehran—I like Tehran.

High Times: What do you like about New York?

Jagger: What I like about it is—tranquility.

High Times: Manhattan? (Laughter.) High above the streets of Manhattan on the second floor?

Jagger: On the second floor only, we're working our way up. New York is a nice town. You get used to the "duh" in New

York. You don't see it anymore. You don't worry about going out late. You don't worry about dressing up so much. I don't, anyway.

High Times: What's your day like, let's just say, a day in New York?

Jagger: A day in New York, oh my God. (Laughter.) You can't talk about a day in New York.

High Times: Well, what do you usually do during the day? Sleep?

Jagger: Sleep late, get up. Play the piano.

High Times: Do you brush your teeth first?

Jagger: Yeah, obviously, I'm leaving out some of the details. Have a shit. (Laughter.)

High Times: Take a bath? Do you take a bath during the day or at night?

Jagger: In the morning.

High Times: Do you like taking a shower or a bath better?

Jagger: Shower.

High Times: Why?

Jagger: Uses less water.

High Times: So what else do you do during the day? Do you go out shopping and all that kind of stuff?

Jagger: No, I never do shopping and all that stuff. Rock-singer stuff.

High Times: Rock-singer stuff?

Jagger: We used to do that in the '60s—or '50s, was it? Go shopping. I used to shop for antiques for my apartment.

High Times: Who does your shopping for you, gets your clothes, if you don't do it?

Jagger: Oh, I do the clothes. I don't buy any clothes, hardly. I've given up buying clothes. I've become a mess.

High Times: That's how come you look like a maniac?

Jagger: Oh shit. That probably is it. I don't know where to buy clothes in New York, that's quite true. I never bought any here. It's always French clothes. You buy them at Bloomingdale's, don't you? That's what they tell me. Everytime I go to Bloomingdale's, I run out because there's lots of ladies trying on hats. Drives me nuts. (Jerry Hall enters with little exploding holiday favors and gifts.)

Hall: Do you all want Christmas crackers?

Jagger: Oh God. Thank you, Jerry. (Laughter. Jagger opens gift.) What did I get? There you

go. I got a funny hat. And I got a purse from Gucci. How nice. It didn't go bang. Give that purse to one of the kids that wants it. Men don't use purses, only faggots.

High Times: How do you get around to writing an album? Is there any kind of atmosphere you have to create?

Jagger: Not really, no, the atmosphere is in your head. Writing a song is like—you're writing a song all the time. It's just when it pops out. It's been there all the time. It's not something that suddenly you do it. It's always there. Suddenly, it's in the right mixture inside you to come out. Usually when you're writing on the piano or a guitar, you don't write in lyrics, on their own. To me it's ... very boring.

High Times: So you write music and lyrics at the same time

Jagger: Yeah, at least the idea, and then afterwards tidy up the lyrics, write more verses. But the whole idea of the song should come, in the best way, together.

High Times: So there's nothing that has to be inside you—like if you read a book or a play—there are certain pieces that...

Jagger: Yeah, you could do, like a character, for instance. You might take a character out of a novel you've read or a play. And then you might get something around that, even unconsciously. Or consciously, it doesn't really matter. Sometimes you do it half consciously and then you realize, oh, you molded it on this character. Sometimes you feel, Oh fuck, I wish it was really my own. You know, I wish I hadn't stolen it. But then, well, fuck it, it's not really like it was in the book or play. It's mine now, it's like I've changed it anyway.

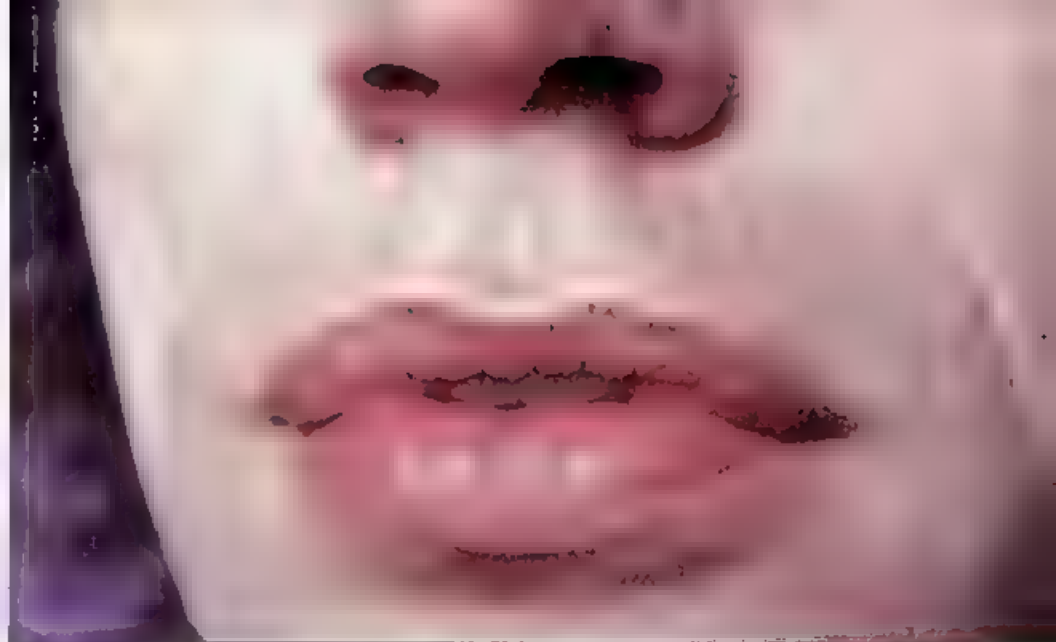
High Times: It's really hard to come up with something original.

Jagger: There is nothing new under the sun, dear.

High Times: It's true. I remember we were at a Led Zeppelin concert...

Jagger: Certainly they're not new. [Laughs.]

High Times: Robert Plant said, "We're still



"Fighting for religion is very, very bad. I'm not going to fight for fucking Catholicism or Islam or any other thing like that!"

alive and well." Led Zeppelin's still alive and well. And that's why Rick wrote the song for Johnny Winter "Still Alive and Well."

Jagger: "Steal Alive and Well," you mean. Why do you think that Led Zeppelin album sold so many records? And what was so good about it? What songs were the good ones that people liked? There's a couple of good ones on it.

High Times: "All of My Love"—because they haven't done many things like that before, pretty love songs.

Jagger: It's not my kind of music.

High Times: It's probably the biggest selling record this year. That and the Eagles.

Jagger: I know. But the Eagles sold very well. That's not really my kind of music either.

High Times: What other bands do you like,

anybody special?

Jagger: Naw.

High Times: You like the Rolling Stones?

Jagger: Naw. [Laughs.]

High Times: What's the new album like? It's all right?

Jagger: I haven't finished it, so I'm not going to go on about it. Oh, I should, because I'm supposed to be hustling the album, right?

High Times: What's the title?

Jagger: So far it's called "Emotional Rescue."

High Times: Who thinks up the album titles, you?

Jagger: Well, this one I did. Not always.

High Times: You're the businessman in the group...

Jagger: I'm not the businessman. I don't deal with the business at all. Not anymore. Occasionally, every four years or five years, they tell me I've run out of money. I have to go and make some more.

High Times: What do you like to spend your money on?

Jagger: I don't know. Where does it go, Flo? I don't know. Limousines, Checker cabs, airplanes.

High Times: That can't be more than a hundred bucks a day. For limousines, right?

Jagger: It probably costs more than that, you know. They're twenty-five dollars an hour now. Keith [Richard] keeps one twenty-four hours a day.

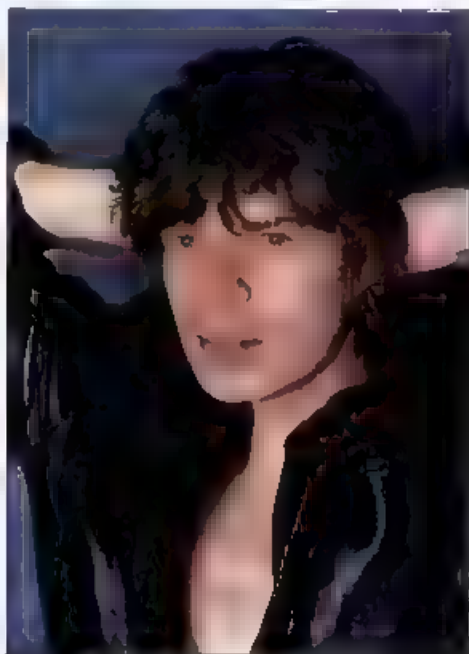
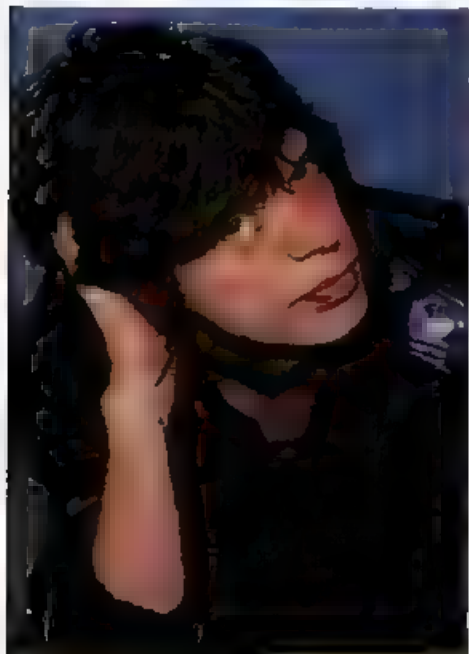
High Times: He does? Put that in, right? And Mick takes Checker cabs.

Jagger: I take Checker cabs. [Laughs.] But the thing is, I don't spend money on anything. I don't collect anything. I don't spend it on furniture.

High Times: You don't even collect houses. Everywhere you are, it's rented. Do you own...

Jagger: Mullstones.

High Times: Do you still own a house in England?



Jagger: Yeah. But I don't live there. It's my house but I don't live there. I haven't lived in it since 1970.

High Times: So there's nothing that you like to go out and buy?

Jagger: I'd like to buy a house.

High Times: You would? What's your dream house?

Jagger: (Falsetto voice, New York accent.) My dream house in New Jersey. In Queens they've got this beautiful house, wall-to-wall carpets. (Laughs.) No, I'd like a small house in the country.

Want a glass of champagne?

High Times: Yeah. What do you do when you're alone?

Jagger: Phone a girl up. When I'm alone? (Champagne flows.) Play.

High Times: Do you like to be alone?

Jagger: Yeah. Very much.

High Times: What do you do?

Jagger: Play. Music.

High Times: Take drugs?

Jagger: No.

High Times: Never?

Jagger: Very rarely take drugs. I don't like drugs. I think cocaine is a very bad, habit-forming bore. It's about the most boring drug ever invented. (Laughs.) I mean, it's very bad and very debilitating. I can't understand the fashion for it. 'Cause it's so expensive.

High Times: That's where you spend your money? (Laughs.)

Jagger: No, but I see people that do. I mean, I know what people spend on drugs. I mean, you've got to look it up in *HIGH TIMES*. It's a fortune. Grass is a hundred dollars an ounce, a hundred and fifty dollars for an ounce of grass. It's unbelievable. But cocaine, forget it. Anyone that buys cocaine at those prices... If you want to take it, fine, but if you're spending money on it, Jesus. What a boring drug.

High Times: Do you like mushrooms?

Jagger: Yeah, mushrooms. Only under medical supervision. No, but mushrooms are more interesting. You really can't take them like cocaine. I think drugs should be used only occasionally.

High Times: You sit around and smoke grass.

Jagger: Sitting and smoking grass is different.

High Times: And drinking champagne.

Jagger: And drinking champagne. Okay, more or less—it's New Year's fucking Eve, after all. (Laughter.) Happy New Year. (Toast.) But anyway, I just think it's boring. But who buys it? How much do people spend, a fortune on cocaine?

High Times: Isn't it amazing?

Jagger: It amazes me. I find it just unbelievable. Drugs are very debilitating.

High Times: Do you like to be debilitated?

Jagger: No. Certainly not.

High Times: You always like to be yourself.

Jagger: Well, you hope to be. You're supposed to be, at least, I think. To get, like, where you can't function is ridiculous.

High Times: Do you have any trouble going out in New York anymore? I heard that's why you grew your beard. Is that true?



Jagger: It did help, actually. I mean, it got me thrown out of all the best discos.

High Times: Why?

Jagger: I couldn't get into Hurrah's one night. They said, "Get off the street, the likes of you." (New York accent.)

High Times: Has it been a change for you?

Jagger: That was the idea, you know. It was very good, actually.

High Times: 'Cause I've been out with you and I know that people do really bother you sometimes.

Jagger: But people don't really bother you. People are very nice in New York, actually. It's very similar to London. They just say hello to me on the street. "Hi, Mick," they say, and walk straight on. That's kind of nice, really.

High Times: So you enjoy being famous.

Jagger: No. Not really. If you mean like in a gossip column item, no. It's terrible. It's disgusting.

High Times: You like the benefits of people knowing who you are.

Jagger: Well, I guess people always say it's

bullshit when people say they don't want to be famous. But when you start out by playing music—this is going back years now, I can hardly remember it myself, it's so long ago—the idea of being famous isn't the thing that comes into your mind, to be honest. I mean, famous in the right way—'cause there's no right way—and you've got to take what comes. You can be like wanting to be a ballet dancer and turn into a chorus girl, but you still have a good time. So you can't choose the kind of fame or notoriety that's thrown at you. 'Cause once you set yourself up, you can be fucking knocked down.

But what I was saying was, starting off in music, the purpose of it was not to become like well-known on the street and be famous. You know, I didn't even think about that part of being famous. Famous for making records, yes, but famous face in a woman's magazine, I never thought of that. I didn't want that. You just have to take it. You can't complain too much.

High Times: You like it when it happens.

Jagger: No, not really. I don't give a shit if



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they publish my picture or not. I don't care what anybody says as long as the records are good.

High Times: Do you care when people say bad things about you?

Jagger: Sometimes they're very rude, but you get so used to that after all these years. Meanwhile, there's not much anyone can say about you that hasn't already been said. Do you know what I mean? It sounds so horrible when I read these things. I sound like the most horrible person. Because it's just bullshit.

High Times: Aren't you glad I'm doing this interview, and I love you, and I'm saying such nice things about you?

Jagger: Aiii! Aiii, it's so nice. (Laughter) They're so boring. They're so pathetic, all those journalists. Most of them are. Most of those kind that write gossip stuff, and most of it's gossip. Do you know what I mean? I don't really mind criticism in music or in shows and stuff like that at all. I mean, it doesn't really worry me even if it's like out of place. At least it's relevant, you know. Things are just invented about your personal life and you just have to take that. It's bullshit. People believe it, though. They just believe everything they read. (Marcia Resnick enters the room.)

High Times: Jerry, Mick, Marcia's a photographer from HIGH TIMES, if it's okay.

Jagger: No, you can't take any pictures. You should have asked me.

High Times: I did. I said, "Can I bring a photographer?" And you said, "Do I have to have a photographer?" And I said I'd bring a girl so you wouldn't be uptight.

Jagger: Nope, nope. I said nope.

High Times: Marcia, we can't take any pictures.

Jagger: You want a drink? We'll give you a drink, though. No, the reason is, I just shaved my beard off, just now. And I all got covered in a rash and I haven't even shaved. You know what I'm saying? That's the reason. Otherwise, I'm not gonna make a big number of it. But you didn't ask me. (Screams.)

High Times: Mick, I swear

Jagger: (To Jerry.) Can I fuck her now? (Laughs.) You thought you asked me.

High Times: No, no, no, no, I did.

Jagger: Apart from asking me impertinent personal questions, she wants me to do sexy pictures. Get the whips, Jerry, and I'll do the pictures. (Laughter.) We'll get Liz and tie her up and put her on the saddle. That's what I do when I'm alone, actually. "What do you do"—she's putting her hand inside my legs—she says, "What do you do when you're alone, jerk off?" That's what she said to me. Can you believe that? (Feigns shock.)

Hall: He reads books and plays the guitar. That's all.

Jagger: Okay, thank you, darling. That's sweet. Anyway, I have all these pictures. Millions of them. Who cares?

High Times: I did an interview with Francesco Scavullo last week and we talked



"They actually think
That's the whole illusion
That you're really

about religion.

Jagger: Well, isn't he Italian or something?

High Times: He doesn't speak Italian, though. People think he should, with a name like Francesco Scavullo.

Jagger: Well, yeah, it's a bit much being called Francesco. He can't even order a plate of spaghetti in Italian.

High Times: You can call him Frank.

Jagger: (Mocking.) Frank. Maybe Catholics are like that, they sort of put crosses all the time everywhere. And they just think that's what you're supposed to fucking act. It's amazing. You're not Catholic, right?

High Times: Are you Catholic?

Jagger: No. We're very staunchly anti-Catholic. We're very much so. But I couldn't believe—I used to go into people's houses in South America and Brazil, they'd have these statues of this wooden saint. They collect them, you know. The women particularly. And a whole table. You go into a room dominated by this huge table with big—they're quite big, a foot tall—and they name them and tell about them. It's absolute bullshit, I mean, all these saints. It is. Everyone knows it.

High Times: I think so too.

Jagger: Most of these saints—that particular religion turns me right off

High Times: I think religion starts trouble.

Jagger: Well, everyone knows that, you know, killing for ideas is the most dangerous form of killing at all. Being willing to die for your ideas rather than your country is another concept, but dying for an idea, like in religion, is absurd.

High Times: Would you fight for your



you're like that
in rock 'n' roll music.
like that, that's you."

country?

Jagger: You have to sometimes because people come and try to take it away from you. You can't have that going on. It's very upsetting

High Times: How about crimes of passion?

Jagger: I think men should get away with it and women shouldn't. (Laughter.)

High Times: Women get their noses cut off in Iran for adultery, prostitution.

Jagger: Men get their cocks cut off for being a prostitute

High Times: Perish the thought.

Jagger: That's because all the Iranian men are gay.

High Times: So you're not a religious person.

Jagger: Well, yes. I'm very religious. But all I meant was the danger of fighting for religion or killing for it is very, very bad. It's worse than territory. If someone wants to walk into New York and make it into something else and break it apart, we don't really want that. But I'm not going to fight for fucking Catholicism or Islam or any other fucking thing like that. That's ridiculous. I mean I don't particularly want to fight for New York. If I had to, I would. You know what I mean. I could understand that. (Laughter.) Territorial rights.

High Times: What strikes you funny? What kinds of things make you laugh?

Jagger: Oh, get out of here. The dope list in HIGH TIMES, for instance. And all the drugs you can get. You just run it down there, right? You work for the magazine. Here's about \$2,000, right? Take it down there and tell them I'll have one of everything on

the list. Why don't they have heroin on the list? Is that a kind of snobbery?

High Times: That's disgusting.

Jagger: I think that's total snobbery because I think a lot of those things are all debilitating, including heroin, which is possibly the worst. But why don't they put heroin on the list with all those other awful things that you shouldn't take on the list? I think it's disgusting. I think that you shouldn't encourage young people to take drugs anyway. I think that's just awful. HIGH TIMES and all that.

High Times: So why are you doing an interview with HIGH TIMES?

Jagger: Because you asked me to. You're an old friend of mine. But I just thought I'd say that I do really believe in that.

High Times: Keith did an interview with HIGH TIMES in the middle of all that drug stuff.

Jagger: Yeah. But I really do believe in that. I really think it's bad to encourage kids. I don't think it's necessarily bad to take all drugs, but it's bad for kids picking that hat up and saying "Twelve-year-old kids. I know they do in California. Eleven- and twelve-year-old kids, it's disgusting. How much Quaaludes are—come on. It's a lot of rubbish. Okay, that's said. We're going to sound more funny.

High Times: What's more funny?

Jagger: Liz, have a Quaalude. You were so fucking uptight when you got in here.

High Times: You know what I love to ask pop stars? I swear to God, it's one of my favorite things to ask about.

Jagger: What is it?

High Times: It's what kind of

Jagger: Sex they like.

High Times: Yeah. (Laughter.)

Jagger: That wasn't really what it was.

High Times: No. What kind of feelings you get onstage. 'Cause that's really exciting.

Jagger: The love and warmth of the audience, rolling towards me in waves.

High Times: I don't know if you are teasing

Jagger: Sure I am.

High Times: But for me to go to a rock concert—my whole life is rock 'n' roll. When I was a kid, all I ever wanted to do was marry a rock star

Jagger: So did I.

High Times: And you did, right?

Jagger: I tried.

High Times: But I swear to God, that's all I ever liked was rock 'n' roll. And just to go up there and see rock stars was the most exciting thing in the world for me.

Jagger: It seems a rather very narrow life.

High Times: Yeah, very. I do other things, too. But I love going to concerts and watching rock stars. And I know the feelings that I get when I see you up there. What kind of feelings do you get when you...

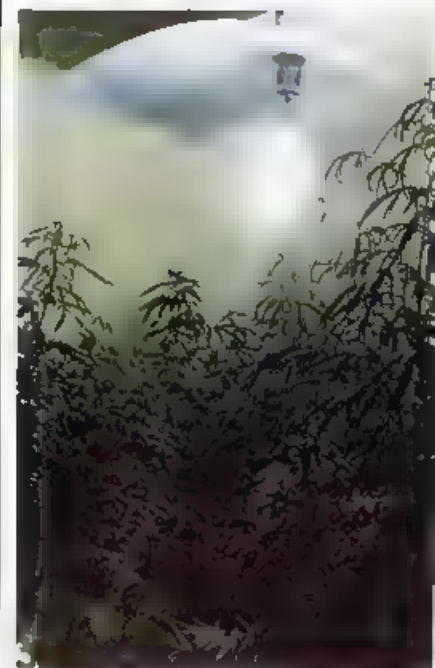
Jagger: See you down there? (Laughter)

High Times: Down where, Mick?

Jagger: Down my trousers. She's a pocket battleship.

High Times: Do you love being onstage?

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Jagger: Yes, it's very nice. It's my whole life, though. When I was your age—no, when I was like seventeen or eighteen. . .

High Times: I'm not much younger than you, honey.

Jagger: I know you're not. Chicken. Listen, when I was really young, I felt the same. Getting onstage, it's very funny. It's very difficult to explain. I suppose you get some good one-liners from people. I've never been able to come up with a good one-liner for that question. 'Cause it's such a complicated feshing

I think schizophrenia is the main problem there because you can see yourself playing this part. 'Cause it's going on the stage with your act. It's all an act, obviously. You don't want to be really like that in real life. You know, coming out in all these costumes and going—and all that crap. But I mean, you're looking at yourself. It's very dangerous if you find yourself looking at yourself. But you can't help it. In other words, you're examining what you're doing. The other thing is, you get the feeling after a while that it's a perfectly normal thing to do. Which in reality it's not. It's abnormal, because it's abnormal psychosis you're putting yourself through. In other words, you're becoming another character. Not only that—which is worse than being on Broadway, being an actor, which you're very aware is a play—in rock 'n' roll, you're not, people don't think consciously you're an actor. You're not the guy that's playing a part, and you know it's not really him, bah-bah, bah-bah. They actually think you're like that. That's the whole illusion in rock 'n' roll music. That you're really like that, that's you.

High Times: Is there any certain image that you'd like to project about yourself?

Jagger: No

High Times: People have this image of you as being like a somewhat evil, sullen-type character, but you're not.

Jagger: That's the thing of going onstage. That's one sort of facet of being on, doing a part or a song. Because you're not like that all the way through the act. Sometimes you've got to be the happy, smiling person, sometimes the fool, you know. And that's what it's all about, just music-hall entertainment, rock 'n' roll, really, it's very basic. And it's rather dull, actually.

High Times: Dull?

Jagger: Very dull. Most onstage acts, most stages are really dull.

High Times: But you're not

Jagger: All bands are. It's a very dull medium, you know

High Times: Yeah, but I don't think it's dull.

Jagger: Well, you don't 'cause you're a kind of groupie. (Laughter) But it's obviously a very limited form of entertainment. Obviously it's got a lot of appeal 'cause it's lasted a long time. Which is incredible when you think about it. 'Cause the first rock acts that I saw when I was like fifteen or something were almost the same as what people do now onstage. Nothing's changed, you know, not really. Four blokes with gui-

tars running about the stage, I mean, really, in two lines, that's it, isn't it? How much smoke you use, how good you sing, or whatever—all the details—it's still that. As a form of entertainment, it's amazing it's survived.

High Times: Yeah, but I just get so sexually turned on by seeing a rock star.

Jagger: Well, that's what it's about. It's getting sexually excited. Why do all these boys get sexually turned on who are not homosexuals?

High Times: 'Cause they want to be doing it—what you're doing—and have girls getting off on them.

Jagger: But that's there, they do want to be doing it, but it's still a sexual turn-on. I've never been able to discover the reason because we always had at least half the audience boys. And some points in my life, it's been more

High Times: Do you rehearse a lot before a tour?

Jagger: That's the trouble with rock 'n' roll. It's not rehearsed properly.

High Times: When you go out there, do you just sort of improvise?

Jagger: The musics rehearsed a lot. You see, all people think about is, they think, in rock 'n' roll, they get the music off right and they think it's okay standing, looking macho. Well, it's not. That's boring. If you want to be a performer you've got to do a lot more work than that. Obviously the music's got to be right. But you're not playing in a recording studio. You've got to go out

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actually.”

there and entertain and all that. It's too much improvisation in rock 'n' roll. That's what's wrong with it. People think it's enough just to stand there, and for most it is enough. I think it's amazing that people put up with it

High Times: Well, Tom Petty gets up there and just stands there and just sings his songs

Jagger: Does he really? I've never seen him. I like the record.

High Times: Oh, I love him. I love to watch him 'cause he just emanates charisma.

Jagger: Yeah, but if you've got that thing, "emanates charisma"—put that down in journalistic, cliché claptrap. (Laughs.)

High Times: No, I was going to say them both in two sentences, but he emanates sex and has a lot of charisma just by standing there

Jagger: I know what you mean. I'd suck his cock afterwards. (Laughter)

High Times: He might give you a hard-on, I don't know. (Laughter) No, he's real sweet.

Jagger: Does he give you a hard-on? (Leers.)

High Times: Yeah, he does.

Jagger: Do you get a hard-on just watching the guy standing there? I just think—I don't mean it too sexually, I must admit. I forget about that, you know. I don't think about the sexual part of it very much. I mean, not when I'm onstage. I just start rubbing my cock, say I've got to do this. I've seen other people do it.

High Times: Just to get off?

Jagger: Makes their cock get harder.

High Times: Why? From looking at a girl in the front?

Jagger: Yeah. Stuff like that.

High Times: Have you ever had like a real embarrassing moment where it was like. . .

Jagger: Like show up onstage and die forty-five minutes later? (Laughter.) That was embarrassing

High Times: Have you accomplished everything you'd like to do? Are you bored?

Jagger: No.

High Times: What do you want to do with your life? Are you bored?

Jagger: I'm not going to tell you.

High Times: Creep, are you bored?

Jagger: No.

High Times: Do you get bored?

Jagger: Of course, everybody does. You have to try new kicks to alleviate the jaundiced appetites.

High Times: What kind of kicks? Drugs? Sex? Rock 'n' roll?

Jagger: Writing for magazines.

High Times: Hey, would you like to write for a magazine?

Jagger: No, I'd rather write a historical novel

High Times: Do you really hate journalists?

Jagger: No, I don't hate them. You can't hate a class of people. It's wrong to say that. But I do think they're a bit like poison. Never trust them. You can't trust them as a class of people. It's their job not to be trusted. I don't mean you. There are a lot of journalists that are such shit, it's unbelievable.

High Times: Well, a lot of journalists are trying to get you. They get jealous.

Jagger: Let me tell you what they do. They're like policemen, right? They're very nice (and they are actually nice) and they may really like you, may have things to talk about, but they save up these little things, right, until they write some stupid book. I can't remember it actually happened to me, but it's happened to other people. And it's kind of happened to me. It's a two-way thing, being in show business and all that crap. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. Everybody knows that. But there's certain rules that people are not supposed to break. If you say, "Look, don't print that," and they don't. But then ten years later, they write some book about you. They use everything. "I came in the door and you gave me a glass of champagne." Things like that. You see them a month later, they wonder why you don't say hello to them. That's the amazing part. They wonder why, they just can't understand where they went

wrong after writing this book putting you down and saying this shit. You did this and you fucked this girl and you screwed this person's life up. And then they wonder why. They see you at a cocktail party and they say, "Hi, how are you? Did you like my book?" It's unbelievable how thick-skinned they are. That's why I don't like them. That's why they're like policemen, 'cause they save up things in their little file. Not all of them, but an awful lot

"This is 1980, you know. I don't believe in astrology. It's a lot of crap."

High Times: A lot of times I show people what I write before I submit it. Do you think it's a bad policy?

Jagger: I think you should show them if you know them, because there are a lot of things in there that don't even matter. For instance, taxes. You'd say, well, Don't say I'm working, writing all my songs in New York. Because they're so stupid, they'll take that, because it's the printed word. The IRS and the Inland Revenue, they believe—and I don't mind if you use this, because it's quite interesting—but they believe what they read. They use everything you read in newsprint. Once it's printed and typed out, it's supposed to be the truth. Whether she makes it up or not is another matter. So that they get these articles out and say, "Look, it says here that you write all your songs in your apartment. Therefore, we want all the money. Of all your songs, half of the money you earn, we want it." But I said, "I don't write them all..." "But you said you did, and it says so in this magazine, HIGH TIMES. And it also says it in the Daily News gossip column." There's no good denying that you were in Paris that week. It's written down, and it's amazing they believe it. 'Cause they've got nothing else to go on. But still they want the money. They're desperate. We have to pay for the missiles somehow, you know.

High Times: So do you want to see this before I write it?

Jagger: The answer is yes.

High Times: Would you like to have some sons?

Jagger: Yeah.

High Times: Why don't you?

Jagger: Well, maybe in a couple of years.

High Times: Nowadays can't you somehow determine the sex of a child?

Jagger: You can only control it, I think, you can help it along, like fifty percent, some say seventy percent. It's a lot of work. But I mean, we've got so much more advanced than we were about genetics in the last ten years. Just a choice of sex for a child is only a

beginning. Obviously you can choose to have whatever kind of temperament child you want. Why not? I mean, that's what you're doing when you choose a mate, after all, you're looking for the qualities in her or her family. Don't you think?

High Times: Yeah.

Jagger: But people don't do that. Especially in America, it's very unfashionable. After Hitler and all that. But people always used to try and do that. It resulted in some very bad inbreeding.

High Times: Is that vain?

Jagger: It's not vain. You want to have a child—you just take it, right?

High Times: You want a child like yourself?

Jagger: No, I don't want a child like myself at all. I want someone that's going to be far better than me.

High Times: Do you prefer women or men's company any more than the other?

Jagger: No, I don't think so. I find women a lot easier to talk to a lot of the time. Men are rather taciturn a lot of the time. They're very defensive where women aren't.

High Times: I love having platonic relationships with boys, but the only problem is, it's hard not having sex sometimes, and it's fun.

Jagger: Well, you don't always with all of them. I don't always wind up having it. That's not maturity. I think if you can get it over with, and you can get back to the conversation, I think that's one way of getting it done. Wait till next week.

High Times: Do you go through periods where you don't want to have any sex?

Jagger: No, not really. I mean, not any at all, you mean? No.

High Times: Are you "into" anything mystical? What birthday sign are you?

Jagger: You want me to do that crap. Come on man, it's 1980.

High Times: But there are a lot of interesting people born on your birthday.

Jagger: This is 1980, you know, I don't believe in astrology. It's a lot of crap. I just think that's another thing you should throw out the window. Mysticism. Cheap.

High Times: People live by the stars and all, you know.

Jagger: Cheap. It's amazing that people still hang on to that after all these years.

High Times: Would you ever wish for a more stable lifestyle? Like living in England, and just sitting there with your kids? Like Paul McCartney.

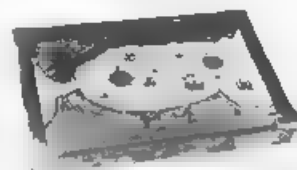
Jagger: No, of course not, otherwise I would do it.

High Times: You can do anything you want, can't you, Mick?

Jagger: Yeah.

High Times: You could just do anything you fucking want.

Jagger: Fucking could, but I ain't gonna be like that. Paul's very nice. Some people would thrive in that kind of environment. And I don't. It's just not what I like. I prefer to live in a rented house. No ties. Nothing around my neck. Just the minimum kind of bare comforts of home. Let me go, 'cause I've got to... design a house ☐



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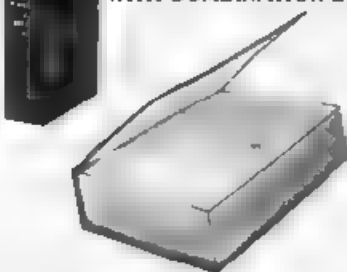
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LSD: My Problem Child

An excerpt from the memoirs of the man
who invented acid (and reinvented reality)

by Dr. Albert Hofmann

At the bleak industrial complex of the Sandoz chemical works in Basel, Switzerland, there used to be one extraordinary stained-glass window anomalously fitted into a certain office of the pharmaceutical research wing. The multihued window depicted Asclepius, the Greek deity of the healing crafts, as a youth, receiving instruction from Chiron the centaur (who himself ultimately bestowed his personal immortality to Prometheus, giver to humans of the divine fire of self illumination).

Thus very extraordinary window graced the office of Sandoz research director Dr. Albert Hofmann; since his retirement from Sandoz nine years ago, it has decorated his home. It was Hofmann who in 1938 co-developed from a fungal plant rust called ergot a compound that he called lysergsäure-diäthylamid (which he later shortened to LSD). Five years later, Dr. Hofmann decided to see if lysergsäure-diäthylamid could be developed into an analeptic compound to stimulate blood circulation and respiration in elderly people. While crystallizing the LSD compound in the form of a tartrate, he surmised much later, he must have absorbed "an immeasurable trace" of it through his fingertips.

Dr. Hofmann described his first, unintentional trip as "a not unpleasant intoxicated-like condition," occupying two hours of interesting imagery. Three days later he tried it again, to see what a tiny test dose—250 millionths of a gram—might do to his head. He kept an assistant handy to record the effects objectively—a lucky bit of foresight, since 250 mikes of acid is your standard eight-hour death-and-rebirth trip. In the midst of it, just as he was peaking, Hofmann conceived an irresistible urge to bicycle home, four miles down the Rhine. "My field of vision fluctuated and was distorted like the reflections in an amusement park mirror. I also had the impression that I was making no headway, yet later my assistant told me that I was pedaling at a fast pace." He described it as a classic burner, pervaded by concrete premonitions of

death. "I thought of my wife and two young children who would never know or understand why I could have done this."

From 1943 to 1970, Hofmann tripped on LSD about 15 times with professional colleagues, interested in devising the most appropriate "set and setting" for acid experiences in order to exploit their insight-inducing properties most expediently. He concluded that there is simply no way to guarantee either a good or bad trip. "The experience is handled best," Hofmann cautiously counseled, "by a ripe, stabilized person with a meaningful reason for taking LSD."

In 1976, *HIGH TIMES* contributor Michael Horowitz introduced Hofmann to this magazine and obtained an interview. I was surprised and shocked at the existence of such a magazine, whose text and advertising tended to treat the subject of illegal drugs with a casual and nonresponsible attitude." Hofmann made clear in the July 1976 issue. "I came to the conclusion that my statements' appearing in a magazine directed to readers who use currently illegal drugs might be of special value and could help to diminish the abuse or misuse of the psychedelic drugs."

Among other observations on the contemporary drug culture, Hofmann was gently critical of our adoption of highly esoteric Oriental disciplines and texts, like *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, as guides to self-illumination through psychedelics. His own experience with proper set and setting, he suggested, had shown him much that was spiritually profound in European culture—concepts more readily accessible to people raised and formed in Western society. He cited particularly "symbols found in the writings of Western mystics such as Silesius, Eckhart, Boehme and Swedenborg," and in Herman Hesse's *Steppenwolf* and *The Glass Bead Game*. A spiritual continuity exists in Western historical culture, he hunted, that underlies its seemingly all-exclusive materialism.

At the time, though he didn't say so in the

HIGH TIMES interview, Hofmann was zeroing in on that spiritual continuity: the Mysteries of Demeter at Eleusis in ancient Greece. The Eleusinian Mysteries revolved around a special sacramental potion called the kykeon, which ritually united the worshippers at Eleusis in a mystical union with each other, the earth and all time. And it was Hofmann who determined the long-forgotten identity of the kykeon: ergonovine, a water-soluble ergot extract from *Claviceps paspali*, the purple rust that grows on wild grass in Greece.

After isolating it by a process simple enough to have been employed by any classical Greek herbalist, Hofmann dropped 200 mikes of ergonovine at home. It was about one-twentieth as powerful as LSD, he estimated, five times stronger than psilocybin, and it lasted six hours. It was the selfsame sacrament that had illuminated the creators of the Asclepius-Chiron-Prometheus myth, portrayed today in Dr. Hofmann's stained-glass window.

Was kann ein Mensch im Leben mehr
gewinnen
Als dass sich Gott-Natur im offenbare?

What more can a person gain in life
Than that God Nature reveals himself to
him?

—Goethe

I am often asked what has made the deepest impression upon me in my LSD experiments, and whether I have arrived at new understandings through these experiences.

Various Realities

Of greatest significance to me has been the insight that I attained as a fundamental understanding from all of my LSD experiments, that what one commonly takes as "the reality," including the reality of my own individual person, by no means signifies something fixed, but rather something

that is ambiguous—that there is not only one, but that there are many realities, each comprising also a different consciousness of the ego.

One can also arrive at this insight through scientific reflections. The problem of reality is and has been from time immemorial a central concern of philosophy. It is, however, a fundamental distinction, whether one approaches the problem of reality rationally, with the logical methods of philosophy, or if one obtrudes upon this problem emotionally, through an existential experience. The first planned LSD experiment was therefore so deeply moving and alarming, because everyday reality and the ego experiencing it, which I had until then considered to be the only reality, dissolved, and an unfamiliar ego experienced another, unfamiliar reality. The problem concerning the innermost self also appeared, which, itself unmoved, was able to record these external and internal transformations.

Reality is inconceivable without an experiencing subject, without an ego. It is the product of the exterior world, of the sender and of a receiver, an ego in whose deepest self the emanations of the exterior world, registered by the antennae of the sense organs, become conscious. If one of the two is lacking, no reality happens, no radio music plays, the picture remains blank.

If one continues with the conception of reality as a product of sender and receiver, then the entry of another reality under the influence of LSD may be explained by the fact that the brain, the seat of the receiver, becomes biochemically altered. The receiver is thereby tuned into another wavelength than that corresponding to normal, everyday reality. Since the endless variety and diversity of the universe corresponds to infinitely many different wavelengths, depending on the adjustment of the receiver, many different realities, including the respective ego, can become conscious. These different realities, more correctly designated as different aspects of the reality, are not mutually exclusive but are complementary, and form together a portion of the all-encompassing, timeless, transcendental reality, in which even the unimpeachable core of self-consciousness, which has the power to record the different egos, is located.

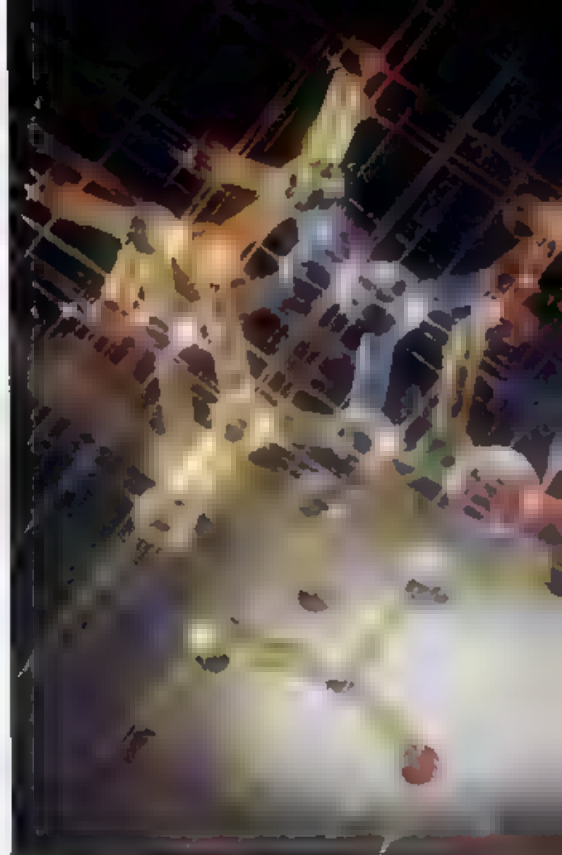
The true importance of LSD and related hallucinogens lies in their capacity to shift the wavelength setting of the receiving "self," and thereby to evoke alterations in reality consciousness. This ability to allow different, new pictures of reality to arise, this truly cosmic power, makes the cultish worship of hallucinogenic plants as sacred drugs understandable.

What constitutes the essential, characteristic difference between everyday reality and the world picture experienced in LSD inebriation? In everyday reality, ego and the outer world are separated in the normal condition of consciousness; one

stands face to face with the outer world; it has become an object. In the LSD state the boundaries between the experiencing self and the outer world more or less disappear, depending on the depth of the inebriation. Feedback between receiver and sender takes place. A portion of the self overflows into the outer world, into objects, they begin to live, to have another, a deeper meaning. This can be perceived as a blessed or as a demonic transformation imbued with terror, proceeding to a loss of the trusted ego. In an auspicious case, the new ego feels blissfully united with the objects of the outer world and consequently also with its fellow man. This experience of deep oneness with the exterior world can even intensify to a feeling of the self being one with the universe. This condition of cosmic consciousness, which under favorable conditions can be evoked by LSD or another hallucinogen from the group of Mexican sacred drugs, is analogous to spontaneous religious enlightenment, with the *unio mystica*. In both conditions, which often last only for a timeless moment, a reality is experienced that exposes a gleam of the transcendental reality, in which universe and self, sender and receiver, are one.¹

Gottfried Benn, in his essay "Provokiertes Leben" ("Provoked Life," in *Ausdrucks-welt*, Limes Verlag, Wiesbaden, 1949), characterized the reality in which self and world are separated, as "the schizoid catastrophe, the Western entelechy neurosis." He further writes,

In the southern part of our continent this concept of reality began to be formed. The Hellenistic-European agonistic principle of victory through effort, cunning, malice, talent, force, and later European as Darwinism and "superman," was instrumental in its formation. The ego emerged, dominated, fought, for thus it needed instruments, material, power. It had a different relationship to matter, more removed sensually, but closer formally. It analyzed matter, tested, sorted weapons, object of exchange, ransom money. It clarified matter through isolation, reduced it to formulas, took pieces out of it, divided it up. [Matter became] a concept which hung like a disaster over the West, with which the West fought, without grasping it, to which it sacrificed enormous quantities of blood and happiness; a concept whose inner tension and fragmentations it was impossible to dissolve through a natural viewing or methodical insight into the inherent unity and peace of prelogical forms of being: . . . instead the cataclysmic character of this idea became clearer and clearer. . . a state, a social organization, a public morality, for which life is economically usable life and which does not recognize the world of provoked life, cannot stop its destructive force. A society, whose hygiene and race cultivation as a modern ritual is founded solely on hollow biological statistics, can only represent the external viewpoint of the mass; for this point of view it can wage war, incessantly, for reality is simply raw material, but its metaphysical background remains forever obscured.



As Gottfried Benn formulates it in these sentences, a concept of reality that separates self and the world has decisively determined the evolutionary course of European intellectual history. Experience of the world as matter, as object, to which man stands opposed, has produced modern natural science and technology—creations of the Western mind that have changed the world. With their help man has subdued the world. Its wealth has been exploited in a manner that may be characterized as plundering, and the sublime accomplishment of technological civilization, the comfort of Western industrial society, stands face to face with a catastrophic destruction of the environment. Even to the heart of matter, to the nucleus of the atom and its splitting, this objective intellect has progressed, and has unleashed energies that threaten all life on our planet.

A misuse of knowledge and understanding, the products of searching intelligence, could not have emerged from a consciousness of reality in which man is not separated from the environment but rather exists as part of living nature and the universe. All attempts today to make amends for the damage through environmentally protective measures must remain only hopeless, superficial patchwork, if no curing of the

1. The relationship of spontaneous to drug-induced enlightenment has been most extensively investigated by R.C. Zaehner, *Mysticism—Sacred and Profane* (Oxford: Clarendon Press 1957).

2. This excerpt from Benn's essay was taken from Ralph Metzner's translation "Provoked Life: An Essay on the Anthropology of the Ego," which was published in *Psychodalic Review* 1(1):47-54, 1963. Minor corrections in Metzner's text have been made by A.H.

A portion of the self overflows into the outer world, into objects, they begin to live. This can be perceived as a blessed or as a demonic transformation.

"Western enteichy neurosis" ensues, as Benn has characterized the objective reality conception. Healing would mean existential experience of a deeper, self-encompassing reality.

The experience of such a comprehensive reality is impeded in an environment rendered dead by man's hand, such as is present in our great cities and industrial districts. Here the contrast between self and outer world becomes especially evident. Sensations of alienation, of loneliness and of menace arise. It is these sensations that impress themselves on everyday consciousness in Western industrial society; they also take the upper hand everywhere that technological civilization extends itself, and they largely determine the production of modern art and literature.

There is less danger of a cleft-reality experience arising in a natural environment. In field and forest, and in the animal world sheltered therein, indeed in every garden, a reality is perceptible that is infinitely much realer, older, deeper and more wondrous than everything made by man's hand, and that will yet endure, when the man-made, mechanical, and concrete world again vanishes, becomes rusted and falls into ruin. In the sprouting, growth, blooming, fruiting, death and regeneration of plants, in their relationship with the sun, whose light they are able to convert into chemically bound energy in the form of organic compounds, out of which all that lives on our earth is built; in the being of plants the same mysterious, inexhaustible, eternal life energy is evident, that has also brought us forth and takes us back again into its womb, and in which we are sheltered and united with all living things.

We are not leading up to a sentimental

enthusiasm for nature, to "back to nature" in Rousseau's sense. That romantic movement, which sought the idyll in nature, can also be explained by a feeling of man's separation from nature. What is needed today is a fundamental reexperience of the oneness of all living things, a comprehensive reality consciousness, that ever more infrequently develops spontaneously, the more the primordial flora and fauna of our mother earth must yield to a dead technological environment.

Mystery and Myth

The notion of reality as the self juxtaposed to the world in confrontation with the outer world began to form itself, as reported in the citation from Benn, in the southern portion of the European continent in Greek antiquity. No doubt men at that time knew the suffering that was connected with such a cleft-reality consciousness. The Greek genius tried the cure by supplementing the multiformed and richly colored, sensual as well as deeply sorrowful Apollonian world view created by the subject/object cleavage, with the Dionysian world of experience, in which this cleavage is abolished in ecstatic inebriation. Nietzsche writes in *The Birth of Tragedy*:

It is either through the influence of narcotic potions, of which all primitive peoples and races speak in hymns, or through the powerful approach of spring, penetrating with joy all of nature, that those Dionysian stirrings arise, which in their intensification lead the individual to forget himself completely. Not only does the bond between man and man come to be forged once again by the magic of the Dionysian rite, but alienated, hostile, or subjugated nature again celebrates her reconciliation with her prodigal son, man.

The Mysteries of Eleusis, which were celebrated annually in the fall over an interval of approximately 2,000 years, from about 1500 B.C. until the fourth century A.D., were intimately connected with the ceremonies and festivals in honor of the god Dionysius. The Mysteries were established by the goddess of agriculture, Demeter, as thanks for the recovery of her daughter Persephone, whom Hades, the god of the underworld, had abducted. A further thanks offering was the ear of grain, which was presented by the two goddesses to Triptolemus, the first high priest of Eleusis. They taught him the cultivation of grain, which Triptolemus then disseminated over the whole globe. Persephone, however, was not always allowed to remain with her mother, because she had taken nourishment from Hades, contrary to the order of the highest gods. As punishment she had to return to the underworld for a part of the year. During this time, it was winter on the earth, the plants died and were withdrawn into the ground, to awaken to new life early in the year with

Persephone's journey to earth.

The myth of Demeter, Persephone, Hades and the other gods, which was enacted as a drama, formed, however, only the external framework of events. The climax of the yearly ceremonies, which began with a procession from Athens to Eleusis lasting several days, was the concluding ceremony with the initiation, which took place in the night. The initiates were forbidden by penalty of death to divulge what they had learned, beheld, in the innermost, holiest chamber of the temple, the *telesterion* (goal). Not one of the multitude that were initiated into the secret of Eleusis has ever done this. Pausanias, Plato, many Roman emperors like Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, and many other unknown personages of antiquity were party to this initiation. It must have been an illumination, a visionary sight of a deeper reality, an insight into the true basis of the universe. That can be concluded from the statements of initiates about the value, about the importance of the vision. Thus it is reported in a Homeric hymn: "Blissful is he among men on Earth, who has beheld that! He who has not been initiated into the holy Mysteries, who has had no part therein, remains a corpse in gloomy darkness." Pindar speaks of Eleusinian benediction with the following words: "Blissful is he, who after having beheld thus enters on the way beneath the Earth. He knows the end of life as well as its divinely granted beginning." Cicero, also a famous initiate, likewise put in first position the splendor that fell upon his life from Eleusis, when he said, "Not only have we received the reason there, that we may live in joy, but also, besides, that we may die with better hope."

How could the mythological representation of such an obvious occurrence, which runs its course annually before our eyes—the seed grain that is dropped into the earth, dies there, in order to allow a new plant, new life, to ascend into the light—prove to be such a deep, comforting experience, as that attested by the cited reports? It is traditional knowledge that the initiates were furnished with a potion, the *kykeon*, for the final ceremony. It is also known that barley extract and mint were ingredients of the *kykeon*. Religious scholars and scholars of mythology, like Karl Kerényi, from whose book on the Eleusinian Mysteries (Rhein-Verlag, Zurich, 1962) the preceding statements were taken, and with whom I was associated in relation to the research on this mysterious potion,³ are of the opinion that the *kykeon* was mixed with a hallucinogenic drug.⁴ That would make understandable the ecstatic-visionary

(continued on page 72)

3. In the English publication of Kerényi's book *Eleusis* (New York: Schocken Books, 1977), a reference is made to this collaboration.

4. In *The Road to Eleusis* by R. Gordon Wasson, Albert Hofmann and Carl A.P. Ruck (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978), the possibility is discussed that the *kykeon* could have acted through an LSD-like preparation of ergot.

Graffiti '80♥

If Art is outlawed, only the outlaws will have art.

Art started out in the underground. In caves. Since it was magic, there were times to keep it hidden. But then there were times to flaunt it.

Graffiti is as old as writing. The word comes from *graffio*, Italian for "a scratch." Graffiti was very big in ancient Rome, whose society bears many comparisons with our own. The excavators of Pompeii found that ancient city to be covered with perfectly preserved graffiti of all types, from raunchy sexual jokes and advertisements to witty or crude political slogans. Graffiti was found inside the Great Pyramid when it was unsealed after 4,000 years.

Graffiti is, by definition, unauthorized public communication—outlaw communication. Making an illegal mark. Usually graffiti is considered defacement of public property. Glib liberals call it a form of visual pollution. What it is is the mark of the artist with no other outlet, the artist who might not even think he is an artist.

Today graffiti is coming out in the open as art. It has crept up out of the subway and across the walls of our decaying cities. It has brought color and personality into a world where only corporate, authorized markings are tolerated. To politicians it is a horror, an ever-present reminder of the creeping barbarism that refuses to fit into their city planning. The wild signatures will send the tourists away. The savage names. It's enough to wake a mayor out of a sound sleep screaming, "My God, New York, New York..."

New York City is covered with graffiti. People have been writing on the walls as long as the city has been here. But the real graffiti explosion started at the end of the '60s. By the early '70s it seemed like every other kid in the city was writing his name on the subway walls. Names covered train stations and cars inside out. Graffiti moved outdoors and covered blank walls, billboards, bridge abutments, warehouses, trucks, buses. Subway trains were the best targets, of course, because of their mobility. Writing your name on a train advertised it all over town. The subways became the galleries of graffiti, the trains, moving exhibitions.

The king of the first great New York City graffiti wave was Taki 183. He wrote his

name more often and in more places in New York City than just about anybody. But those were the days when you could write your name in a fairly modest size and it would stand out.

According to Taki 183, the first writer to combine his name with a street number was Julio 204, who was doing it in 1967. Perhaps the most artful writer of the first great days of graffiti was Stay High 149, who was almost as prolific as Taki. His Magic Marker work was exquisitely fluid. He always capped his signature with an angel's halo. Stay High 149 was also one of the first writers to do trains top to bottom so that his name filled the whole side of a car.

Once, getting your name around was the thing. But size—spectacle—became a consideration and made graffiti more artistic. Train windows began to disappear under a riot of color. The spray can replaced the felt-tip marker as the dominant tool of the serious writer. Broader, balloon-style letters came in and soon whole trains were covered in wild colors and weird, extravagant cartoon names.

Graffiti comes in many styles. In the '80s it was usually simple block lettering—the name written as smoothly and neatly (and quickly) as possible. Styles evolved when the walls started to fill up and a name had to be well placed and well executed to stand out. The Brooklyn style adorned the basic felt-tip marker block lettering with fancy swirls, swoops, underlines and arrows. Bronx writers introduced the numbers and specialized in a large, legible block style. Phase 2, a legendary writer, is credited with inventing the bubble style—fat, cartoony characters that cover the side of a car with color. The Manhattan style took the swirled design of the early Brooklyn style and made it wider by using several markers of different colors so that the lines change shade like a spectrum. The Broadway style, which hit big a few years ago, actually came from Philadelphia, where the graffiti is wilder, illegible to the uninitiated, resembling Arabic. The Broadway style's long, thin, erratic lines also took up more space and had a kind of ominous, alien bravado about it.

As graffiti became a craze, the best writers began to go all out for art. Perhaps the most artistic of all were the Fab Five. Fred of the Fab Five did an entire car, top to bottom, in Warhol-type soup cans,



The STATE of the Nathan ART

by Glenn O'Brien



Photos by Bobby

and another whole car as a loaf of Wonderbread. Lee of the Fab Five did the Hell Express—cats and bats and spooks in a graveyard—a creation that would rival the work of Disney's draftsmen. Lee is religious and also did a wild Heaven is Life, Earth is Hell train, with an exotically flowered, gorgeous heaven on one side of the car and a nightmare underworld featuring Jesus on the other side. The Fab Five's greatest accomplishment, however, was painting a whole ten-car train top to bottom. It took an entire weekend and 111 cans of paint. It was such a hit that most passengers who saw it thought it was done at the behest of New York's Metropolitan Transit Authority (MTA), and it was often applauded as it entered certain stations. The MTA was so embarrassed they split up the cars after two days.

Frederick Brathwaite, aka Spin, aka Fred, is one of the Fab Five, a good artist and an articulate spokesman for the best of New York writers. He got quite a bit of attention by proclaiming himself a graffiti dealer, willing to contract out the best graffiti artists in the city for mural work. Fred managed to land jobs for the Fab Five artists such as redecorating the trendy Unique clothing boutique in their finest Lexington Avenue line style. They did a few garden walls around town, and a roller disco, and sold graffiti paintings on plastic (canvas made them a bit nervous).

While determined to hold out for street graffiti as art, Fred also wanted to take it aboveground to show its legitimacy, its urgency, its message to urban culture, and also to have fun, make money and brighten things up. Finally the Fab Five landed a gallery show at Le Medusa in Rome, and soon Fred and Lee were the toast of the Roman art world. Italians had no trouble seeing the work as art. Italian critics saw it as the fulfillment of the functional aesthetics of the futurists. Someone seriously suggested the Fab Five repaint the Victor Emmanuel monument.

But the Fab Five weren't the only artists doing spectacular works. Many writers and groups began doing inspiring top-to-bottom work. The paintings started to get so good that the MTA retaliated by cleaning and buffing the most beautiful cars first.

This policy, which at its peak was costing New York City taxpayers several million dollars per year (at a time when the city was giving the arts less than \$500,000, most of which went to administrative costs), was very frustrating for graffiti artists, so they invented a style to deal with it. It's called the Throw Up style. In a way it applied the principles of minimalism to graffiti writing. Working with a fat-capped spray can in each hand, a master of Throw Up style, such as In, might do 400 pieces in two hours. The letters are large and brightly colored, but they are quickly outlined and lightly filled in. They might be twice as easy to remove as the old top-to-bottom works, but they can be done ten

Graffiti has a destiny outside the institutions of the art world: to show that art is something that cannot be institutionalized. It can be fed, housed and loved.



times as fast and still be very beautiful. In numbers his works, or each edition anyway, just like a limited edition.

The new style is the Wild style—and these works are like very elaborate marks of Zorro. They resemble the illuminated capital letters that might open a paragraph in a fancy volume, or an elaborate, cryptic monogram. The name is as concealed as it is revealed. (It was recently reported in the *New York Times* that graffiti-analysis squads have had a great deal of success in tracking the movements of certain wanted persons and gang leaders by graffiti. They could tell what public transportation lines a certain name was taking.)

To describe the new phase of graffiti, Fred of the Fab Five has come up with "calligraffiti," a perfect term to describe a style of writing that reinforces its meaning with its design. Much modern graffiti is increasingly illegible, or cryptically legible. It's an art to read. Lettering styles are more complex, some becoming crazy mandalas of starred, interlocking lettering. One of New York's more creative lettering artists of the day adorns his moniker, Ism Ism, with a cock that has tits instead of balls—drawn in flawless freehand-cartoon style.

UNDERGROUND ART MOVEMENTS: MEET the Fab Five

Art is a solitary business. Graffiti is usually solitary in the sense that it's a covert operation. It is illegal to write on the walls. But it can also be a team sport. Working in teams can provide a certain amount of security: lookouts, scattering upon detection. Groups of writers worked together; some banded together under collective names.

Some were neighborhood friends, others met through graffiti. Many of the top writers met after being apprehended and sentenced to cleanup duties by the courts. One writer recalls, "You could get a year in jail or a \$1,000 fine, but usually the judge would sentence you to wash walls in some station that was really totally blitzed. So you'd go up in the Bronx early one Saturday morning and they give you these gloves and this bucket and say, 'Here, wash these walls.' You'd find yourself standing next to famous graffiti writers and it'd be, 'Yeah! Let's get together and go writing tonight.' Being from Brooklyn, I didn't know where too many of the yards were. You'd meet guys from the Bronx and



Left: pop art on the Lexington Avenue line by Fred. Center: handball court by Lee. Upper right, a "windows down" by Revolt. Lower right: heavy coverage on the 5 train.

they'd take you uptown and show you where the real yards are."

Perhaps the most renowned group of writers in New York in recent years has been the Fab Five. The five refers to the Lexington Avenue number 5 train where they did much of their best work. (At various times there actually may have been five of them, including Lee, Fred, Doc, Mono, Slave, Professor 168 and Slug.) Today the Fab Five is mainly Lee and Fred, and they've gone a long way to take graffiti out of the subway and into the light.

Lee Quinones, whose nom de graffiti is Lee, started out writing his name on the trains like everybody else and for the same reasons as everybody else. But as more and more kids started writing their names all over, it was only natural that the artists would begin to make their mark among the writers. Lee and the other top writers of the Fab Five made their mark by painting the most beautiful trains. They were masterworks, marathon jobs covering whole cars with huge, gorgeous, wildly colored animated names

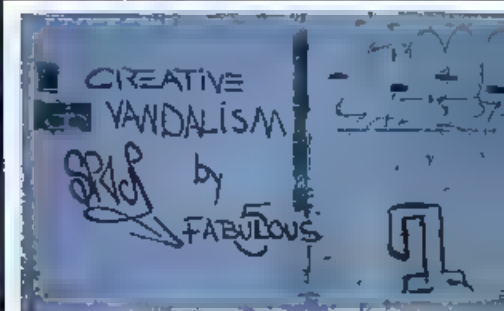
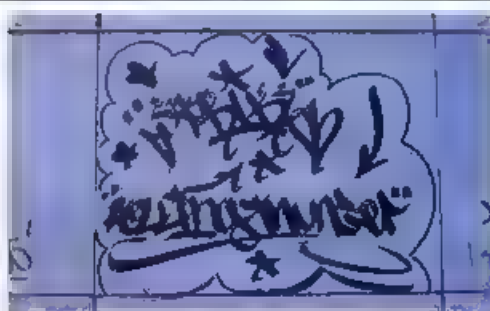
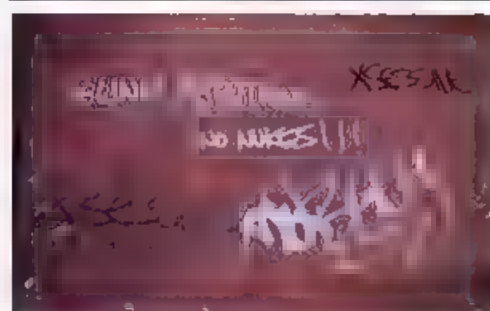
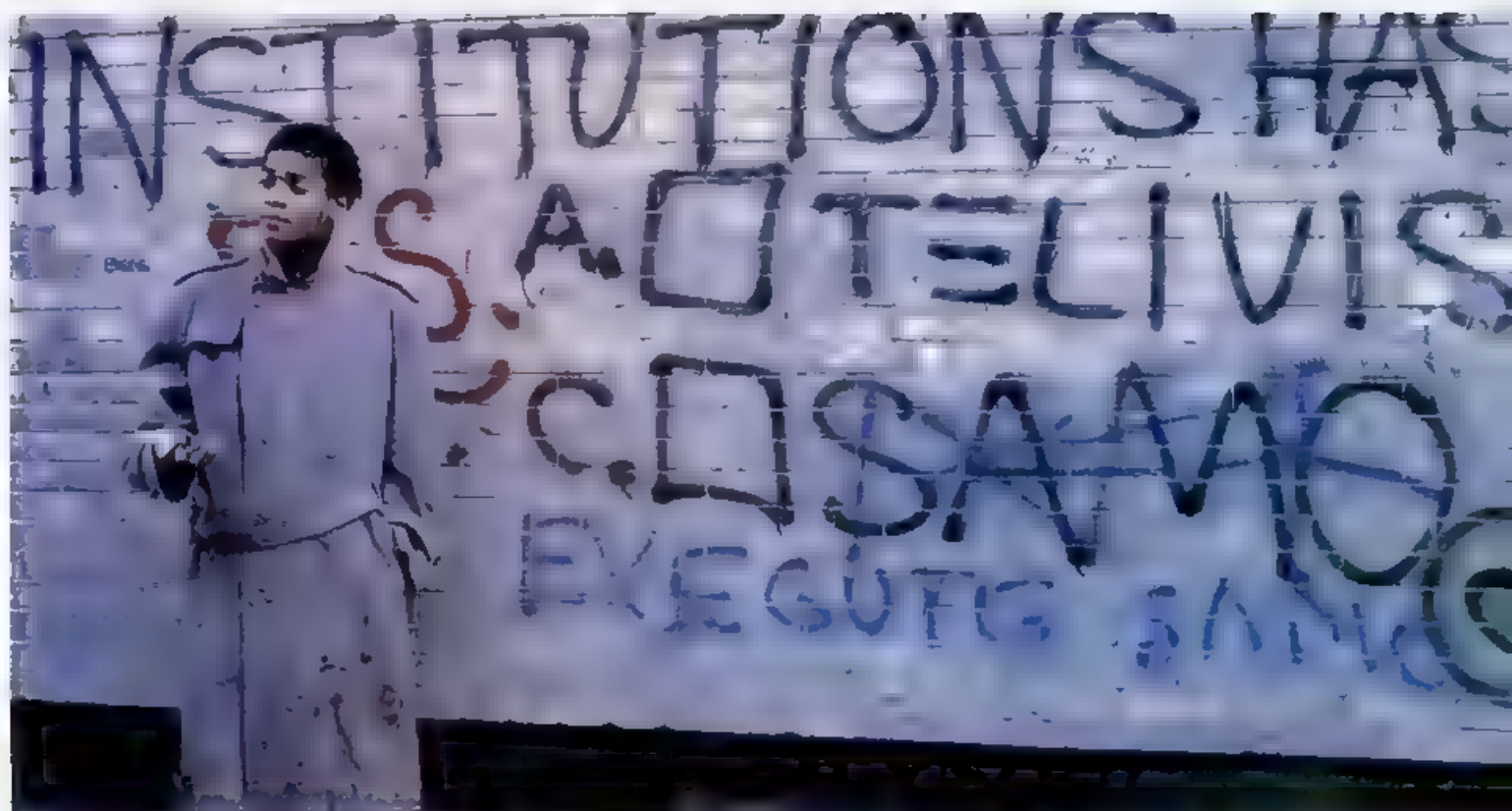
The Fab Five actually began painting entire trains, top to bottom, timing midnight raids on MTA train yards like guerillas—entering guarded yards in darkness and working in dim light for up to 20 hours at a time, expending several months' accumulation of paint to do an entire train.

Lee began to turn entire trains into cartoons—Dayglo fauve cityscapes, animated spray cans, Star Wars motifs and even abstract compositions combining Dayglo poster and Mondrian aesthetics in graffiti abstracts of remarkable beauty. But then Lee noticed some very plain-looking handball courts in his Lower East Side neighborhood that were really asking for beautification. And that's what Lee did. He made the backstops into incredible cartoon murals, combining the ferocity of Diego Rivera's social realist composition with mastery of the pop style and the outrageous palette of the subway, making the finest outdoor paintings in the history of New York. Each backboard was painted in one furious night of painting. The next morning each was the delight of the neighborhood.

unauthorized but not unappreciated. Not a kid in the city would write on top of Lee's work. Lee is a great painter. And he's got soul. He writes "Mom" on every work.

Lee knows what he's doing. He's post-pop. He's populist. He knows about the cave paintings that are the oldest surviving works of art and has his own theory about them. He thinks that the artists of the time placed them there because the inaccessibility of their location would ensure their indefinite survival. Lee thinks of graffiti as modern cave art, destined to last a long time. The graffiti artists have not only left their marks in public spaces and on moving trains, but also in the cavelike lay-up tunnels where few men ever go. Their Rustoleum murals of the great graffiti writers of the late 20th century will probably last as long as those tunnels, and may someday be a kind of catacomb tourist attraction in a day when man travels by something more fun than the subway.

Anyone not involved in bureaucracy would be knocked out by the beautiful colors and bold, big strokes of these self-



Top: Jean of Samo© at the scene of the crime. Above, various modern tags. Right: Lee Quinones (left) and Fred Brothwaite of the Fab Five.

taught artists.

The Fab Five's gallery show in Rome wasn't the first exhibition of graffiti as art. In 1973 New York's Razor gallery presented a show of works on canvas by graffiti artists Phase 2, Flint, Mico, Slim, T-Rex 131, Tabu, Bama and Me 163. The works were priced from \$200 to \$3,000. Collector Bill Copley commissioned writers to do his dining room. It might be seen as a radical chic gesture. But the more graffiti is presented in a serious art context, the more we have to think about what is art.

But the goals of the best graffiti artists who are coming up from the subways to make some money from the art that they've done so beautifully for so long for free are not likely to be disturbed by any success that might come their way from corners of the art world. Graffiti has a destiny outside the institutions of the art world, to show that art is something that cannot be institutionalized. It can be fed, housed and loved. But it must follow its own callings, and the call of graffiti is to transform the face of the city.

The ultimate point seems to be What kind of city do people want to live in? The stone gray and earth colors we've erected around us, the vast labyrinths of monolithic structures that dwarf the scale of man set the tone for the daily lives of city dwellers. It's the natural impulse of people who are very alive to decorate their environment, make it beautiful. The ultimate question raised by graffiti is What would a wildly decorated city look like?

Graffiti fights the fascism of design, the ultimate subliminal weapon for grinding down the human spirit, the hideous barrenness of "clean" urban design. Subway riders, afraid to look at one another, are expected to look at the ads, neatly boxed in lit panels over the windows. But they have to look at the graffiti—reminders that there are some things that can't be controlled, thousands of individual identities asserting themselves in wild color and bold hand across the tabula rasa of modern corporate planning.

"It reminds you that there's some life around you," says Lee.

Armed Artists

There may not be any art movements happening in the art world, but in the underground art world there are plenty. And they aren't street gangs; they are social clubs. And what could be more social than the mass communication of graffiti? Among the great writers' groups in New York have been: The Last Survivors, Ex-Vandals, Vanguards, Magic Inc., U.G.W. (United Graffiti Writers), W.A.R. (Writers Are Respected), The Nod Squad, The Crazy Five, M.T.A. (Mad Transit Artists), 3YB (Three Yard Boys), United Artists and Soul Artists.

Each of these groups has been a legend in its own time. Dino Nod, leader of the Ex-Vandals, is considered one of the great writers of all time. He would walk around with a hundred cans of paint on his back, and he specialized in the "everlasting tag." The everlasting tag is a very important part of graffiti. It is writing your name in a spot where it will enjoy maximum exposure, but where it is very unlikely to

To politicians graffiti is a horror, an ever-present reminder of the creeping barbarism that refuses to fit into their city planning.



ever be erased—like high up on a building or a bridge, or where it would be dangerous or expensive to clean it off. (Ephemeral locations can be legendary too. Taki 183 once wrote on a cat, and a friend of his wrote his name on a sleeping wino.) Ex-Vandals will be noted by whatever archaeologists dig up New York. Soul Artists has been a major force in New York graffiti and their work has always been quite visible. They liked to work in white on clear plastic bus-stop shelters. Today they do commercial graffiti (decorating store fronts, etc.) and have actually published a writer-oriented newspaper called Zoo York.

Ali, a leading Soul artist, was almost killed in the act. He and Futura 2000 had been working in a layup with their cans lined up on the ledge that covers the deadly third rail. A train came by and exploded the paint, scarring Ali's face badly.

One of the train layups preferred by graffiti artists must be approached on an elevated track through a tunnel with no clearance on either side for about 500 feet. Entering writers have to run like hell, and not a few of them have run for their lives with an armful of paint to beat the train through.

**RUSTOLEUM
AND FAT CAPS**

"There were some whole cars painted when I first started," says Lee. "I still see a lot of those cars that were there fresh when I was first starting. It's like a flashback. It's a ghostly image—it's half washed away, but it's still there. I call 'em ghost pieces, or legends."

"That's why all graffiti writers should use Rustoleum paint," says Fred. "You do it fast and it lasts."

"The guys that are using Rustoleum have noticed they can't take it off the train," says Lee. "It's very strong. It's more pure paint than Krylon. Krylon is mostly aerosol."

"Krylon does have a greater assortment of colors," says Fred. "Krylon has hot pinks and jungle greens. You can do incredible things with Krylon. . . ."

"Hot Raspberry. . . Spanish Brown. . . But fat caps are going extinct right now. They're very hard to find," Lee explained. "A fat cap is a cap that you put on a spray can that makes the angle of the spray coming out of the can much wider."

And paint is hard to come by too. Before attacking a train, a top graffiti artist like Lee or Fred will usually assemble a dozen or so cans of paint—if he wants his name to cover the car's side top to bottom. Lee likes to have 15 cans to ensure that the train will be bright and long lasting, but he has worked with as few as 8. It's no secret that many graffiti writers use materials that were acquired through methods different from the usual retail purchase. A lot of hot paint has decorated our subways.

Norman Mailer noted in his 1974 book *The Faith of Graffiti* that writers called the art supplies acquisition process "inventing" the paint. Sometimes shoplifting was involved. Stores began putting dummy cans of Krylon out and keeping the loaded ones behind the counter. Felt-tip markers became hard to get. But graffiti artists could not be stopped. They would do anything to get writing materials. Even buy them.

But some stores won't even sell felt-tip markers to young people. It's not uncommon to see hip young blacks stopping SoHo painters at the entrance to Pearl Paints on Canal Street. "Hey man," they say. "Here's seven bucks. Could you buy me a Uniwide 700 marker while you're inside?"

**PRAY AND
WORSHIP GOD**

Graffiti may seem a vain, useless and disrespectful practice to some observers, but its content is so vast that it ranges literally from the profane to the sacred.

Most New York writers are in awe of a writer known as "Pray." Nobody knows Pray although many writers claim to have caught a glimpse of him or her. Most Pray spotters claim that the writer is actually a senior citizen. Even though Pray's message is "Pray" or "Worship God" or "Go to Church," even the most lowdown street writers seem fascinated by Pray's accomplishment.

The slogans are etched into the metal coin-slot plate on nearly every public telephone in the city, and marked over nearly every subway map.

**SAMO© AND THE NEW
WAVE OF Graffiti**

In 1978 Samo© appeared and started something that could really change the direction of graffiti. He had a good name. It was artfully written. It was all over. And he said something.

Samo© revolutionized the art of graffiti by putting a message up there next to the name. And unlike most of the messages found in graffiti on bathroom walls, Samo's sayings were statements—messages that provoked thought and/or amusement.

It started with:

Samo© is now
Samo© is coming.
Samo© is here.

(continued)

Then, once you were hooked, Samo really let loose.

Which of the following has the most political influence:

- ☐ The Church
- ☐ Television
- ☐ McDonalds
- ☐ Samo©

Samo© as an alternative to Joe Normal and the Bourgeoisie fantasy.

Samo© as a hostile response.

Samo© as an escape clause

Actually Samo© was the work of two writers, Jean Michel Basquiat and Al Diaz, and teamwork helped it become one of New York's more visible names as well as the most militantly literate.

Samo© comes from "same old shut."

Jean and Samo© represent a new wave of graffiti. "I have a hard time relating to other graffiti writers a lot of times," says Jean. "I felt it was too late to get involved with graffiti because all of the best stuff already happened. I just wanted to do something that was different. I was inspired by Pray because he was everywhere. People wondered what it was. I wanted to do something that people would wonder what it was. It's really changed a lot. At first it was like some kind of religious corporation, and from that it became more honest, like whatever we felt at the time.

"At first we didn't know what it was," Jean continued. "Then we started attacking, then we started defining it, then we got really egoed out, then it became a hostile response. I was really into it. It was really all over the place—downtown, all along the D train, some in Rochester, New York, in Brighton Beach, in bathrooms, in people's apartments. The best one was done by my friend Shannon. He wrote Samo© in spray paint on top of this winged bomb on top of the monument in Union Square. It seems almost impossible."

The last message was "Samo© is dead." That final burst was all over town. Actually the team is dead. Jean Michel Basquiat, who is known to many people as Samo©, had changed his alias to Man Made. But Man Made appears on lots of things besides walls. Jean as Man Made has been turning out great hand-painted clothing—sweatshirts and jumpsuits.

"I stopped writing Samo© because I was sick of talking about it with people. I didn't like people calling me Samo. I didn't want people to relate that to me. I thought there were other things I was doing that were as interesting, if not more so. There's not much you can say about it. It just kind of speaks for itself."

Needless to say, Samo© has been an enormous influence on other graffiti writers and other, even paid, New York artists and would-be artists. "Oh, man, we've been bitten so many times," says Jean, "and ridicu-

lously. People have taken whole sentences that I wrote and wrote their name by it. Or I've seen Samo's that were written by people I don't even know. I wrote 'Samo Created Vandalsm' and later I saw on the same block 'Brick© Created Graffiti. With the copyright, right? Other artists have started using the copyright. Al wrote Samo as an alternative to munchwash religions and bogus vogis. Now somebody's writing bogus vogis.

Tom Wolfe's description of the '70s as the "Me Decade" is perfectly appropriate for most every manifestation of culture

The principal targets of graffiti are huge, bland, gray walls—walls designed to intimidate, to make man feel small, abstract, out of scale.

that hit it big during the period. But for the graffiti writer it was more an I Decade. Graffiti was intensely personal, bold but communal. In the '80s it will no doubt evolve into something with a more cryptic but meaningful message.

New York City is the graffiti leader of the world. But it's everywhere. Wherever urban-design alienation threatens the colors and character of the lively individual. But New York is still the most advanced melting pot, the most avant-garde ghetto-land around. Graffiti brings all of the kids together. All ethnic groups have been represented among the great writers. Taki 183 is a Greek and some of his everlasting tags can be found in Greece. Many writers are black and Puerto Rican, but a surprising number are white, and many writing groups are integrated.

GRAFFITI VS. DEFACEMENT

A place for everything and everything in its place. That's the criterion for artful graffiti. One does not write on another work of art. This is the cause of much bad feeling among writers, having their writing covered up.

"There are many graffiti writers," says Fred, "but there are not many graffiti artists. If you'll notice, graffiti artists have taste and demonstrate a high degree of selectivity in where they place their mark, particularly on places that are pretty much victimless, places run by capitalistic institutions."

For the most part the principal targets of graffiti are huge, bland, gray walls—walls designed to intimidate, to make a man feel small, abstract, out of scale.

"I hate that word defacing; it's a sinful word to me," says Lee. "People say to me, 'It's not yours, Lee. It's not yours.' I say, 'I don't care!' I just want to make it nice.

Wake you up in the morning when you're taking the train."

Lee's work is so beautiful that he has proved that art must be "framed" to be seen as art. "People see my pictures," he says, "and say, 'Wow, it's really beautiful, but you're defacing and destroying property.' I say, 'Then what the fuck are you saying it's beautiful for?'"

Graffiti has been an intensive phenomenon in New York City for ten years. It has happened in waves. Phases of explosive activity were followed by periods of relative inactivity brought about by police repression—beatings, harassment, arrests and the creation of "graffiti informers," and by accelerated cleanup campaigns by the city. The first great wave of graffiti broke out during the administration of Mayor John V. Lindsay. The handsome liberal Republican (now turned actor, novelist and Democrat) had a theory that the graffiti explosion was "related to mental health problems." Harsh new laws were introduced including one that made it illegal to carry a can of paint in a public facility unless the can was completely enclosed in a sealed container.

Most great graffiti writers actually retired when they reached the age of 18 and could be prosecuted as an adult. Others retired when, for a time, cleanups caught up with the writers, or began destroying the best works first. Some writers dropped out because too many writers of lesser technique were cluttering the walls. But for every writer that dropped out, another young writer or two came up to fill his place on the walls, on the trains. Graffiti evolved according to prevailing conditions.

Today New York City is in the fiscal shit once again, and in an effort to save the city from bankruptcy and save the 50-cent fare, part of the huge slice of city funding that's been axed is the funding for the graffiti cleanup program. It's ironic that it should happen now, just as the city was about to introduce a new super subway car with a special antigraffiti plastic finish, from which, supposedly, any paint or marker could be washed with ease. Now it's not even certain that these cars will ever see service, as they are the subject of a scandal involving faulty design, cost overruns and the typical red tape legal mess that invariably accompanies modern urban government services. What this means is that the war for clean, high tech, minimal, futuristic urban interiors will be put off till another day, and that another huge wave of graffiti will sweep the neon labyrinths of the city—creating huge inner-city riots of color, burning down ghettos with mystical aesthetics and spray paint instead of firebombs.

On Lee's beautiful duck mural on a lower Manhattan handball court there's a boldly written caption that speaks for every writer with "the faith of graffiti." Lee wrote in large, clear letters, "Graffiti is an art and if art is a crime, let God forgive all." ■

Love in Bloom

In spring a male plant's fancy goes to seed:
An emerald passion swelling toward the brief
Brisk orgasmic pulse of pollen from the leaf.
A mushroom couldn't do it, nor a reed.
Hell! Regard the lilies, madam, do they breed
With honest lust like this? Behold the oak!
A squirrel for a midwife, what a joke!
In Botany, naught boogies but the Weed.

It's the scandal of the pasture how they win
Their breeds—Colombo, Mex, Hawaiian. That
Is nothing sacred? Reefer gets its kicks
From spitting in straight vegetation's eye.
Enough. Now gird thy loins, madam, and turn
The page to see a lady all a-burn.







Feed Your Head

A nutritional program for the recreational dooper

*Bill Starr is regarded as one of the foremost strength coaches in the nation, having worked with numerous collegiate and professional athletic teams. He has served as a coach on three international weightlifting squads. A much sought-after speaker on the subject of nutrition as it relates to athletics, he holds clinics and seminars across the nation. The nutritional section of his book *The Strongest Shall Survive* (Washington: Fitness Products Ltd., 1976) has been internationally acclaimed.*

His nutritional concepts have been formulated not only from what little pure research material exists in this country and the day-to-day laboratory of the weight room, but also from contact with the more sophisticated training and testing procedures of the Eastern European sports community. He has taken the more advanced sports research of the team doctors and trainers from Bulgaria, Hungary, East Germany and the Soviet Union, where nutrition is considered an integral part of training, and applied them to his trainees.

While living in Honolulu, I decided to visit Molokai and explore the beautiful Halewa valley on the east end of the island. A friend in Colorado had turned me on to some spiritual-type mescaline and I thought Molokai would be an ideal place to visit with the gods.

I knew from past experience that psychedelics act on my system much like heavy exercise. When I exercise for an extended period I sweat a great deal and lose

huge amounts of vitamin C and certain minerals, primarily potassium. I also sweat profusely on psychedelics and after a time feel the same symptoms as when I overtrain in the gym. My hands and feet cramp, I become extremely fatigued and feel very weak the following day. But if I provide my body with those nutrients I know I am utilizing in large amounts, then I do not experience any negative symptoms. So on Molokai I walked, climbed mountains, swam in peaceful pools for over eight hours. The mescaline was terrific, more than I had hoped for, clean with no speedy effect, but it was potent.

I lost considerable weight. It was, in effect, an eight-hour exercise routine, but since I never allowed my system to develop a deficiency, I never had any problems. Knowing that I might run a deficiency (I never know for sure the potency of any drug on my system until I try it), I packed a supply of minerals and vitamin C on my person to be used if the need arose. I didn't want to get three hours deep in the jungle and begin cramping. Had I not packed a

supply, I could have had a very bad experience. I would have become tired rather rapidly and experienced symptoms of fatigue, which for me begins with cramping and muscle tremors. The cramping has at times been so severe that I couldn't move. Any attempt at muscle contraction only brought on further, more severe cramping.

I knew that I would be in the jungle for some time, so my first step was to provide my body with plenty of fuel for the long day. I ate an energy-packed breakfast, which for me consists of eggs, potatoes, toast, ham, milk and coffee. I took a double dose of multiple vitamins, multiple minerals, the B complexes, six grams of vitamin C, 1,200 I.U. of vitamin E and some wheat-germ oil for long-lasting energy.

I also packed a full supply of all the supplements to use when I returned to my starting point, which in this case happened to be a rented Subaru. I figured that I would not be able to eat solid foods when I returned to the car, so I stashed liquids in the form of orange juice and milk. I knew that I would need an energy lift after eight hours of trekking, and liquids are more assimilable than solids. Regardless of how speedy I might have become on the drug, I knew I could always drink. It worked out beautifully. Without the nutritional preparation, the day might not have been at all enjoyable.

I returned to my car, took my supplements, drank all the fluids and drove back to my motel. The next day I woke up refreshed, flew to Oahu and went to work. I

by Bill Starr

should note that I learned this nutritional procedure out of necessity, having done trips without the supplements; once my system became depleted, the fun was very quickly over.

For three years I served as strength coach for all the athletic teams at the University of Hawaii. Needless to say, there were plenty of goodies available to the athletes and they used them readily. It became necessary for me to provide the athletes with some practical information or they would never have made it to the weight room. Since there was so much super smoke available (and inexpensive in 1973), the athletes had to know how to handle the cannabis. Otherwise, bye-bye scholarship and back to the mainland.

The information I pass on to athletes is pertinent to anyone who enjoys getting high. The data gleaned from these super specimens provides every drug user with

By learning how to use nutritional supplements in conjunction with their party time, the athletes could enjoy the best of both worlds.

some very practical guidelines for their own nutritional schedule. Since hard-training athletes put such great stress on their physical plants, they are remarkable walking laboratories for such research. And I have found an abundance of superior athletes who have learned to improve their physical condition while continuing to enjoy getting stoned.

By learning how to use the nutritional supplements in conjunction with their party time, the athletes soon became aware that they could enjoy the best of both worlds. They could continue to indulge in the finest smoke in the world, partake of the exceptional psychedelic mushrooms found on the islands—plus the various and sundry recreational drugs that passed through paradise—and continue to improve their physical development.

In my role as strength consultant, I have occasion to conduct numerous clinics, workshops and seminars in colleges, universities and health clubs across the country. I always include a segment on the value of nutritional supplements for the hard-training athlete. Invariably, the questioning will get around to the subject of drug usage and how it affects athletic performance.

Generally, there are no inquiries concerning party drugs such as marijuana, ludes, coke or the psychedelics during the formal presentation of the clinic, because there are usually coaches and parents present. I get questions about drugs that increase strength level and enhance performance in the sports arena. These are the tissue-building anabolic steroids and the wide range of amphetamines.

Immediately following the clinic, however, I am surrounded by athletes who want to visit with me privately. I already know what they will be asking. They express concerns that all drug users voice at one time or another. What can I do to help me recover from a night of doping? Can I smoke marijuana and still improve my physical condition? I enjoy getting high, but I'm so wasted the next day that it's not worth it. Will vitamins help? All the questioning revolves around this basic concern: How can I incorporate these two seemingly opposite activities, physical fitness and getting high?

When toxins of any form are introduced into our bodies, they do negative things to our overall health picture. Our day-to-day activities bring us into contact with a rather startling amount of toxins. The air we breathe is usually loaded with health-impairing poisons. Automobile exhausts, industrial wastes and tobacco smoke surround us constantly. Add in the impurities we ingest in our daily food supply, such as the preservatives, dyes, colorings and stabilizers, and one realizes quickly that our bodies are up against a battle just to fight these negatives. Even before you light your first joint of the day, you are probably in the hole, nutritionally speaking.

Evening comes, friends drop over and the fellowship begins. You share a few hits on your favorite pipe, indulge in a line of coke and top off the evening with a shot or three of tequila. Next morning you feel wasted. No energy, sore throat, burning eyes.

This situation can be prevented. By knowing which nutrients are destroyed during the party you can counterbalance the negatives of the drugs by the use of nutritional supplementation and/or systematic exercise. A combination of both works best. If, for example, one realizes that a large amount of vitamin C is destroyed every time a joint is smoked, then by taking a gram or two of this valuable vitamin, either prior to or just after smoking, the negatives are offset immediately. No deficiency, no problem.

I will present a few guidelines that can benefit every drug user who is either actively involved in a fitness program or eager to ensure his or her health while continuing to sample recreational drugs such as smoke, psychedelics and coke.

People's nutritional needs vary because of differences in heredity, age, sex, amount of physical work performed, mental stress, climate, diet and contact with toxins. Everyone is different so my approach is to megadose. I take the top end of all the needed nutrients to ensure an adequate supply. This may mean I waste some, as in the case of the B and C vitamins, which are water-soluble. What I do not utilize is passed off in the urine, but I would rather waste a few extra cents per day than run the risk of not taking enough.

My suggested dosages are frequently criticized as being a bit high, but the criti-



Vitamins: One good drug deserves another

cism comes from armchair scientists. I have put hundreds of folks on this type of program—many of whom place enormous demands on their bodies each and every day—and none have reported any negatives, only higher health and fitness levels.

I might add that my recommended dosages for vitamin C as well as for all the other nutritional supplements are a result of studying and applying the research done by scientists such as Dr. Linus Pauling, Dr. Irwin Stone and Drs. Evan Shute and Wilfred Shute.

Vitamin C

Vitamin C is the true friend of the doper. Every stash bag should contain a supply. Vitamin C is extremely valuable in fighting minor respiratory problems, bruises and fatigue and has been successfully used to combat more serious illnesses such as mononucleosis and hepatitis. Vitamin C is water-soluble, which means your body cannot store this important nutrient. Should you utilize your existing supply, you leave yourself open to a myriad of health difficulties. Stress in any form destroys large amounts of C as does physical work and any ingested or inhaled toxin. Your overall health will definitely be impaired if you lack an adequate supply. Drugs cause the loss of great amounts of vitamin C from your system, so the vitamin should be replaced or provided beforehand so that a deficiency does not result.

But, you may reply, you eat plenty of citrus fruits and drink a glass of orange juice every morning. Terrific, a good start on the problem, but certainly not enough to offset the stress you put on your system. An orange contains approximately 50 mgs. of vitamin C and a glass of orange juice provides approximately 120 mgs., depending on the brand, how long it has been stored and so on.



How much is enough? The answer, while seemingly vague, is that it depends on your individual needs.

I take five to six grams of vitamin C daily, and double this amount when I feel the need. Should I overextend and feel a cold knocking or be extra fatigued, then I load up. I find it's very helpful to keep some powdered C handy since this form works so quickly and effectively. I can stop a cold in its tracks with ten grams of powdered C administered over a four-hour period.

How much is too much? Well, this depends upon the individual once again, but vitamin C is not toxic. Since it is water-soluble, any excess is passed off. Some researchers have administered as much as 50 grams a day to patients, with only positive effects.

Natural or synthetic? Vitamin C is ascorbic acid, period. So the synthetic works exactly the same way in your body as does the natural form.

One final tip. Researchers have found that our bodies use large amounts of C when we sleep. So take one or two grams of C before retiring. There is a bonus in this nighttime supplementation. Vitamin C enables you to dream more vividly, which is very psychologically rewarding.

Vitamin E

A virtual gem in the nutritional world and a vitamin every doper should have right next to his or her hookah. It's tailor-made for the drug user because it does so much to destroy the poisons we ingest and inhale in our quest for chemical Valhalla. To explain how it works on a most basic, nonscientific level, vitamin E helps you breathe easier; it is an oxygen conserver, a vasodilator, an antioxidant.

As a vasodilator, it enlarges the arteries, veins and capillaries so that oxygen can flow more easily. Vitamin E flushes the

toxins from the bloodstream and, along with vitamin C, helps destroy poisons such as those in tobacco and marijuana smoke, smog, car exhausts and pesticides. It counteracts food additives and preservatives. It facilitates the healing process, helps eliminate scar tissue and has been used successfully as a painkiller.

You must learn to be a label detective when purchasing your vitamin E so that you do not get ripped off. Because it is very difficult to extract, vitamin E is the most expensive of all the supplements; for this reason, many people are lured by the specials and sales on this vitamin. The specials are usually of inferior quality. Also, natural vitamin E is superior to the synthetic form.

Here are some clues to determine whether you are using natural or synthetic vitamin E. Be aware that the manufacturers will, in many instances, attempt to trick you through such gimmicks as putting "the natural form" or "nature's own" on the label. This does not always mean the product is, in fact, natural. The natural form is indicated with the prefix D-alpha; D1- and D2-alpha are synthetic. All vitamin E is measured by the amount of alpha tocopherol, regardless of whether other tocopherols are present. The alpha refers to the first of seven forms of tocopherols, and the other six forms follow the Greek alphabet: beta, gamma, delta, epsilon, zeta and eta. To date, only the alpha form has been proven effective on humans.

Rather than recommend dosages, I'll present my program. I take 800 I.U. each morning, 400 I.U. in midday and 400 I.U. in the evening. Vitamin E is oil-soluble, which means your body can store a certain amount for future use. It's theoretically possible to overdose, but very unlikely. Vitamin E is relatively expensive, so people do not go overboard with it. Researchers have administered as much as 10,000 I.U. per day over long periods with no ill effects.

The B-Complex Vitamins

I will, for the sake of simplification, group all the B vitamins together and provide some general information that should prove helpful to all drug users.

If you have to remember just one thing about the B-complex group of vitamins, think of them as energizers. They help to convert the foods you eat into usable energy. This, obviously, is an oversimplification of just how much they do, but it will help you to get a handle on their function. Thiamine (B₁) and riboflavin (B₂) for example, are essential for the metabolism of carbohydrates. Pyridoxine (B₆) aids in protein and fat metabolism, as does another B vitamin, biotin.

Toxins of all sorts—especially the psychedelics and cocaine—destroy large amounts of the B vitamins. Stress and physical exercise will also deplete your supply. Should you not resupply your sys-

tem with the needed quantities, your energy level will wane. A prolonged deficiency will result in extreme fatigue, bordering on sleeping sickness.

The Bs are water-soluble and therefore must be replaced on a very regular schedule. I do not recommend taking the Bs separately, but rather in a properly balanced formula. There is a synergistic action with the B vitamins. That is, they work closely together, and keeping the balance between the various Bs is critical. You can actually create a deficiency in one of the important Bs by taking too much of one of the others.

Again, you have to learn to examine the product labels. The vitamin companies have recently hit on a gimmick to enhance sales of the B vitamins. They produce the B complexes in what they term a "high potency formula," putting 75 or 100 mgs. of most of the Bs in one capsule and suggest-

Vitamin E is tailor-made for the drug user because it does so much to destroy the poisons we ingest in our quest for chemical Valhalla.

ing that this is a superior formulation. Not so. Typically, they load a tablet with the cheaper Bs such as B₁ and B₂ and come in very low with the more expensive ones such as PABA and pantothenic acid.

The ultimate test for a B-vitamin supplement is whether it works for you. If you are taking high quantities of a B complex and are still experiencing fatigue, try another brand. Experiment with various formulas until you hit on the one that works well for you. Not everyone needs the same amounts of the various Bs. Testing by trial and error is always necessary when you are setting up a nutritional program.

Keeping in mind the role of the B complexes—to break down the foods you eat so that they can do their intended function properly—it is important to take your B vitamins with food. Start with a moderate dosage and check the effects. Since B vitamins are water-soluble, the excess will pass off. If you find your urine turning yellow after commencing a B-vitamin program, cut back on the dosage for a while. Another important point to remember: It takes five days to a week for your cells to be saturated with the B vitamins, so while you may pass off the excess initially, soon your body will learn how to utilize the larger quantities. As in the case of vitamin C, there is no risk of overdosing.

Without an adequate supply of the B vitamins, you will experience a wide assortment of health problems, the first sign being a general loss of energy. If a deficiency is allowed to continue, such symptoms as mental dullness, depression and hostility may eventually develop. A growing

number of mentally ill patients are now being treated with megadosages for the various Bs. One of the B group, niacin (B₃) is especially useful in flushing out accumulated toxins. This is one of the B complexes that can be used individually. It has been used successfully in doses of 100 to 500 mgs. to alleviate hangovers from a night of drug taking.

Here's a plus for dieters: Since the B vitamins assist in utilizing the foods you do eat, you can eat less and still retain your high energy level.

The Minerals

The minerals have long been the stepchildren of the nutritional world, yet they should be at the very top of most people's daily list. The minerals are especially useful to those who indulge in recreational drugs since these nutrients are rapidly lost during the high. Cocaine destroys an alarming amount of the essential minerals, as well as huge quantities of vitamin C. Potassium, in particular, is used up quickly when one drops mesc, acid or THC or toots a line of coke.

The minerals are vital to good health and therefore must be replaced after a drug bout. They perform critical body functions such as maintaining the bone structure, governing the contractability of the muscles and the relationship of acidity and alkalinity in body fluids, and regulating the specific gravity of the blood.

The minerals never work single-handedly, but rather in partnership with each other and with the hormones, the enzymes and all the other vitamins.

As in the case of a B-complex deficiency, a lack of the essential minerals will result in health problems. Muscle twitching, cramping and general fatigue are all signs of mineral deficiency. As with the Bs, I do not recommend taking the minerals separately. Find a balanced multiple mineral tablet and take lots of them before you enjoy cocaine, mesc or a night of partying. Alcohol, too, will deplete your mineral supply since it flushes available potassium from your system.

A night of heavy doping, especially if psychedelics or cocaine are used, acts on the body much like extreme exercise. A six- to eight-hour trip on a tab of sunshine will put as much stress on your body's chemistry as an eight-hour workout on the racketball court. This deficiency must be replaced, and the sooner the better. Otherwise, health problems will surface.

Vitamin A

Generally, when one thinks of vitamin A, it is in association with the eyes. True, vitamin A is most helpful for people with light-sensitive eyes, and I have used it primarily for this purpose for many years. But in addition to helping the eyes, it does many other good things for your overall health. It

does beautiful things for your skin, nails and hair.

Vitamin A helps to fight all types of infections. When teamed with vitamin C, it can prevent or remedy many respiratory problems. And, like vitamin E, it is a detoxifier of poisons in your system. Vitamin A is essential to development of bones and tooth enamel, good appetite, normal digestion and the formation of both red and white corpuscles.

Vitamin A is oil-based, so it can be stored in your body. Because of this, many medical authorities caution against the overuse of this vitamin, highlighting the toxic possibilities rather than the overall benefits. I have been taking 100,000 units per day for the last ten years and have had only very positive effects. Individuals cer-

Cocaine destroys alarming amounts of the essential minerals and vitamin C. Potassium is used up quickly when one toots a line of coke or drops acid.

tainly do vary in their needs, but I think those who use drugs need much, much more than the AMA or the FDA realizes.

Vitamin A needs an adequate supply of vitamin D in order to be fully utilized. Since I recommend taking all your supplements together, this requirement will be satisfied.

A Daily Program

This is a basic program for the individual who gets a bit high each and every day. By a bit high, I mean you might smoke a bowl or two each evening to relax. Or if friends drop by, it may be a bowl or three and perhaps some alcohol. All these supplements should be taken with meals, preferably following breakfast and the evening meal. You shouldn't take some of the vitamins on an empty stomach (primarily the Bs), so integrate your supplements into your meal.

A high-potency multiple vitamin will serve as a basis for your total program. With a good multiple vitamin, you will cover all the nutritional bases to some degree. As was mentioned earlier, many of these nutrients work hand in hand and many must have other vitamins or minerals present in order to work effectively. A high-potency multiple vitamin, for example, will contain sufficient vitamin A along with the necessary vitamin D and an adequate amount of the B complex group. You should add, separately, higher quantities of vitamin C, vitamin E and multiple minerals. But, you may be thinking, your multiple vitamin contains all these nutrients. Why do you need to take more?

You need more C, E and minerals simply because there is no multiple vitamin on the

market large enough to contain these nutrients in the needed amounts. And you need greater amounts of C, E and the minerals if you use dope on a regular basis. For example, a good multiple vitamin may contain as much as 200 mgs. of vitamin C, but that is nowhere near enough for anyone who smokes dope or takes any other recreational drugs. You need to be thinking in terms of 5,000 mgs., not 200 mgs.

The multiple vitamin is used as your nutritional foundation; you build on it as the need develops. Should you discover, for example, that you are still lethargic after using the multiple vitamin for some time, I recommend taking additional B vitamins.

It is most obvious that individuals differ a great deal in their nutritional needs, so it follows that there must be a period of experimentation when you are setting up your nutritional program. Again, a bit of trial and error is always necessary. It really shouldn't be difficult for the dope user to develop a regular habit of taking nutritional supplements. Pretend that they get you high—which they do in fact, though in a somewhat different direction.

Party Hardy

Let's imagine that you have organized your nutritional supplementation program and it's working fine. But following a night or two of hard-core doping, you suddenly feel drained of all your energy, your nose is constantly running and your body aches. What to do?

The simple answer is that as your nutritional needs increase, your supplementation must also be altered to meet the higher demands. If you know that you are going to be smoking, drinking or snorting coke far into the night, or plan to drop some acid to celebrate Buddha's birthday, then nutritionally prepare for it. By providing your system with the essential nutrients, there will be no deficiency, hence no damage.

It certainly is possible to obtain some—but not all—of your nutritional requirements from your daily meals. This is especially true if you indulge in doping on a regular basis. I'll use vitamin C as an example. I believe that anyone who uses drugs needs a considerable amount of this nutrient—generally speaking, about five to six grams daily. It is theoretically possible to obtain this amount through natural foods but realistically most improbable. An orange contains roughly 50 mgs. of C. In order to obtain 5,000 mgs. of C from oranges, you would need to eat 100 a day, every day. Not only would you soon become a walking blimp, but you would get sick and tired of oranges.

It's far simpler and more economical to take five one-gram tablets of vitamin C throughout the day. The beauty of supplementation is that it is controlled and consistent. You can never really be sure how

(continued on page 95)

A close-up, artistic photograph of a hand holding a glass of beer. The beer is a golden color with a thick head of white foam. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a wooden surface.

From Beer to Eternity

HIGH TIMES
goes for the gusto
by Shay Addams

Filling a clay pot with crushed barley and water, an unknown "miracle worker" in Catal Hüyük, Turkey, let the crude mixture ferment before swilling it and staggering off into history on man's first beer bunge more than 8,000 years ago. The second oldest known drug on this planet (mescal beans were being eaten by buffalo hunters in Texas and Mexico 10,000 years ago), beer has since been imbibed by practically every civilization to rise and crumble back into the dust.

The pages of this planet's history are as beer-stained as Billy Carter's copy of TV Guide. Toiling to construct the pyramids, Egyptian workers were paid daily wages of beer and bread; Inca high priests guzzled goblets of golden maize beer after working up a sweat at the altar of the sun god; ancient Babylonian inscriptions indicate that even Noah, while diligently loading a pair of each species onto the Ark, didn't forget to stash away plenty of beer for the duration of the biblical flood.

"My people must drink beer!" Frederick the Great commanded his Prussian troops when he heard that a new drug, coffee, was becoming increasingly popular

5. New Strain

with the soldiers. This unusual order to the world's hardest, best-disciplined army until Hitler's Nazi stormtroopers dominated Europe 200 years later was based on the king's fear that coffee drinking would weaken the military effectiveness of the Prussian army and deemed beer drinking to be vital to national security.

In the New World, beer played a historic role in the founding of America. The Pilgrims chose to disembark and settle at Plymouth Rock instead of further south because they were running low on provisions, "especially beere," as is recorded in the log of the *Mayflower*. George Washington, when not in the garden tending his hemp, could sometimes be found brewing up a batch of "short beer" according to a family recipe that the father of our country recorded in one of his journals. And while drafting the monumental doctrine that bears his name, Pres. James Monroe must have occasionally paused for a cold draft beer straight from his own brewery, which must have produced a truly "historic" brew indeed.

From Barley to Beer — The Brewing Process

The primitive brewing process employed to brew the vintage beer of history didn't differ too greatly from the methods used by commercial brewers today. From Milwaukee's Miller High Life to Holland's Heineken, brewing still consists of mixing and heating a blend of any grain (malted barley is best) with water, then straining this "wort," boiling it with hops and cooling the results for several weeks. Then yeast is added to convert the brew's sugar content to alcohol.

Like the commercial food and pharmaceutical industries, though, the beer-mongers of America have found it profitable to pollute their product with a variety of chemical additives. The industry's emphasis on the cosmetic appearance of the beer rather than the quality of its taste is analogous to the "gold bud" syndrome of pot dealers who are more concerned with the color of the weed than the quality of its taste and THC content. That invitingly

From Egypt's pyramids to Plains, Georgia, from the *Mayflower* to the beer halls of Montezuma, more beer has been consumed than any drug in history.

golden hue and the rich, foamy head on the beer in TV commercials and magazine ads are both produced by the action of certain chemicals for that purpose alone.

Beer hazes over when chilled unless protein-based substances in it are cleared by the introduction of chill-haze stabilizers such as ficin and polyvinyl pyrrolidone. A common chemical additive in American beer is propylene glycol alginate, the ubiquitous beer-foam stabilizer. This chemically altered seaweed extract keeps the foam from being ruined by fats or oil on glass.

Such profit-motivated chemical pollution of the American beer may even be the source of the '50s slang term for being drunk—*polluted*. The casual beer drinker may not be aware of these adulterants in his mug. But for the steady-drinking beeraholic, the

long-range effects of these chemicals can be extremely nauseating, physically debilitating and tend to intensely exacerbate those inevitable hangovers with which all beer drinkers are so familiar. Some of the more tainted beers seem to accumulate in the throat, eventually affecting the sinuses and mucous membranes in a thoroughly disgusting manner.

The ongoing battle among U.S. brewers has seen Miller accuse Anheuser-Busch's product of being treated with tannic acid, bicarbonate of soda, sulphuric acid and calcium sulphate. And while the Drug Enforcement Administration's Peter Bensinger hysterically threatens that marijuana contains carcinogens more deadly than tobacco, the German Cancer Research Center has lately established that some German beers are contaminated with carcinogenic *n*-nitrosamines, up to 66 parts per billion. American brewers have quietly begun to test their beer for similar carcinogens, which may form during modern brewing processes.

Not content with merely adding chemicals to the beer, U.S. brewers are now going so far as to reduce the alcohol content under the guise of so-called light beer. Aimed at the overweight executive and the female drinker in particular, light beer is advertised as containing far fewer calories than regular beer. What they cleverly fail to mention is that the calories in beer are in the alcohol, and fewer calories means less alcohol. The beer-mongers stand to boost profits phenomenally in this underhanded manner, since the less alcohol there is in a beer, the more one must consume to achieve a worthwhile degree of inebriation.

Generally, regardless of alcohol con-

Beer & Health

While excessive beer drinking nearly always induces a devastating hangover, mixing beer (or any form of alcohol) with certain other drugs can result in serious drug interactions that can land even the hard-core boozier in the hospital emergency room, clutching a pain-wracked stomach and moaning pitifully. The dangers of gulping a handful of downs such as barbiturates or Quaaludes during a night of drinking the town dry are common knowledge in most circles. Mixing drugs such as these with alcohol can lead to deep sedation, a dangerous drop in blood pressure and a doubly compounded lack of coordination, all of which can be deadly.

Less well-known are the effects of interactions between alcohol and MAO (monoamine oxidase) inhibitors. MAO inhibitors neutralize the action of the body's natural supply of MAO, which functions to maintain a steady blood pressure, among other things. Beer con-

tains tyramine, a substance that causes the blood pressure to escalate rapidly in a manner that could be fatal were it not for the action of the MAO, which normally counteracts the tyramine and keeps the blood pressure at a safe level.

Anyone who drinks beer while taking MAO inhibitors runs the dangerous risk that the MAO inhibitors will prevent the body's MAO from offsetting the quick rise in blood pressure caused by the tyramine in beer. The skyrocketing blood pressure triggered by such an interaction can cause a stroke, has in some instances induced immediate brain hemorrhaging, and will leave the victim in a nauseous, insufferable state of physical and psychic terror at the very least. In some cases, the victim merely stops breathing, which has occasionally led to sudden and surprising death for the foolhardy experimenter who haphazardly dabbles with combining drugs and drinks indiscriminately.

Most MAO inhibitors are prescribed for psychiatric purposes, and your physician should warn you of these dangers

and of exactly which foods and drugs to avoid while on such medication. Still, if prescribed any drug with which you are unfamiliar, double-check with the doctor if you are a regular drinker or even an insatiable cheese lover. This is yet another reason for looking up unidentified pills in *Physician's Desk Reference* instead of taking them on blind faith.

Yagé, a rare psychedelic vine from the rain forests of South America, contains harmaline, one MAO inhibitor that is outside the realm of prescription drugs. Probably the most commonly available nonprescription drug acting as an MAO inhibitor is yohimbe. Yohimbe is extracted from the bark of a West African tree. This pleasantly stimulating drug can't stand competition and, like other MAO inhibitors, shouldn't be used in conjunction with other drugs like LSD, mescaline, MDA or amphetamines. Foods like strawberries, aged cheese, sauerkraut, pineapples and ripe bananas also contain tyramine and, like beer, must be avoided 12 hours before and after taking any type of MAO inhibitor.

tent, the freshly brewed beer is then refrigerated if it is destined to be kegged, or pasteurized if it is to be bottled or canned. Refrigeration prevents residual yeast from spoiling the new brew overnight. In the early days of beer, only lager (literally, "storage place" in German) beer was set aside for months to age more fully. The term lager, though found on many cans and bottle labels, has become almost meaningless, as practically all beer is stored for some time before marketing today.

Bottled or Canned?

Universally, the veteran beeraholic swears by bottled beer. The can inevitably imparts a noticeably negative tang to the content's flavor, even if poured into a glass. Budweiser in the red-and-white cans, for instance, tastes detectably tinny in comparison to Bud poured from the long-necked bottles that come in so handy during Saturday night barroom brawls across this great nation.

Even smoother tasting than bottled beer is the draft beer tapped from the familiar rotund kegs that are standard fixtures behind most bars and very popular at serious parties. Besides the fact that draft beer tastes better, it is also possible to drink more draft beer than canned or bottled beer of the same brand. This is because when draft beer is poured into a mug or glass, a head is formed by the release of tiny carbon dioxide bubbles streaming incessantly to the top. The less carbon dioxide swallowed with each gulp of beer, the more space is left in the stomach to fill up with beer.

For this reason, pouring the beer directly into a mug or glass from an inch or two above its rim makes for a foamier head, fewer carbon dioxide bubbles in the stomach and a more fulfilling alcoholic experience resulting from an increase in one's drinking capacity. The few beer drinkers who maintain that beer should be poured in slowly on one side of a mug that is tilted at an angle in order to minimize the head simply have not done their homework and may never graduate into the real work of serious drinking.

Minimizing the formation of a head while pouring beer can be effective at the bar, though, if you can get the bartender to employ it when filling a pitcher with beer. Since an inch of foam on a large pitcher is equivalent to half a glass of beer, this is the one occasion on which head on a beer should be avoided.

The Wide World of Beer

The self-appointed "King of Beers," Budweiser, doesn't taste much better than the cheaper Pabst Blue Ribbon, which was Billy Carter's choice before marketing his own vile-tasting Billy Beer. Most drinkers can't tell the difference between Schaefer, Miller, Old Milwaukee and other major



brands unless they see the label.

Television commercials like the one that warns drinkers to "look out for that Schlitz Malt Liquor bull" have made malt liquor the legendary brew it is today. A flashback to the '50s, though, reveals the true source of the fountain—Colt 45 and Country Club Malt Liquor. Country Club even marketed tiny cans of malt liquor long before other breweries considered packaging beer in the eight-ounce pony bottles that look so much like beer for the baby.

Malt liquor is simply beer that is brewed to achieve its maximum alcohol content. While most beer is 3 to 6 percent alcohol, malt liquor's alcohol content of up to 9 percent makes it the sole exception to the bottled-over-canned rule. Chugging down just one half-quart can of this powerful brew is guaranteed to leave your taste buds in a coma. Malt liquor has become widely reputed for its quick-acting effect on the central nervous system, which can make grown men act like small children in a matter of minutes.

While feeling so paranoid about the coming of "that bull," the average beeraholic stands a good chance of being trampled underfoot by Carlsberg's Danish Elephant Malt Liquor. A pair of these stampeding Elephants will send most novice beer drinkers out in the middle of the night searching for Tarzan's legendary elephants' graveyard.

For a tastier, less biting brew, the nou-

veau drunk might sample some of the more traditional ales, which contain as much alcohol as malt liquor minus the quick kick to the frontal lobes of a Colt 45. Ranging from light and zesty to thick and tangy, ale's more pronounced flavor definitely qualifies it as an acquired taste. A different type of yeast is used to brew ale; this type floats on top of the vat rather than sinking to the bottom as the yeast used to brew beer does. Brewing the wort at a higher temperature produces the lustrously amber color common to most ales.

A characteristically standard ale is the British Bass Pale Ale, easy to spot in its thickly translucent bottle with the bright red pyramid (another Illuminati front?) on the salmon-colored label. This full-bodied, rich beverage transports one to a whole new level of drinking altogether. The connoisseur ale drinker, of course, may scoff at such accolades being awarded to Bass Ale when so many more traditionally authentic ales abound.

Watney's, Whitbread, Harp—the list of uncorrupted ales from the British Isles reads like a page from an English phone book. The British prefer their ale and beer served at room temperature, an idiosyncrasy that can catch the visiting beeraholic off guard. Brewed almost like ale, stout's recipe calls for more hops, lending a bitter taste, and a dash of licorice, of all things.

(continued)

While Guinness Stout is usually reserved for hard-core American drinkers, its massive consumption in the Isles and on the Continent accounts for its being the biggest selling beer in the world.

One common characteristic of the more palatable ales is that they all hail from foreign shores. Perhaps because of the American beer industry's emphasis on cosmetic appearance and quantity over quality, this country simply doesn't produce a single brand of ale worthy of the designation. A perfect example of a miserably misleading American ale would be Ballantine's India Pale Ale, which tastes more like watered-down paint thinner than ale, and in reality is brewed in Rhode Island by Falstaff. Though Canada makes its malty Molson Ale and our southern neighbor Mexico exports a superior light ale, Bohemia, even these cannot begin to compare with the authentic ales of the Old World.

More than 150 foreign beers and ales are imported into the United States and are made readily available to the beer-drinking Walter Mitty who desires to travel "round the world in 80 beers. From Australia's

Toohey Lager, whose high proof often has a boomeranging effect on the boozier, to the native-brewed Xulw Beer of exotic Zaire, this inviting world of imported beer offers many intriguing delights and dazzling sensations for the beeraholic who may never actually lean over a bar in these foreign climes.

The dark, syrupy *cervezas* of Mexico

Ranging from light and zesty to thick and tangy, ale's more pronounced flavor definitely qualifies it as an acquired taste.

can quickly extinguish the sizzling side effects of one too many jalapeño-loaded nachos, and Dos Equis is one of the conquistadors of Mexican beer. A little on the sweet side, Dos Equis, one of the more popular brews this side of the border, is much

smoother than Carta Blanca, which is one of the standard brands in Mexico. Incidentally, drinking beer happens to be one of the most certain means of avoiding contaminated water while traveling overseas. (Bogie is said to have drunk nothing but bottled booze during the on-location filming of *The African Queen*.)

Meanwhile, back on the Continent, a pilgrimage to the brewery of Heineken—America's number one imported beer—must be included on this itinerary. This Amsterdam delight can be consumed in either dark or light varieties packaged for export in those ubiquitous green bottles. Remarkably free from the chemical additives and polluted water of American beer, Heineken's sparkling clean taste and efficient effect represents the true state of the art of beer brewing on the planet Earth. If nothing else, this civilization has at least produced one truly outstanding beer.

One reason American beer cannot compare to the imports is that the water used, if not actually polluted, has at least been thoroughly and blandly recycled a dozen times somewhere up the river. Having personally pissed in that beautiful running stream depicted in the Coors ad as the crystal clear source of the water for Coors beer, I can unequivocally attest to the fact that Coors brews its beer from contaminated water.

St. Pauli Girl beer is brewed and bottled in Bremen, Germany, where the source of water is not so thoroughly contaminated as in the United States. This accounts for the sprightly taste of St. Pauli, an effervescently clear beer that is steadily encroaching upon Heineken's position as America's favorite imported beer. Another excellent German beer, Hofbräu Bavaria Oktoberfest, exhibits a luxurious head that owes no debt to chemical additives.

Brewed in early spring and in strict accordance with the German Purity Code, Oktoberfest beer is stashed away in March to fully mature before its debut as the "beer of the ball" during the fall Oktoberfest that bears its name. Its distinctive taste is reminiscent of a Heineken dark, only a bit more flavorful and noticeably foamier—not surprising when you consider they've been brewing this brand since 1589.

Beck's, another excellent European beer, also hails from Germany. Brewed in Bremen (the Milwaukee of Germany) like St. Pauli, Beck's produces a quality light beer and one of the tangiest dark beers available, making it a favorite of dark-beer aficionados stateside. Nearby Czechoslovakia is home of Pilsner Urquell, a brand many connoisseurs consider to surpass even Heineken in all respects. Brewed in the picturesque village of Pilsen from a yeast culture kept going since the 13th century, Urquell also rates as probably the most expensive beer on the market.

When purchasing imported beer here in

(continued on page 97)

The High Times Guide to Hangover Cures

Recorded on an ancient Mesopotamian stele, the oldest known hangover cure consisted of drinking a mixture of licorice, beans, oleander and eight unidentified substances, carefully blended in an oil and wine base. The use of wine in the concoction may be the origin of today's familiar hair-of-the-dog school of remedies, which teaches its students to stave off a hangover with another round of booze the morning after. Six thousand years of hops-induced hangovers has led to the development of many more ingeniously novel remedies by dedicated beeraholics, daring drunks willing to experiment upon themselves in the interest of making recovery easier for the boozers of the future.

Underground cartoonist Jorgy, for instance, recommends that hangover-afflicted victims smoke a couple of joints in the morning for speedy relief, and *HIGH TIMES* science editor Dean Latimer backs him up on this. If you're down to seeds and stems, three or four aspirin may help to ease the pain in due time. Remember to take such pain relievers prior to passing out and you'll find that they will do their work while you sleep, enabling you to escape the excruciating effects of a hangover altogether. More unusual remedies include milk of magnesia and vodka or eating curry or Szechwan food (the hot spices reportedly speed up the flow of blood through constricted capillaries in the forehead, a key cause of hangovers and migraines).

Steer clear of ice packs or any sort of applications of cold to the afflicted forehead: cold treatments further constrict the capillaries, prolonging the pain

rather than easing it. Sweating out the residual poisons of the alcohol in a sauna is much more effective. If you don't happen to have a sauna at home, just close the bathroom door, turn on the hot water and allow the room to fill up with steam. If you don't even have a shower, proceed immediately to the next hangover cure—eating lots of ice cream and drinking a potful of hot black coffee.

Orange juice helps some sufferers to recover. The vitamin C provided by the juice can also be obtained in a finely powdered form from your neighborhood health-food store; the proper dose is one-half teaspoon in a glass of room-temperature water. This advice comes from New York City nutritionist Dr. H.L. Newbold, who says the vitamin C in tablet form should not be used for this purpose because it may give the regular drinker a quick case of diarrhea as well.

Any form of alcohol depletes the body's supply of B vitamins, and Dr. Newbold advises the haggard hangover victim to try a few B₁ (thiamine) tablets for more rapid recovery. An injection of B₁₂, he adds, can be even more effective and efficient.

Bodily reserves of magnesium are also depleted by alcohol consumption, and Newbold recommends a teaspoon of dolomite for further relief. The serious beeraholic should make use of preventive medication with daily doses of B vitamins such as the common B-complex tablets.

If all of the above hangover cures fail to bring relief, try standing on your head—the sudden rush of blood to the head may help those constricted capillaries.



Roller



Photos by Rima Kozinsky

In discos and roller rinks from Albuquerque to Walla Walla, the word is out: Get hip to the skate, mate! But true roller chic is a complete head-to-toe affair, as our perky pair above demonstrates.

She: tights (\$6) by Capezio, sequin jumpsuit (\$44.95) by American Roller Skating Company, New York, bow (\$15) by Richard Rose, Ltd., New York. He: bodysuit (\$15) by Capezio.

She: pants (\$25) by Slooghy of United States, Ltd., New York, belt (\$15) by Richard Rose, Ltd., tunic (\$35) by Byll Lester, New York. He: pants (\$45) and top (\$55) by Byll Lester.



She: Spandex bodysuit (\$24) by Betsy Johnson, New York, tights (\$5) and skirt (\$10.50) by Capezio. He: nylon parachute pants (\$22) by Capezio, jacket (\$15.95) by American Roller Skating Company.

Neon Sign by Let There Be Neon, NYC
Sign photographed by Abe Reznay/Laser Light Concepts
Headline type by Bline Graphics, NYC
Hair & makeup: Davis Gerlin/Beauty Artists
Stylist: Jane Heller, Earrings by Ron William, NYC
Photographed at Roxy, NYC
Custom skates by New York Skates, NYC

She: dress (\$38) by Betsy
Johnson, tights (\$8) by Danekin. He: jump-
sult (\$50) and shirt (\$28) by Kensington Blue.



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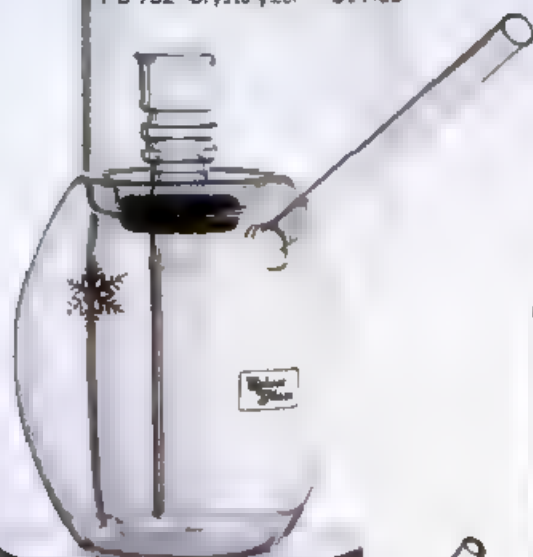
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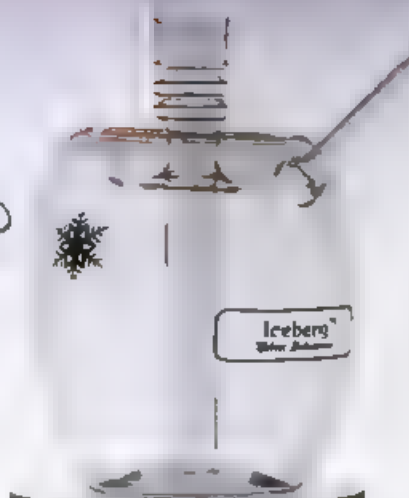
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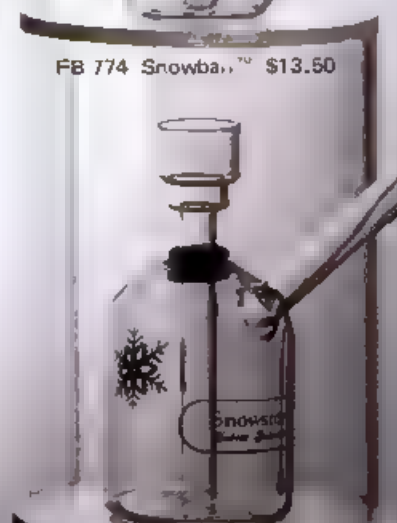
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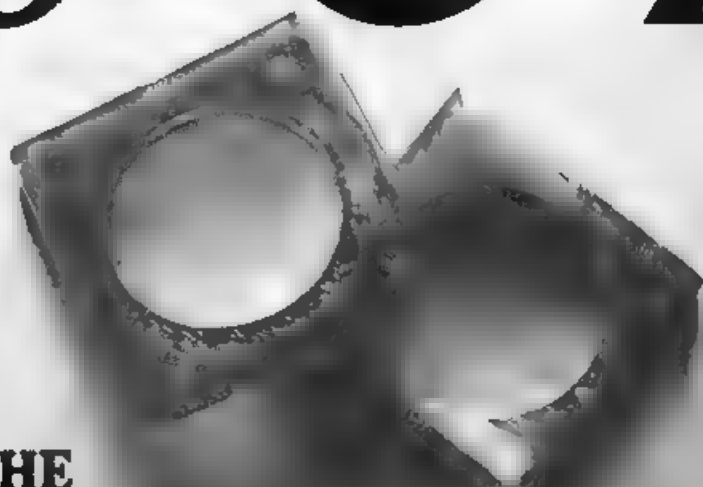
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LSD: My Problem Child

(continued from page 47)

experience of the Demeter-Persephone myth, as a symbol of the cycle of life and death in both a comprehensive and timeless reality.

When the Gothic king Alaric, coming from the north, invaded Greece in A.D. 396 and destroyed the sanctuary of Eleusis, it was not only the end of a religious center but it also signified the decisive downfall of the ancient world. With the monks that accompanied Alaric, Christianity penetrated into the country that must be regarded as the cradle of European culture.

The cultural-historical meaning of the Eleusinian Mysteries, their influence on European intellectual history, can scarcely be overestimated. Here suffering man found a cure for his rational, objective, cleft intellect, in a mystical totality experience that let him believe in immortality, in an everlasting existence.

This belief had survived in early Christianity, although with other symbols. It is found as a promise, even in particular passages of the Gospels, most clearly in the Gospel according to John, as in Chapter 14:16-20. Jesus speaks to his disciples, as he takes leave of them:

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever:

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me, because I live, ye shall live also.

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father and ye in me and I in you

This promise constitutes the heart of my Christian beliefs and my call to natural-scientific research, that we will attain to knowledge of the universe through the spirit of truth, and thereby to understanding of our being one with the deepest, most comprehensive reality, God.

Ecclesiastical Christianity, determined by the duality of creator and creation, has, however, with its nature-alienated religiosity, largely obliterated the Eleusinian-Dionysian legacy of antiquity. In the Christian sphere of belief, only special blessed men have attested to a timeless, comforting reality, experienced in a spontaneous vision, an experience to which in antiquity the elite of innumerable generations had access through the initiation at Eleusis. The *unio mystica* of Catholic saints and the visions that the representatives of Christian mysticism—Jakob Boehme, Meister Eckhart, Angelus Silesius, Thomas Traherne, William Blake and others—describe in their writings, are obviously essentially related to the enlightenment

that the initiates to the Eleusian Mysteries experienced.

The fundamental importance of a mystical experience, for the recovery of men in Western industrial societies who are sickened by a one-sided, rational, materialistic world view, is today given primary emphasis, not only by adherents to Eastern religious movements like Zen Buddhism, but also by leading representatives of academic psychiatry. Of the appropriate literature, we will here refer only to the books of Balthasar Staehelin, the Basel psychiatrist working in Zurich.⁵ They make reference to numerous other authors who deal with the same problem. Today a type of "metamedicine," "metapsychology" and "metapsychiatry" is beginning to call upon the metaphysical element in man, which manifests itself as an experience of a deeper, duality-surmounting reality, a basic healing principle in therapeutic practice.

In addition, it is most significant that not only medicine, but wider circles of our society also consider the overcoming of the dualistic, cleft world view to be a prerequisite and basis for the recovery and spiritual renewal of Occidental civilization and culture. This renewal could lead to the renunciation of the materialistic philosophy of life, and the development of a new reality consciousness.

As a path to the perception of a deeper, comprehensive reality, in which the experiencing individual is also sheltered, meditation, in its different forms, occupies a prominent place today. The essential difference between meditation and prayer in the usual sense, which is based upon the duality of creator-creation, is that meditation aspires to the abolishment of the I-you barrier by a fusing of object and subject, of sender and receiver, of objective reality and self.

Objective reality, the world view produced by the spirit of scientific inquiry, is the myth of our time. It has replaced the ecclesiastical-Christian and mythical-Apollonian world view.

But this ever broadening factual knowledge, which constitutes objective reality, need not be a desecration. On the contrary, if it only advances deep enough, it inevitably leads to the inexplicable, primal ground of the universe, the wonder, the mystery of the divine—in the microcosm of the atom, in the macrocosm of the spiral nebula; in the seeds of plants, in the body and soul of man.

Meditation begins at the limits of objective reality, at the farthest point yet reached by rational knowledge and perception. Meditation thus does not mean rejection of objective reality; on the contrary it consists of a penetration to deeper dimensions of reality. It is not escape into an

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⁵ Hoben und Sein (1969), Die Welt als Du (1970), Unvertrauen und zweite Wirklichkeit (1973) and Der finale Mensch (1978); all published by Theologischer Verlag Zurich.

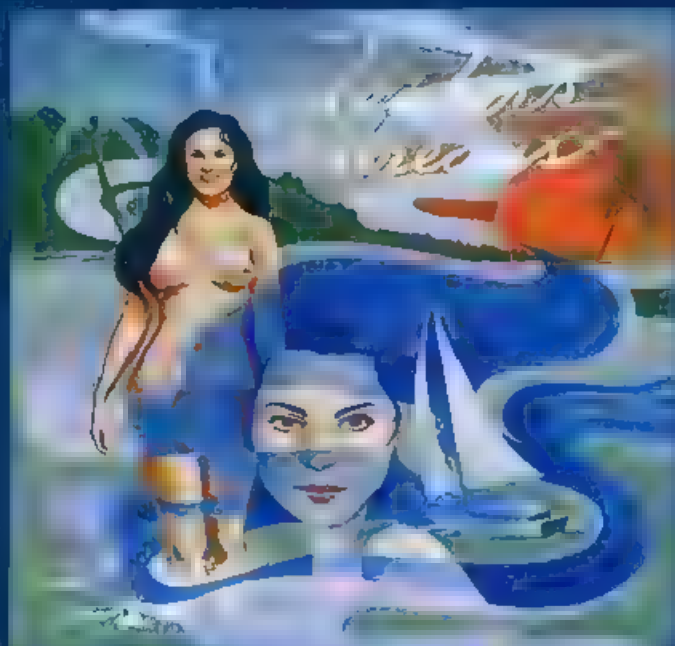
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imaginary dream world; rather it seeks after the comprehensive truth of objective reality by simultaneous, stereoscopic contemplation of its surfaces and depths.

It could become of fundamental importance, and be not merely a transient fashion of the present, if more and more people today would make a daily habit of devoting an hour, or at least a few minutes, to meditation. As a result of the meditative penetration and broadening of the natural-scientific world view, a new, deepened reality consciousness would have to evolve, which would increasingly become the property of all mankind. This could become the basis of a new religiosity, which would not be based on belief in the dogmas of various religions but rather on perception through the "spirit of truth." What is meant here is a perception, a reading and understanding of the text at first hand, "out of the book that God's finger has written" (Paracelsus), out of the creation.

The transformation of the objective world view into a deepened and thereby religious reality consciousness can be accomplished gradually by continuing practice of meditation. It can also come about, however, as a sudden enlightenment, a visionary experience. It is then particularly profound, blessed and meaningful. Such a mystical experience may nevertheless "not be induced even by decade-long meditation," as Balthasar Staehelin writes. Also, it does not happen to everyone, although the capacity for mystical experience belongs to the essence of human spirituality.

Nevertheless, at Eleusis, the mystical vision, the healing, comforting experience, could be arranged in the prescribed place at the appointed time, for all of the multitudes who were initiated into the holy Mysteries. This could be accounted for by the fact that a hallucinogenic drug came into use; thus, as already mentioned, is something that religious scholars believe.

The characteristic property of hallucinogens, to suspend the boundaries between the experiencing self and the outer world in an ecstatic, emotional experience, makes it possible with their help, and after suitable internal and external preparation, as it was accomplished in a perfect way at Eleusis, to evoke a mystical experience according to plan, so to speak.

Meditation is a preparation for the same goal that was aspired to and was attained in the Eleusian Mysteries. Accordingly it seems feasible that in the future, with the help of LSD, the mystical vision, crowning meditation, could be made accessible to an increasing number of practitioners of meditation.

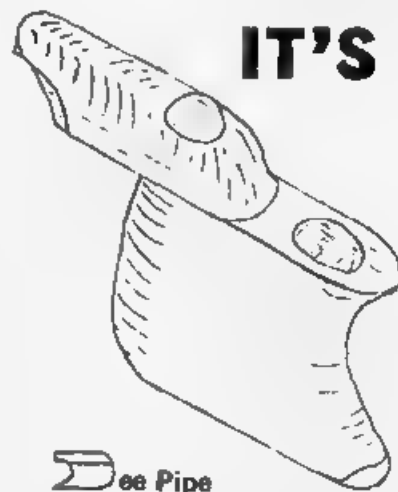
I see the true importance of LSD in the possibility of providing material aid to meditation aimed at the mystical experience of a deeper, comprehensive reality. Such a use accords entirely with the essence and working character of LSD as a sacred drug. ☐



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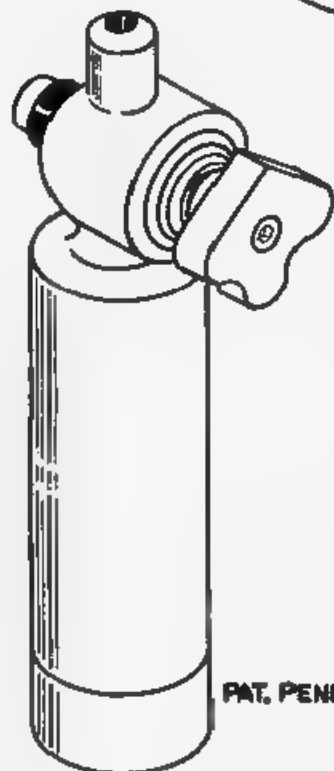
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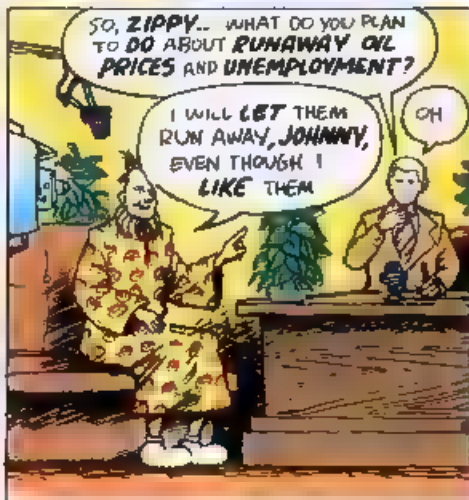
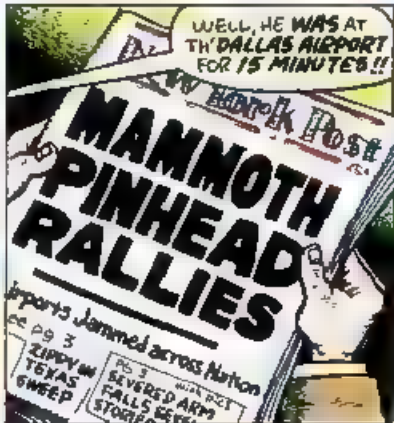
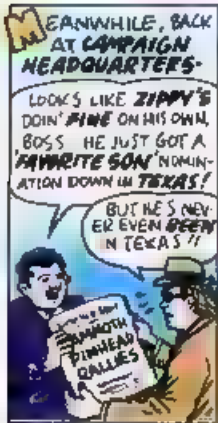
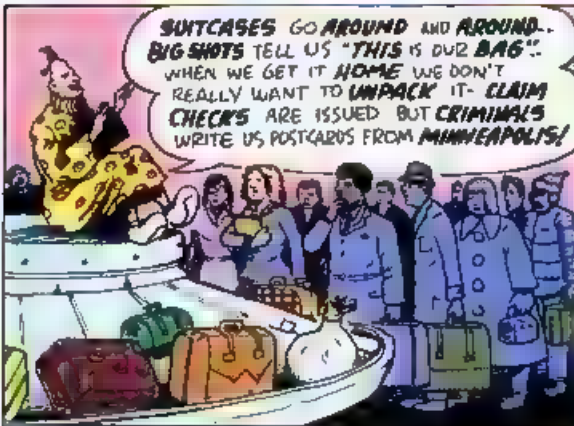
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PING!

ALL RIGHT!

B B-BUT I DON'T GET IT!

IT'S SIMPLE MISHKIN, I REPENTED AT THE VERY END

IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ALL ALONG MISHKIN; YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANGLES

COME ON YOU! THIS WAY!

ALLRIGHT, IN YA GO!

NO!

HEY! HOLD IT A SECOND WILL YAP?

LATER

GOOD NEWS MISHKIN, I FIXED IT UP FOR YOU TO BE REBORN. HERE'S YOUR PAPERS

THANKS WALDO

LATER MISHKIN

REBORNATION CHUTE

THE LAKE OF ETERNAL FLAME!

AND SO

WAH!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY! IT'S NOT MINE!!

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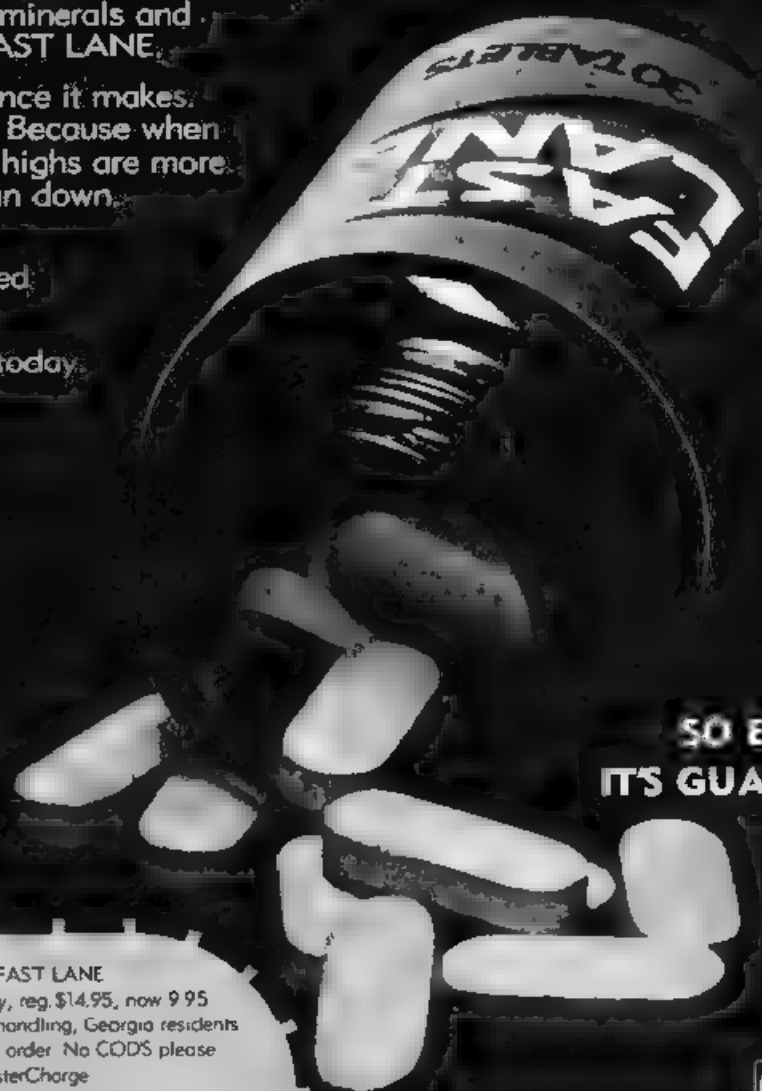
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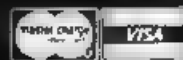
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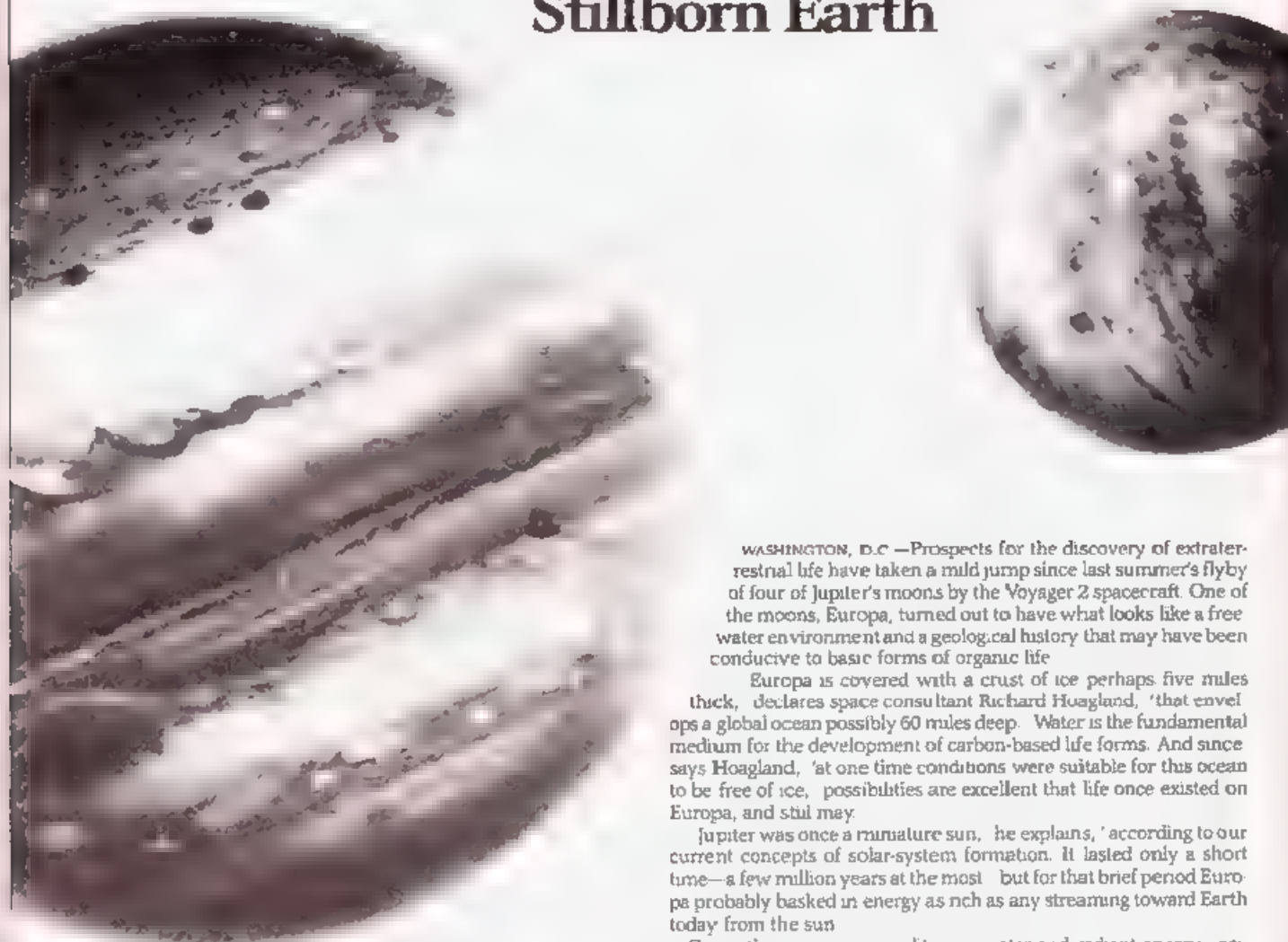
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THE PLANET

Jovian Moon Europa Might Be Stillborn Earth



Venus is too hot for life, Mars is too dead and the outlook for life on Earth is getting decidedly chancier as time goes on. Europa (right) might be the last-ditch relief pitcher for the Sol Nine.

WASHINGTON, D.C. —Prospects for the discovery of extraterrestrial life have taken a mild jump since last summer's flyby of four of Jupiter's moons by the Voyager 2 spacecraft. One of the moons, Europa, turned out to have what looks like a free water environment and a geological history that may have been conducive to basic forms of organic life.

Europa is covered with a crust of ice perhaps five miles thick, declares space consultant Richard Hoagland, 'that envelops a global ocean possibly 60 miles deep. Water is the fundamental medium for the development of carbon-based life forms. And since says Hoagland, 'at one time conditions were suitable for this ocean to be free of ice, possibilities are excellent that life once existed on Europa, and still may.

Jupiter was once a miniature sun, he explains, 'according to our current concepts of solar-system formation. It lasted only a short time—a few million years at the most—but for that brief period Europa probably basked in energy as rich as any streaming toward Earth today from the sun.

Given these primary conditions—water and radiant energy—scientists have observed the formation of life-precursor molecules in thousands of lab studies. And even after Jupiter cooled and Europa's oceans iced over, Hoagland insists, life may have remained on the little moon and 'continued to evolve under a canopy of ice, sustained by internal heat sources.'

'The real excitement will arrive with the first human expedition to Europa,' Hoagland predicts. 'Only by landing there will we discover if Europa is another Earth which somehow died before it had a chance

Blackjack "Counters" Break the Bank During N.J. Casino Experiment

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY This town's two legal casinos reckon they lost \$1.4 million in less than two weeks last winter just by opening their blackjack tables to all comers. Blackjack, or 21, is this country's most popular commercial card game because it's so simple and precisely because it's so simple, it's one of the few games that affords a numble-witted gambler a sure chance of beating the house odds. Highly skilled blackjack gamblers, called counters by pit bosses, are therefore rigorously banned from all U.S. casinos by house policy. When the Resorts International and Caesar's Boardwalk Regency casinos dropped their counters ban for a fortnight in order to test out possible new schemes to hype up the house odds against counters, no matter what they tried they wound up taking a bath.

Counters from all over the country and Europe flocked to the Jersey gaming stew for the golden opportunity openly plying their talents. Experienced dealers say they can usually tell counters on sight. A counter prefers to sit out the first few hands of a game, watching the cards. If more low-value cards have been dealt early on in the game than high-value cards, for example, the counter will bid modestly until the latter begin to appear predominantly—as they must, by the ineluctable laws of probability—and then throw down huge bets when the high cards start showing up. All that's really needed is a sharp eye for denominations, a highly trained memory and strict concentration.

Counters don't drink, this characteristic is a basic criterion in the counter profile. They deal themselves in late bid small at first and suddenly plunge huge wads of bread for no obvious reason—and win, for no obvious reason, enormous sums of money.

This is where the employees of the casino who continually watch blackjack tables for telltale signs of counter activity step in. "The reason that most card counters get caught is that they go for



Blackjack dealer's fishy look may mean he suspects nice little old lady, of being a scoundrelly card counter

the long numbers," says Las Vegas attorney Dominic Gentile. While a really skillful counter could undoubtedly make a handsome and steady profit—\$500 to \$600 a day—by putting up only moderate bets, most seem to find a huge quick kill irresistible. (The legendary Vegas gambler Jimmy Chagra made \$100,000 on a single hand in blackjack shortly before dropping out of sight last year, maybe forever.) And as soon as a counter is identified at one casino in town, he or she is likely, within hours, to be unwelcome at all the other local casinos.

If counters kept their bets small, lost big once in a while and moved around among several casinos, they could clean up at it. Most seem to enjoy the notoriety they get, though. One man, a Harvard Business School graduate and former executive with the Pacific Stock Exchange, actually coordinates a sort of team with eight other blackjack counters—although their photos and bios are believed to be on file in all the big casinos.

This nine-man blackjack team spent 213 hours gambling in just one weekend during the Atlantic City experiment, although they claim to have made only \$1,200 on \$3.8 million total bids. At that time, the casinos believe they actually cleaned up big. In one 48-hour period during the experiment here, the casinos are known to have lost more than they took in, which prompted Casino Control Commission chairman Joseph Lordi to call the whole thing off, saying it endangered the profits of the casinos and the viability of the game itself.

To cut into the counter's odds, casino managers first tried insisting that as many as six separate

card decks be used for each blackjack game; and while this has been Vegas policy for quite some time, it really doesn't seem to affect the probability factor at all. When they directed dealers to shuffle the cards more often between hands, no edge accrued to the house because each dealer performed fewer hands per hour. A limit was imposed on how much each successive bid could be increased, but evidently this only kept the counters playing longer, cashing in on more extended high-low incidence patterns. Television cameras were called into play, but the pro counters laughed them off. "Anyone who plays black [\$100] chips," one sneered, "they think is a counter."

So the counter ban has been reimposed at Atlantic City, and people who fit the counter profile are still being pitched out of the gambling joints. No one, it seems, has ever challenged a counter ban on simple constitutional grounds of nondiscrimination and equal enforcement under the law. A New Jersey lower court has justified the ban on the grounds that counting turns 21 from a game of "chance" into a game of "skill"—though a higher bench might reason that obviously it's a game of skill to begin with, for anyone with a feel for patterns of probability.

A federal civil-rights suit might succeed, Gentile hypothesizes, if it were brought on behalf of all counters seeking the right to work. However, since few counters are ready to accurately report their total earnings to the IRS, probably not many would go in on such a suit. And casino managers being what they are, the litigants might not survive all the way through the proceedings.



Wholesomeness is Nice Dept. Los Angeles school board member Bobbi Handler submits to three chastising spansks of the cruel paddle before helping to pass rule to allow children to be beaten in class by adults.

"Tyrannical" Florida Judge Bounced off the Bench

TALLAHASSEE—Circuit court judge Joseph Crowell 59, has been removed from the bench for abuse of power and general ill-temperament. The Florida Judicial Qualifications Commission, in its first successful judge-bouncing in state history, agreed unanimously that Crowell's "pattern of conduct does not comport with the standards of impartiality and restraint required of judicial officers."

Commission prosecutor Richard McFarlan termed Crowell's temper worthy of the *Guinness Book of World Records*, characterizing the magistrate as "a mean, tyrannical, intimidating and overwhelming bully." Crowell's lawyers said the whole business was the fruit of a "conspiracy" among young lawyers and bureaucrats Crowell had offended, and the judge himself, while allowing that he might be a trace short-fused, attributed his courtroom behavior to fluctuations in his blood-sugar level.

For the record, the Judicial Qualifications Commission learned that Judge Crowell had once called a middle-aged woman a whore right in front of her grandchild. He once told a cop in open court, "Take off your gun. Sit with the prisoners!" When a woman happened to show up late for her court hearing carrying her four-year-old child (stricken with cerebral palsy) in her arms, Crowell trucked her off to jail and had the handicapped infant put in a foster home. And he once had a truck driver busted for blocking his parking space.

So the case of Crowell's fitness to be a magistrate went to the state supreme court, and they voted 7 to 0 to bump him from the bench. At much the same time, according to press reports, the judge was struck by a car in front of a tavern.



Judge Crowell. A casualty of hypoglycemia.

No police report was filed on the incident, but members of Crowell's household afterward claimed he was too heavily sedated to comment on developments.

Population Fuse Still Sizzles

WASHINGTON, D.C.—While contraception and abortion have made highly significant inroads against the global population explosion, disease control and sanitation have negated many of these beneficial effects. The world currently has more than 4 billion people on it—an increase of 100 percent since 1930—and 2 more billion are expected by the year 2000. The increase is inevitable despite a drop in global population growth to 1.7 percent per year, since a mid-1960s maximum of 2 percent.

In most developed countries, according to the Population Reference Bureau, Inc., in Washington, D.C., families now average less than two children per household, and even the United States is down to 1.8 children per woman. Birthrates in underdeveloped nations are dropping too, but so are death rates. "Mortality declines are leveling off as the easiest-to-control diseases are conquered," notes the bureau, and so population density itself is hardly affected.

The Chinese birthrate, notes the bureau, dropped over a whole percentage point between 1971 and 1978. This is termed a "bright spot" by population experts.



Birthrate drop in developed countries will soon have majority of oldsters being tended by young minority, as San Francisco artist Carol Frank's Old Baby collection symbolizes.

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"Chicago Boys" Run Chile's



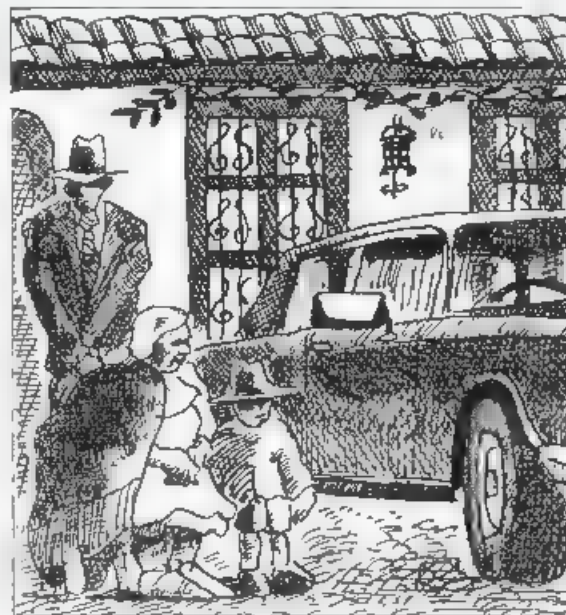
Every fall, the good folks of Rio de Janeiro throw an exuberant carnival celebrating the fruitful passage of the seasons. So every spring, *arte-americano* publications like us get to run some superb skin like this.

SANTIAGO—Following the military coup of September 11 1973, the Chilean private economy has been steadily consolidating into a few powerful hands. A recent study authored by a Catholic University economist and sociologist Fernando Dahse takes a deep look into the monopolization of wealth that has occurred during the past six years of Pres. Augusto Pinochet's tight rule.

Professor Dahse's *Map of the Extreme Wealth* refutes the rosy economic picture painted by the government, such as the recent announcement by Chile's National Planning Office (ODEPLAN) that the economy grew in 1979 by 8.5 percent.

The country today is growing under rates double that of historical ones, which in 12 years will permit the average income to double," said Pinochet's planning minister, Miguel Kast. The growth of the Chilean economy euphemistically called the Chilean miracle by government propagandists, might be statistically valid. However the free-market economy has been run by those locally known as the Chicago Boys—most of them disciples of University of Chicago professor Milton Friedman's hard-line capitalist theories. The outcome, according to Dahse, was meant growth, "but only for the interests of a few big entrepreneurs and the financial groups."

Professor Dahse studied 250 private businesses throughout 1978. His study showed that in December 1978, half of these 250 enterprises were controlled by only five economic groups. In the past it was believed that 200 aristocratic landowning families controlled the country's



economy. Today, according to Dahse, 80 key persons are owners or are involved at the higher levels of the corporate structure.

The study describes how the groups operate in a centralized way with great economic unity. The largest, for instance, is the consortium controlled by partners Manuel Cruzat and Fernando Larrain, known as the Cruzat-Larrain Group.

Rastas Bungle Island Takeover

UNION ISLAND ST. VINCENT AND THE GRENADINES—Prime Minister Milton Cato imposed a nighttime curfew and press censorship here and asked for aid from the United States and Great Britain after a seven-hour insurrection by native Rastafarians. About 40 ganja-toking guerrillas invaded Clifton with rifles, pistols and shotguns but seemingly couldn't get it together enough to hold out before a squad of cops was flown in from St. Vincent to subdue them.

The Rastas, led by a 30-year-old former Brooklyn resident called Bumber (aka Lennox Charles), clipped the phone lines and blocked the island airport runway with oilcans, but then everything went to pot. First, when one armed Rasta tried to commandeer a jeep from a middle-aged Vermont tourist, the tourist just glared down his gun barrel and snapped, "Put that damn thing away!" Bumber's efforts to expropriate government money failed because the padlock on the tax office's door was too stout for the Rasta crowbars, and he was unable to blow up the police station because nobody in the commando knew how to safely touch off the dynamite.

The St. Vincent cops invaded Union Island by sea, having landed at a private airport on nearby Palm Island. Their first beaching, at a French-run wharf for luxury yachts, was foiled by a defense squad of 20 armed Rastas. An Italian tourist moored there directed them to land somewhere else. When they finally landed, the shooting started. First a hotel worker lunged for a cop's gun, hoping to off some Rastas with it, and was shot dead by cops who mistook his intentions.



The beautiful Grenadines, scene of the aborted Rasta rebellion.

Another cop was accidentally shot in the leg by a buddy. The only Rasta casualty occurred the night before when a young commando drowned on a gunrunning mission.

Bumber escaped to Carriacou Island in Gre-

nada. Most of his takeover squad—along with virtually every local youth who was wearing Rasta dreadlocks that day—was roped together and flown to St. Vincent to be jailed without charges under "emergency" statutes.

Economy



They own 37 businesses and financial outfits, yet with the allied subgroups of Claro, Garcia Vela and Soza Cousiño they have shares in 109 corporations and have control of 85. Cruzat-Larain's net worth is almost \$1 billion, representing 24.7 percent of the country's total private net worth. The second largest economic monopoly controlled by Javier Vial has a net worth of \$520 million and owns 25 enterprises.

Published in Santiago by the Catholic University press and highlighted in the opposition weekly *Hoy*, Professor Dahse's study also documents how Chile's traditional tycoons, such as the media empire of Agustín Edwards and the textile industries of the Yauru family, have lost much of their power to the more dynamic and tightly centralized Chicago sharks. The transformation of the Chilean economy has been a major goal of the military regime. It reversed a tendency carried out by different political administrations in the past 50 years of increasing the role of the state in the economy. This process culminated with Salvador Allende's government, in which most of the banks, farms, industries and natural resources were nationalized.

The origin of today's colossal concentration of wealth started after the 1973 military coup when the Chicago-trained government planners began to sell back all the businesses previously nationalized by Allende. Yet because the industries and shares were sold in big packages beyond the reach of small investors, the return to a free-market economy favored only a few. Further gains, explains Dahse, occurred because of the political measures which have permitted a strong reduction of the workers' real wages, accompanied by a significant increase of productivity by the same workers. Economist Dahse considers his *Map of the Extreme Wealth* a first step toward a real understanding of the kind of power being brewed in Chile in what could only be considered a capitalist's dream. He recommends that further studies be conducted on the level of control over the media that the financial groups have, as well as the relation between these groups and the government's political and economic decision-making ranks.



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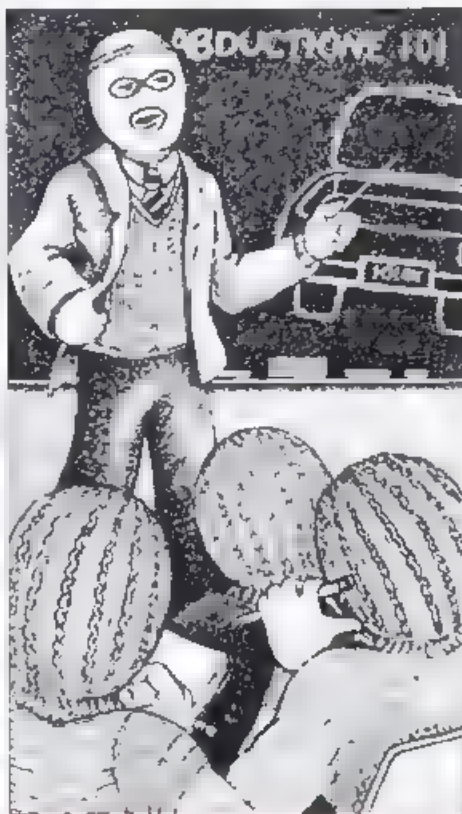
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Student Violence Alive and Well on Italian College Campus

PADUA, ITALY—Violent campus agitation and law enforcement overkill are still just as rife here as they were anywhere in the world during the late 60s. Padua's 50,000 university students, in fact, conduct a sort of perpetual campus takeover with their own rock-and-propaganda radio stations, radical newspapers, and a policy of shooting up instructors and staff who don't go along with them. Last year alone there were more than 136 bombings and 194 other 'violent episodes' around Padua; two professors were beaten Mafia style on the head with hammers and iron bars, and various staff were kneecapped by snipers.

Most scandalously, Padua politics instructor Antonio 'Tonu' Negri was busted for allegedly masterminding the exploits of the terrorist Red Brigade, which in 1978 kidnapped and murdered former Christian Democrat premier Aldo Moro. Magistrate Pietro Calogero slapped the eminent Negri into jail after listening to a tape of a man calling police from a Rome phone booth. The call was reportedly received nine days before Moro's body turned up in a car trunk, and the unidentified caller predicted that Moro would be snuffed unless a number of political prisoners were freed. The voice, says Calogero, matches Negri's.

Beyond the voiceprint (if indeed it is real), the case against Negri is mainly circumstantial. Last spring two Red Brigade leaders in Rome were busted, supposedly in possession of the very Skorpion machine gun that had killed



Moro; they'd been staying in the flat of a teacher at the University of Arcavata in Calabria where an alleged associate of Negri's had taught physics. After the bust, armed cops muscled into the home of an architect friend of Negri's and stole some of Negri's documents.

Students here, say Negri, 46—who happens also to lecture at Paris's prestigious Ecole Normale Supérieure—is being framed because of his association with the ultraleft Workers' Autonomy Movement. An old-time new-left outfit preaching revolution through violent class struggle, Worker's Autonomy still has chapters on many college campuses, in hospitals and even in big factories like Fiat. Though Negri himself leans more toward a gradual 'social revolution' nowadays, cops and judges like Calogero credit him with lending Italy's ultra-left terrorist movement undue intellectual credibility.

Negri's bust has polarized the campus community. Some cite the recent raid on the political journal *Metropoli* and the busts of four of its staffers for running a comic strip that allegedly showed "inside knowledge" of the Moro caper as a signal that the government is using the Red Brigade scare to clamp down on dissent in general. Others are firmly convinced that figures like Negri are consciously fomenting a terrorist assault on the whole society, one of these being Angelo Ventura, a history professor here who helped Calogero work up his case against Negri and was subsequently shot in the foot by a sniper.

Ecobuccaneer Sinks Ship to Save the Whales

LEIXOES, PORTUGAL—'It went down really fast, said Paul Watson after scuttling his 206-foot converted trawler, the *Sea Shepherd*, right in the local harbor here. 'Instead of getting \$5,000 in scrap for it, it'll cost them a half million to get it off the bottom of the harbor.'

Watson sent the *Sea Shepherd* to the bottom in a swashbuckling feat of ecological piracy after she'd been unpounded for more than five months by the Portuguese government under \$750,000 bond. Last year the 29-year-old Canadian skipper rammed the trawler twice broadside into a Portuguese whaling vessel, the *Sierra*, nearly sinking it and causing the loss of its whole cargo of whale meat. 'We warned the crew that they could get off,' explains Watson, 'and that what we were doing was illegal, but so was what the *Sierra* was doing. They kill anything, regardless of age or size or sex.'

This wasn't the *Sea Shepherd*'s first adventure along these lines. Early last year, at the start of the annual seal bashing season in Canada, Watson and a crew of other ecologists allied with a British conservationist group cruised 400 miles up into the offshore ice sheets on a rescue mission. In one night they sprayed red paint on more than 1,000 live seals, rendering their pelts commercially valueless, before the cops caught them. 'We knew we'd be arrested in the morning under the Seal Protection Act,' says Watson. 'It's illegal to be on the ice without a permit.'

Later on, while that case was still pending in Canada, Watson's crew set out in the *Sea Shepherd* to intercept the *Sierra* on a whaling run between Senegal and Portugal. The ramming occurred just off Porto, and Portuguese authorities confiscated the *Sea Shepherd* and the passports of all aboard. Watson's crew slipped out of the country passportless, but slipped back in months later when Watson heard the ship was up for salvage.

The authorities had said they'd scrap our ship and turn the money over to the *Sierra* for damages, and there was no way I was going to turn anything of value over to a whaling ship. Watson declared. His original scheme was to shave off 15 feet of the *Sea Shepherd*'s mast and sail out silently at night under the harbor drawbridge, but it turned out that although Portuguese cops were supposed to be on guard, some \$100,000 worth of gear had been ripped off from the ship and she was no longer seaworthy. So Watson and his crew just floated her out into the middle of the channel, opened the keel stopcocks and let her drop like a stone. Then they slipped away again.

Says Watson, 'Well, the Royal Navy did it all the time during the war, and as far as I'm concerned we're at war with all whaling ships that operate outside the rules and regulations. You just don't let your ship fall into the hands of the enemy.'



Despite impressive choppers, killer whales eat strictly by algae. They need folks like Paul Watson to bite back for them.

How to Score with Eau de Boar

LONDON—Behaviorists researching the subtle effects that odors exert on human behavior are getting a considerable experimental boost from traditional English swineherds and sex-shop proprietors. Not long ago, scientists at Warwick University isolated a hormone called alpha androsteno, produced by male swine and humans alike, that allegedly attracts females. Hardly had the first technical studies been published on this pheromone—a secretion that affects the behavior of other members of the same species—than pig farmers were volunteering whole herds as test subjects and cologne makers were competing for the patent.

To pig farms it's merchandized as Boarmate, and said to be notably efficacious. Like many domesticated livestock, sows frequently fail to "show" properly during their heat periods, their pudenda fail to swell and give off the aroma that attracts males. The boars in turn don't get aroused, and a valuable breeding period is lost. When the sows are exposed to Boarmate, though, at the proper time of the month, they luridly exhibit all the proper symptoms: the boars pick up on it, and everything works okay.

In humans it's a little trickier, since most women don't have regular and well-defined mating periods. However, one set of researchers tried daubing a minuscule trace of alpha androsteno onto a seat in a dentist's waiting room, and sure enough every woman who came into the room headed straight for that particular seat—while men appeared to avoid it. When a trace of it was sprayed in a phone booth in a London railway station, men and women alike stayed inside it for a longer period of time than folks in other booths. Warwick researcher Dr. Michael Kirk Smith exposed men and women to tiny, unnoticeable sniffs of the pheromone and had them look at pictures of women, both sexes reported that the women looked sexier and more attractive when they'd been exposed to alpha androsteno.

Still, scientists theorize that alpha androsteno, which is exuded in male sweat, tears and even earwax, should have a decidedly greater effect on women than on men. In sizable quantities it smells like sandalwood, but doses as low as a trillionth of a gram are supposedly sufficient to touch off the desired response—subtle arousal in women.

Accordingly, sex-shop owners here have lately begun to offer alpha androsteno under the brand name Aeolus 7 (Aeolus was the Greek god of the winds, for what that's worth.) It's peddled as a spray, or on a handkerchief lightly impregnated with it, and the scientific world is awaiting the results with bated breath.

Aeolus 7 may well, in fact, turn women on—and if so, what it may do to men is anybody's guess. Human pheromones are implicated in a wide variety of behavior, including dominance patterns. It's suspected that alpha androsteno may have a lot to do, for instance, with deciding which male monkey in a troop is top banana. A normally soft-spoken, mild-mannered gent who sprays some onto himself, then, might well gain an unconscious sense of unaccustomed self-confidence, and he might also touch off the instinctive, brutish hostility of all the men around him and wind up with a series of brawls on his hands.

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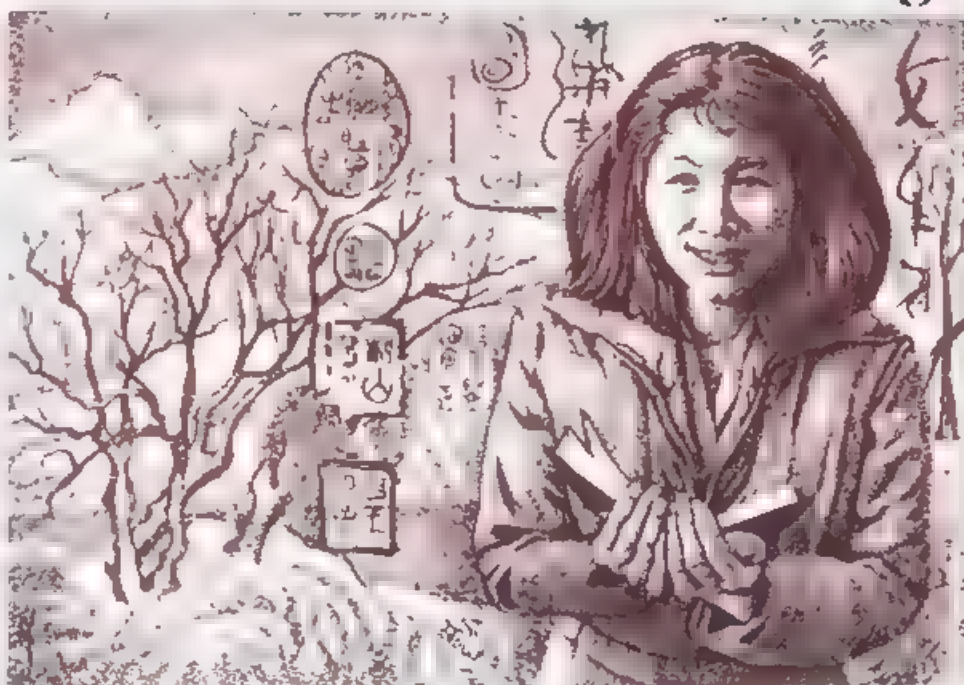
Education Revival Teaches Yanks a Few Things

KUNMING, CHINA—Foreign educators who opt for two-year teaching contracts inside China have to put up with a considerable wage cut by Western standards (\$300 a month tops, which is still thrice again what a Chinese teacher makes), but the experience itself may be well worth it. The Chinese snapped up 30 American teachers with in a week of normalized U.S. relations in 1978 and have slotted them into some of the farthest out places on the globe from the northeastern Heilungjiang Province where Islam somehow coexists with orthodox communism to here in the sun-blessed southwest where relics of imperial grandiosity are still visible, along with relics of the U.S. Army presence from World War II.

Along with millions of bicycles, Kunming streets are still prowled by 1940s-vintage De Sotos, Chevrolets and U.S. jeeps, somehow kept in working trim despite the lack of spare parts for over a generation. Moreover, corned beef—a much-maligned staple of GI K rations—is regarded here as a veritable gourmet delicacy. Few of Kunming's 1.5 million people very clearly recall the city's brief occupation by 50,000 hell-raising allied Yanks during World War II (a lot has happened here since then) but they do seem to have a very favorable opinion of Caucasians. People almost fall off their bikes when they see us riding along," says Elizabeth Booz of Wisconsin, who teaches at Kunming Teachers' College.

In fact, while the Chinese are knocking them selves out to make us feel comfortable and welcome, says Booz, they can sometimes go overboard. Recently, Booz and her son Patrick had to firmly demand by letter that they be allowed to ride bikes like everybody else. "We are considered very fragile and slightly feeble-minded," smiles Booz, 59.

The study of English and European history is heartily encouraged by Red administrators, and Booz's course on English history since 1400 is swamped. "The kids seem to like it because



they've never been exposed to much American or European history," says Booz.

In fact, for much of the last generation, the Chinese were not exposed to very much advanced education of any sort. During Mao's Cultural Revolution and the reign of the Gang of Four, students and instructors alike were herded off to rural communes to refurbish their "proletarian" roots. Doctors lectured on medicine while working with students in rice paddies, and thousands of students illegally reentered cities, where they've been living an outlaw underground existence ever since. So suspicious of "intellectuals" was the Gang of Four that in 1977,

when earthquake monitors at the Liaoning Seismological Station picked up indications of a major quake about to strike Tangshan, the bureaucrats in Peking refused to issue any official alert; hourly warnings of the impending tremor went out from Liaoning but nothing was done and the quake devastated the city with major loss of life.

Nowadays, though Peking is deeply committed to reviving Chinese education with an officially dubbed "walking on two legs" policy. There are over 146 million kids in primary school and over 850,000 college students. Moreover, 68 million adult peasants are in commune high schools, and factories hold college classes for a half million employees. Since 1978, "Open TV" has broadcast technical courses to people all over the country; the courses are structured in three-year schedules, at the end of which written examination forms will be sent to some 600,000 applicants, who will gain formal academic degrees if they pass the tests. And new correspondence schools have enrolled 20,000 students so far. China may nearly have lost a generation of scholars under Mao and his henchmen, but the current regime is clearly working to bring up the slack.

If the Peking administrators can assure that U.S. government spies don't infiltrate them, further groups of U.S. educators will undoubtedly be contracted for under two-year renewable contracts. The Boozes are the only non-Chinese in permanent residence in Kunming but they report it to be exceedingly congenial. Early on, Patrick, 24, was bawled out by the school administration for talking with a young woman student after class. In China, male instructors only address groups of female students—but now his personal faculty overseer is making sly jests about how he ought to get married and settle here for good. "Paddy says the girls are all so cute," says his mother diplomatically, "he wouldn't know which one to choose."

Hindu Denied Catholic Baptism Rites

TRIVANDRUM, INDIA—Religious intolerance is not mere opium but poison, submits popular devotional singer Jesudas, whose son will go unbaptized until the Catholic archbishop of Kerala State relents. The archbishop, the Most Reverend Benedict Mar Gregorios, sparked a national uproar when he arbitrarily refused to baptize Jesudas's second son on the grounds that the popular recording artist publicly worships at a Hindu shrine.

The shrine in question, the Sabarimala Temple in Kerala, holds seasonal festivals that are attended by thousands of married couples of all faiths, seeking Shiva's blessings on their fertility. Jesudas, 37, began visiting Sabarimala after eight childless years of marriage. Says his wife, Prabha Jesudas, "When you yearn for something, you visit places where, your friends say, your wishes will be fulfilled. You don't look at whether it is a church or a temple or a mosque."

Prabha promptly brought forth a son in 1977 who was duly baptized by Gregorios. But when Jesudas (literally "Servant of Jesus") continued the pilgrimages and another son ensued 18 months later, the archbishop refused the baptism.

This, Jesudas observes, is discriminatory. Innumerable Christians and Muslims worship at Hindu shrines, since Hinduism itself is more a fundamental mode of consciousness—shared by Indians of all sects—than a religion.

Jesudas himself—who records hymns sacred to Hindus, Muslims and Roman and Coptic Christians—was some years ago the subject of a legal precedent in religious toleration. The congregation of the Mullakkal Temple at Alleppey asked him to sing there but an orthodox minority tried to prevent it. But a judge, ruling that anyone who professes faith in Hinduism is a Hindu, cleared his appearance there. Later on he was similarly snubbed by a young pop guru, Sankaracharya of Kanchipuram, but declined to make an issue of it.

Against the Archbishop Gregorios, though Jesudas is publicly pressing his point. Clerics who "wax eloquent from the pulpit about tolerance, unity and brotherhood" yet practice ecclesiastical intolerance, he notes, do a disservice to people of all faiths. As for Prabha Jesudas, she mildly confirms that the child will be raised "a true Christian—baptized or not."

South Africa's Neofascists Terrorize Liberal Whites

WINDHOEK, NAMIBIA—"Terrorists" is the term used in the popular press and government rhetoric throughout white-controlled southern Africa to refer to black-liberation activities of all kinds, from guerrilla warfare to mere political organizing. Lately, though, paramilitary groups of whites have been so active that even the police and the army have become visibly concerned.

White-engineered terrorism is really nothing new to Namibia, Zimbabwe Rhodesia and the Republic of South Africa. In the RSA alone some 600 incidents of political violence committed by whites—most of them by ultraconservative Afrikaners against English-speaking white liberals—were recorded. In the last four years, though, while Namibia worked toward nominal political autonomy (finally accorded in December 1978), the growth of paramilitary secret societies has been dramatic.

When the provisional Namibian government dropped the apartheid rules—and especially when the Immorality Act, forbidding sexual contact between persons of different races, was voided—*verkrampte* ("reactionary") Afrikaners reacted almost psychotically. Two secret organizations, Blankswa and the Wit Weerstandbeweging (White Resistance Movement) promptly evolved. Mixed-race *shebeen* taverns are prime targets of these neofascist thugs, who beat up their customers with no interference from the cops. In fact, the Windhoek Observer has charged that plainclothes officers have been seen thrashing *shebeen* patrons along with the racists.

Verkrampte Boers in the RSA are also organizing into armed secret societies, mainly in reaction to the cosmetic relaxation of some apartheid rules by the frightened National Party government. Halfhearted efforts by comparatively progressive (*verligte*) Boers to restructure apartheid laws have been met with teargasings, numerous English-speaking liberals have been shot at, and one—University of Natal scientist Rick Turner—was shot dead last fall. Many of these terrorist attacks are believed to have been directed by Scorpio, the *nom de guerre* of a man now on trial in Cape Town for plotting to murder white opposition leader Colin Eglin.

Eglin was nearly dusted by gunfire in his Cape Town home just days after Foreign Minister "Pik" Botha accused him in Parliament of giving privileged information to the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, Donald McHenry. Of the three men on trial for the attempted slaying, one has sold his story to a local reporter for 50,000 rand (about \$60,000). Thus it came out that all three had been carrying out paramilitary terrorist activities for years, being paid by the Bureau of State Security (BOSS). They'd expected that if they ever got caught, BOSS would pay their legal fees. However, BOSS itself was dismantled last year in a major Watergate-type scandal, when evidence of its CIA-like buffoonery in international covert activities came to light.

BOSS or no BOSS, though, the RSA's terror out-



White soldiers in Namibia's special "antiterrorist" standing army may have to start shooting at people of their own skin color.

fits are growing. The president of the Student Conservative Alliance of Cape Town University is currently on trial for terrorism along with ten young cronies in the Afrikaner Weerstandbeweging (Afrikaner Resistance Movement). They are charged with tarring and feathering a conservative political lecturer. Floors van Jarsfeld in full view of an academic audience. Van Jarsfeld had merely proposed that Covenant Day, commemorating the final victory of the Boers over the Zulus on December 16, 1838, should not be commemorated annually as a religious holiday; this was sufficient for the young toughs to make an example of him for not being *verkrampte* enough.

"The parallels to what happened in 1933 (in Germany) and what has happened now are shocking," says Windhoek city councilor Gunther Kaschuk, himself German. It is the same pattern and proves that a similar group and system exists."

In fact, most of the top leaders in white-controlled southern Africa belong to a secret society of their own, the 19th century-style Broederbond. A tight alliance of industrialists, financiers and military figures, the Broederbond is known to have provided substantial assistance to the Third Reich throughout World War II, only British control over the southern end of Africa prevented them from sending RSA, Rhodesian and South-West African troops to fight for Hitler. The style and tactics of southern Africa's new white terrorist outfits, then, may resemble Hitler's fledgling *Schutzstaffel* goons less by accident than by design.

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Lions in Winter

Pride Cometh after the Fall Dept. Former South Vietnamese president Nguyen Van Thieu now says his lads could've pulled it off fighting toe to punji stick with the VC but all that clumsy Yank ordnance just got in their way.

Without the American presence, he told London reporters, we could have beaten the Communists.

Meanwhile in Africa erstwhile Centra. African emperor Jean Bedel Bokassa dumped after slaughtering 130 school kids who couldn't afford to buy uniforms designed by his wife, is almost down to eating his shoe leather. "I haven't a cent left. I am only surviving thanks to the generosity of the Ivory Coast president. Bokassa revealed to a French reporter for *L'Aurore*. "I have even closed my bank account in Paris. It was empty."

And in Portugal, 75-year-old King Umberto II of Italy is nagging to revisit his loving subjects though the Italian constitution specifically forbids him from doing so. His Highness will even stoop to traveling in mufti, he says, sans crown and gown but he will not officially abdicate. "A king has the historic and dynastic duty to abdicate in favor of another king," holds Umberto but never a republic." Umberto reigned for 35 days in 1946 before being pitched out on a tide of antifascist sentiment.

Afghanistan, Da! Karate, Nyet!

Is it right to regard the bows, shrieks and ceremonial rituals of karate merely as Oriental exotica, and brush them aside with a smile? a troubled K. Preobrazhensky asked the unimpressionable readers of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. The Young Communist League's massthink organ has been investigating the new passion for karate that has lately swept fashionable youngsters in the USSR, and it upsets them a bit. While admittedly the Japanese discipline teaches "will and self-control," Preobrazhensky worries about such "uncritical acceptance of this sport into our soil," and finds its alien "code of cruelty" morally objectionable. "Our humanistic culture has developed many rules, whose purpose is to protect the underdog," he declared shortly after the Afghan-



stan invasion occurred. But in karate one can, without inhibition, hit someone who is down but below the belt, hit the brow and even the eye."

Humor in Uniform

Comedy punchlines are not the common forte of Argentine president Gen. Jorge Rafael Videla whose violently rightist regime has been implicated in the kidnap-murders of uncountable thousands of political dissidents. Videla justified this simplest form of terrorism as a temperate response to the leftist Montaneros (long since wiped out, though the Argentine *desaparecidos* count keeps mounting). As he put it, "Faced with guerrillas as imprecise, as dispersed, as these, we had to give an equally imprecise response." He went on to say, "We are trying to find out why they disappeared and how they might be made to reappear."

Two-Ton Trauma

Making an elephant do something it doesn't want to do isn't easy," admits Willy Newlands of the Edinburgh Zoo in Scotland. "We're stumped. It seems something terrible—nobody knows what happened in 1976 to Dali, the zoo's two-ton elephant and scared her indoors for good. For nearly four years now the agoraphobic pachyderm has refused to leave her one-room



shed, and she will only stretch out her trunk to the food trough, to the disappointment of all the wee barns who come to see her. Zookeepers have tried gentle persuasion and an animal hypnotist and have even lit a fire under Dali to try budging her but nothing avails. "She is unhappy in a prison of her own making," mourns Newlands. "If anybody has a sensible suggestion we'd be glad to hear from them."

Well, they might bring in a squad of very brave carpenters to dismantle the shed around her.

Feelthy Posters, M'sieur?

The new Parisian equivalent of *New York* magazine, *ParisHebdo*, threw a gala inaugural ball in a subterranean parking garage under their offices on the avenue de Wagram. Thus perplexed more than a few guests, who'd observed the advance ad posters for the magazine displayed on hoardings and kiosks for weeks beforehand: a photo of a rat darting out of a street sewer, with the legend "Parisians, get out of your hole! Read *ParisHebdo*!"

Remarked a few guests, "What are they trying to tell us?"

Catnapping Pays



Roman kidnappers may well collect a cool million lire—around \$1250—from restaurateur Paolo Celli in exchange for his five-year-old cat Minu. After being informed of the snatch, Celli told friends, with rather curious reasoning, "I need Minu back: he's black and he's lucky. He says he's not about to go to the cops. They'd think I was crazy."

Denim and Decadence

"The bacillus of moneygrubbing is dangerous: it knows no moderation," *Izvestia's* morality monitor, Yuri Feofanov, reminded his readers recently for the umpteenth time. The focus of this season's scandal was three students at the Moscow Textile Institute who scored 52 pairs of American-made blue jeans and flogged them on the black market at \$260 to \$380 a pair. Comrade Feofanov pointed out that although perfectly serviceable denim workwear of 100 percent Soviet make are nowadays everywhere available something nearly mystical in the very act of profiteering seems to motivate hooligans like this. "I couldn't stop," one Levis fencer told Feofanov. "It's like a vodka for a drunk: When the money keeps coming, you can't stop."

No Fruits Need Apply

"Are you homosexual or heterosexual?" special uniformed guards were asking U.S. passengers as they went through customs in all Netherlands airports last winter. Alarmed and insulted by encountering such bigotry in a notoriously enlightened country, many American passengers demanded an explanation from the cops and discovered that the guards were really members of the Dutch Association for the Integration of Homosexuality posing as customs heat. The project was launched to protest the Carter administration's decision last year to begin vigorously enforcing a U.S. law that forbids homosexuals to enter the Home of the Brave. The law had been quietly ignored by U.S. Customs officials for years, until last winter a memo went out from Washington insisting that all incoming tourists and immigrants be grilled about their sex preferences.

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Feed Your Head

(continued from page 62)

many B vitamins are left in the vegetables you bought at the supermarket, but you know exactly how much B complex you are taking in a tablet.

It is virtually impossible to obtain the necessary amounts of vitamin E from our diets. Because of modern food-processing methods, there is no food available to the public that contains sufficient quantities of this essential vitamin. It has to be obtained by supplementation.

The Value of Exercise

I would be remiss if I failed to mention one of the oldest and surest methods of flushing toxins from your system: exercise. Any prolonged type of movement will blow the accumulated poisons out of your body. The type of exercise matters little as long as it is relatively strenuous and is done for at least 20 minutes.

Yoga is excellent for overall health, but it is not a good detoxifier because there is not enough activity involved to clean out the body. Racketball is super as is jogging and swimming. You want to elevate your pulse rate to over 120 and keep it up for a minimum of 20 minutes. Thirty minutes would be better and 45 minutes better yet.

You can clear your lungs and circulatory system of last night's smoke very readily with a steady half hour of racketball or a slow jog or walk-jog. Even if you adhere to a sound nutritional program, you are only performing half the job in assisting your body to eliminate the accumulated poisons. By helping your body expel the unwanted toxins through exercise, you are assisting organs such as the liver, kidneys and skin in performing their job more effectively. The less burden you place on them, the longer they will remain in good health.

Summary

If you're a drug user, you must be aware that the chemicals you take into your system always destroy some essential nutrients. By providing your body with a reserve of these nutrients before you indulge in drugs, you can successfully alleviate a deficiency and the health problems that result from such deficiency.

In the same manner, if you overindulge with any of the recreational drugs and know what nutrients have been depleted, you can quickly resupply your system and prevent the deficiency from being prolonged.

Every dope user should take some time to learn as much as possible about the science of nutrition. By doing so, you will be able to enjoy the delights of recreational drugs and keep your body healthy and happy. □

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THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommédieu, D.D.

It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 7 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automo-



Brother L'Hommédieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacramental Order of the Universal Life Church and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

bile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

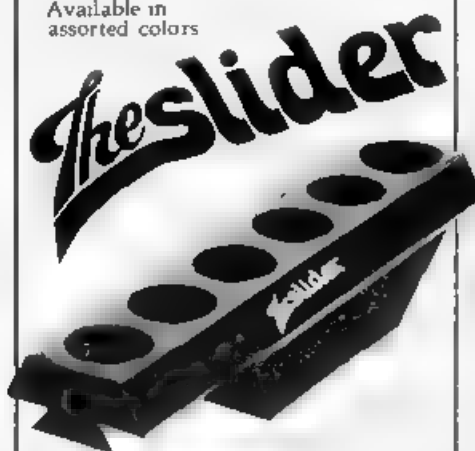
Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 13 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

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From Beer to Eternity

(continued from page 86)

the States, it helps to check the label closely for two important reasons. Some distributors import beer in kegs, bottling it up here to cut down on transportation expenses. Somehow, the flavor loses something in the translation. Be sure when buying foreign beer that the label specifies. "Brewed and bottled in..."

Some major American brewers are even more insidious, though, treading delicately on the thin ice of misleading and virtually false advertising. Two of the better European brands, Tuborg and Löwenbräu, have licensed their names to Miller and Carling, respectively, for production in the United States. The advertising and packaging of these brands is designed to cleverly con the consumer into assuming the beer is actually imported, but the key similarity between these beers and their European ancestors is the price rather than the taste.

The taste of Japan's Kirin beer is advertised as "legendary," and a bottle or two will definitely have you saying sayonara to your senses whether you agree with their claims or not. Malter than most beers, Kirin's flavor is somewhat understated and almost inscrutable to the Occidental palate. Though its foam factor is suspiciously chemical in appearance, Kirin certainly ranks miles higher in taste than San Miguel, that nauseating Filipino import that is more suitable for water buffalo than for human consumption.

Though Thailand's hemp farmers are among the best in the world at their business, the same cannot be said for Thailand's local beer brewers. Thailand exports Singha, a crude excuse for beer; Singha leaves an aftertaste even worse than that of Carling Black Label. At least China's current efforts to normalize relations with the United States and to modernize Chinese society are enhanced with the brewing of a mainland Chinese beer every bit as good as Dutch Heineken or Czech Urquell.

Tsungtao, which can be loosely translated as "the way to the floor," will certainly get you there in no time flat, grasshopper. A few bottles of this practically foamless beer will leave the Occidental drinker slanty-eyed and reading the rest of this article backwards. Some wizened Chinese bartenders will caution that overindulgence in Tsungtao will "knock you off your dharma."

From Egypt's pyramids to Plains, Georgia, from the voyage of the Mayflower to the beer halls of Montezuma, more beer has been consumed than any other drug in the history of humanity. There is no reason to even suppose that things will ever be otherwise, for as surely as the U.S. Navy's Pacific Fleet was smashed to smithereens by Japanese Zeros at Pearl Harbor, a fair portion of the human race will always be equally bombed, from beer to eternity. ☐

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SISTER MORPHINE IS BACK

Once upon a time the Beatles were cute as buttons, Carnaby Street was in flower and miniskirts made sex seem just around every corner. Even the Rolling Stones were young. In those days Marianne Faithfull was the princess. Ethereal beauty, child-like voice, innocent sensuality—she was the woman in the mid-'60s myth. She had it all, including a storybook romance with Mick Jagger. It seemed wonderful. A match made in Electric Ladyland.

But then the dream went as bad as rotting pork. As high as Marianne had been, that's how far she slid down the greasy pole. Cast aside by Jagger, addicted to heroin, broke, she became an object of pathos and scorn. She used to tell sad stories of how the big Stone would use her suffering as grist for his hits. No one likes a victim. Losers bleed on other people's dreams. Her comeback attempts seemed like bad jokes and no one paid much attention.

Against this background, her new album, *Broken English* (Island Records ILPS 9750), is extraordinary and unexpected. By all rights, Marianne shouldn't even be alive and yet here she is with the most powerful album by a woman since Janis. The irony is wonderful.

For the most part, *Broken English* is not a confessional or even personal album. Four of the eight songs are covers. Three of the remaining four were written by Marianne and about a half dozen other musicians. The music is as slick and professional as a well-organized corporate program.

All of this contributes to the album's power. Marianne does not tell you what it's like to be used by Mick Jagger, humiliated in the crew bus like the lowest groupie, or to lose your child to the state. Yet, listening to the record, you would not be surprised if Faithfull had had such experiences. *Broken English* seethes with hate, fear, loathing, guilt, anger and jealousy. But the emotions are distanced and controlled. Marianne's not singing just about herself. She's an artist, not a freakshow spectacle.

Like an actress's, Faithfull's emotions are part of her craft. In fact, *Broken English* reminds you of what an excellent actress Faithfull is. It's not surprising that Americans still talk about the decade-old version of Ophelia in a nationally televised production of *Hamlet*.

Her voice sounds like she's been gargling bile for years. Imagine Marlene Dietrich with a cold. But even though it's not particularly musical, that voice is a finely tuned dramatic instrument. Her interpretations of songs express subtle shades of meaning and feeling only vaguely suggest-

ed by the words and music. Her reading of John Lennon's "Working Class Heroes," for example, translates the self-pity and anger of the early '70s into end-of-the-decade desperation and emptiness.

Marianne's limitation as an actress is that she doesn't express softness or love very well. Actually, she doesn't try much. Tender people like the heroine in "The Bal-

By all rights, Marianne Faithfull shouldn't even be alive and yet here she is with the most powerful album by a woman since Janis.

lad of Lucy Jordan" become victims. The implicit message of *Broken English* is that it's better to be fierce and tough and take no shit from anyone.

The distillation of this point of view comes on "Why D'Ya Do It." It is the most powerful expression of female jealousy, possessiveness, egomania, rage and hatred ever pressed on vinyl. If you listen closely, the number is a dialogue between

a languid, unfaithful lover and the woman he cheated. But actually he's just there to set her off and admire her performance. Listen to her bitch.

Why d'ya do what you said
Why d'ya do what you did
Everytime I see your dick
I see her cunt in my bed
Why d'ya do what you said
Why d'ya do what you did
Betray my little oyster
For such a low bitch

It's the female equivalent of macho. A bravura tirade whose emotional range no other singer I know of could begin to duplicate. Even her boyfriend is impressed, moaning in the end: "Big gray mother, I love you forever, with your barbed wire pussy and your good and bad weather."

The band, which throughout the album provides a crisp, effortless and synthesized reflection of all Marianne's moods, is particularly effective here. Their bubbly, metallic disco reggae rhythms combined with dissonant guitar and overblown horn flurries make you want to dance and duck at the same time.

Marianne, if Mick could still sing, he'd want to sound just like you.

—Jake Poohah





Elaine Bryan/Rehco

CLASH CALLING

There's been a lot of loose talk about how maybe the Clash might just, out of all the punk/new-wave bands, be the ones to make it through as the band for the '80s. *London Calling* (Epic E236328) has taken any "might just" entirely out of the picture. There's no question and no argument. Barring fire, flood or act of God, the Clash will occupy the position during the '80s that the Rolling Stones enjoyed through all of the '70s and most of the '60s.

This is not only a brilliant third album, it's a brilliant double album, packed with more creative value for the buck than a lot of bands come up with during their whole careers.

In some ways, the cover says it all. It's a facsimile of Elvis Presley's first 1956 album. If a lesser band had done the same thing, it would have been a tasteless and pretentious pose. The Clash have delivered the goods with such a vengeance that they have an unquestionable right to the Presley bad-boy-of-rock legacy.

Their roots are fully intact, one foot in traditional Bo Diddley R&B (witness the cut "Hateful"), the other in reggae ("Rudie Can't Fail"). They even maintain a nodding acquaintance with rockabilly by rewording Vince Taylor's classic "Brand New

Cadillac." It's a three-card trick that can hardly fail.

But the group does have a few problems. They maintain a gang's-all-together macho camaraderie that doesn't handle personal relations well. Their only attempt at a love song, "Lover's Rock," more than demonstrates this weakness. It lacks even the lightness of Jagger and Richard in a "Wild Horses" mood. The Clash are too locked into their metaphoric machine gun to have time for romance. Their machine gun could prove a two-way weapon. It's all too much a part of their unhealthy fascination for death or glory. Viva Zapata-style revolutionary martyrdom. Martyrdom may be glorious, but it also leaves one very dead. But what the hell, these are minor quibbles. Good rock 'n' roll has always flirted with naive rebellion.

Mick Jones said a year or so ago that rock wasn't about playing the right chords. The Clash are now playing the right chords without losing any of the flesh and fire. With the help of producer Guy Stevens, they have delivered where bands like the Pistols, Stranglers, et al only promised.

Forget about power pop. The future of rock is rock 'n' roll, and the Clash is rock 'n' roll at its very best.

—Mick Farren

RUSTPROOF

I wonder what this guy ever saw in Crosby, Stills & Nash. You remember them. Nice high harmonies, pretty melodies. Must have been the money. That kind of music is still raking it in.

Of course, so is Neil Young. But he's done it by leaving the sweet homogenized pop prettiness behind. For years now, at least as far back as 1973 with *Time Fades Away*, Young has followed his own path. Crude, live-sounding production, gritty, heavy rhythm guitar, windblown, keening voice, stolid marching rhythms and themes of negation, death, despair and occasional redemption. He looked into the abyss and flinched. Then he came back to tell us about it.

There were times when critics thought he was nuts. And no wonder. CSN&Y were, for a while, the biggest thing since the Beatles. Fluff was in. It's always in. Why, they asked, should the Canadian ex-folkie fuck around with hard rock and stick his nose in people's pain.

In retrospect, it's clear he knew what he was doing. Fluff fades; pain is eternal. Tom Verlaine, Talking Heads and the Sex Pistols rediscovered this for a new generation. That's why on *Live Rust* (Reprise 2RX 2296) as well as on its predecessor, *Rust Never Sleeps*, Young sings two elegies to Johnny Rotten.

Young knows, Rotten knew, and if you want to learn what makes rock 'n' roll eternal, *Live Rust* is a good place to start.

Be warned, however, that like any live album, *Live Rust* is something of an anthology. Although the emphasis is on the latest stuff done since 1975, there is still some overlap with *Decade*, the "greatest hits" triptych released in 1977. But since the readings here are different on the cuts that overlap, there shouldn't be a problem. Besides, it's interesting to see Young's evolution: to compare, for example, the 20-year-old kid who doesn't want to leave Sugar Mountain (i.e., childhood, from a 1970 song) with the 20-year-old who dies learning about death, killing and Yankee



Elaine Bryan/Rehco

Another Rust LP—Neil never sleeps.

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Time fades away but Young burns on—my my, heh heh.

gunboats in "Powderfinger" (circa 1979).
"Powderfinger," in turn, is followed by
"Cortez the Killer," who comes in "dancin'
across the water" (an Aztec Christ) to do in
Montezuma and his people. Such clever
juxtapositions abound on *Live Rust* and
give a new slant to old songs.

A more substantial problem for those of
you who've followed Young's career is that
there are four cuts from *Rust Never Sleeps*
that are repeated here. Since that album is
new—and since it's live—you may feel

that *Live Rust* isn't worth the bread.

It's your decision, but *Live Rust* does
have a big advantage. It's closer to the
edge, especially in Young's guitar playing.
He courts chaos, relying heavily on sus-
tain, feedback, dissonance and Dionysian
craziness. He even hits wrong notes, but
then there really aren't wrong notes or
right ones, just approximations. He comes
closest here to living up to the button he
keeps pinned to his guitar strap: a portrait
of Jimi Hendrix.
—Jake Poobah

X-FUNK

It's been more than two years since the re-
lease of Brian Eno's *No New York* compila-
tion, which was the world premiere of
James Chance and the Contortions. Since



James White—the maestro of new-wave funk.

then James Chance has changed his name
to James White, recorded two albums,
fired his whole band, hired a whole new
band using the original name, started an-
other version of the band, and that version
has also spun off a band that performs
with and without Mr. Chance/Mr. White.

Mr. White has learned more than music
from James Brown and George Clinton; he
has learned "the business" and has spun
off more than most people do in a career
before really getting started. Basically the
Contortions are White's funk group and
James White and the Blacks are a "disco"

group. The latter unit actually includes all
of the Contortions, plus, in the current per-
forming group, a stellar horn section, ex-
tra guitarist, slinky female singers, exotic
female dancers.

Off White by James White and the
Blacks (Za Records ZEA 33003) predates
the current lineup, featuring excellent ex-
Contortions Pat Place on slide guitar, Jody
Harris on guitar, Don Christensen on
drums, George Scott on bass and Adele
Bertei on piano.

Off White's first side is a dance party,
starting off with the historic disco mix of
"Contort Yourself," by the Savannah
Band's August Darnell, that combines
the hottest formula disco beat with James's
post-fBs funk attack and occasionally or-
nate, always alarming sax peroxysm sex
moves, plus a reductionist manifesto vocal
of horrifying wittiness, delivered by Mr.
White and his discoette cooers. It's one of
the greatest dance cuts of all time on more
levels than most have. "Stained Sheets" is
a hot jazz funk update of the come motif in
pop with brilliant breathing, et cetera, by
Stella Rico and dominant annoyed vocals
by Mr. White. Mr. White is in the business
of doing something almost black and he ex-
plains the whole thing here on "Almost
Black" so all of the idiots who explain it
subsequently look even worse. Over a seri-
ous funk attack we hear the conversation of
two seeming observers of Mr. White, one an
ardent partisan, the other a jive militant
denigrator. The girls trade insults back and

forth. Black voice: "He don't have roots!"
White voice: "He's proud of it!"

"[Tropical] Heat Wave" is, of course, the latest and most currently rhumba-able cover of the Irving Berlin classic, with a diverting and classy sax workout by Mr White.

The flip side of the record is what J.C.W. describes as something he made so that he would have something to listen to at home: four instrumentals that are probably even better for dancing to in exclusive, intrigue-ridden discos of the future. They are all

**James White
makes records so
he can have
something to listen
to at home.**



funk exercises, established on a solid groove, then layered on.

As George Clinton has pointed out, funk has a lot to do with "playing on the one"—instruments playing similar parts in tight unison. It works both ways. A lot of this music is built on playing off the one.

This is one of the best albums made in many years. It's got what's good about jazz, funk, disco, consumer anarchy and plenty of inspiring negativity too. Often great body music has lacked mind. You can move both to this, invent steps in the right direction.

—Glenn O'Brien

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COLLECTED STORIES: 1939-1976, by Paul Bowles (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, \$7.50).

Paul Bowles has gone perhaps further into both psychic and physical aspects of North African desert culture than any other American writer in this century. Bowles has lived in Morocco for years, and his ability to evoke the North African mind, with its irrationality, magical primitivism and violent, hallucinatory desert lyricism, makes these short stories exciting excursions into a radically different mode of seeing, thinking and existing. In "A Distant Episode," a learned French professor, in the desert to study dialects, is captured by fierce nomads, detongued and transformed into the camp pet clown. In "The Scorpion," an old hermit woman, asked by her son to come live in town after years in a cave with no company but scorpions, is seized by one of her pets on the way out. She places it on her lips, and it "crawled

slowly down her throat and was hers."

In "Allal," an alienated young kif-taking Arab psychically attunes to his poisonous pet snake. One high night he and the snake switch bodies and he goes on a rampage,

**A dreamlike world
of mysterious desert
power that instills
fascination, dread and
utter strangeness.**

biting to death several of his enemies before they whack off his head with a shovel. Snake-minded for life, the boy is off to the madhouse.

Bowles conjures up a dreamlike world of mysterious desert power that instills the reader with fascination, dread and utter strangeness. Couple an excellent Ameri-

can literary talent with a mind attuned to the weird and awesome powers of non-Western cultures, viewed both alone and in the ways they affect the West, and you'll have Bowles, writing well in the European tradition but also operating as a guide into alien, often frighteningly strange cultures. This book makes *The Teachings of Don Juan* look like a Sunday-school picnic.

These stories are not limited to North African scenes. There are a few set in New York, the Caribbean, European towns and a number set in the more remote parts of Mexico, where again Bowles demonstrates a remarkable facility for getting inside the heads of various primitive personalities, conjuring humor and terror out of the Western inability to comprehend other ways of seeing. For a different point of view, and an often frightening dive into some bizarre aspects of human (and inhuman) nature, read these stories. They will definitely put you into another place for a time.

—Justin Henderson

FROM AYURVEDA TO ZOOMANCY

THE VISUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNCONVENTIONAL MEDICINE, edited by Ann Hill (New York: Crown Books, \$6.95).

Have you been mystified by Arica? Roughed up by Roling? Do you feel silly when one of your hip friends starts raving about moxibustion (heat acupuncture) and you ask if that's what they're using in Detroit to get better gas mileage? In short, do you feel that the holistic revolution of the '70s has passed you by?

Don't fret, help is on the way. In this book you will find at your fingertips all the information necessary for your mental, physical and spiritual well-being. This lavishly illustrated oversized paperback is divided into nine broad categories: comprehensive systems (homeopathy, Oriental, Ayurvedic and anthroposophical); diagnostic methods; physical therapies; hydrotherapy; plant-based therapies; nutrition; wave, radiation and vibration therapies; mind and spirit therapies; and self-exercise therapies. It's a formidable undertaking to be sure, and if you can't find it here, it doesn't exist.

Never again will you feign *no compren-* do when someone starts waxing eloquent about aromatherapy: Now you'll know it's an old Egyptian system employing the use of essential oils and massage. If someone you know is using Lakovsky oscillatory coils, you'll know that Lakovsky, a French engineer, developed a theory stating that all living organisms are really systems of high-frequency oscillations, with every cell a simple oscillator, vibrating at a single pitch. And if they're raving, you can turn down their wave generator like the good sport you are.

As you page through this volume, be aware that the American Medical Association has tried its damndest to discredit virtually all of these time-tested techniques for healing and peace of mind. Even so, they do seem to work for some people. Hell, why not investigate the unconventional before paying your local Dr. Gonzo Gates \$25 to be told to "take three of these and call me in the morning." And when some wiseass says, "Physician heal thyself," with this book you'll know how

—David Walley



This Kirlian photo of a person's thumbprint allegedly indicates incipient influenza.

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON, by Margot Adler (New York: Viking Press, \$16.95).

This book could blow the whistle on some terrifically nice people, but I hope not. The emergence of big-time religious cults in the '70s, with psychos like Jim Jones milking billions out of anivelling authoritarian-passive twerps via mechanical behav-mod "conversion" techniques, has been quietly paralleled in this country by a proliferation of decentralized, nonprofit, nonauthoritarian "old religion" sectlets. These little groups, springing up spontaneously like mushrooms in the hard rain of our times, don't generally put on holier-than-thou airs and are decidedly not interested



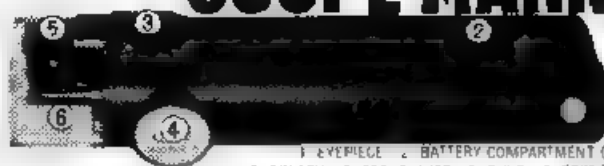
The problem with Jonestown: no Mother Jones.

in saving souls from ignorance and perdition. They mainly want to be with people they like, and they typically loathe folks who are always frantically looking for the True Way, the Ultimate Secrets. The real answers aren't all that tremendous or difficult, these people have found; the trick is to keep your sense of wonder and joy in life continually renewed, and this is done in no wise better than sharing common rituals with people you like.

So all over the place, little neopagan sects with names like the Dianic Covenstead of Morrigan (Dallas), the Susan B. Anthony Coven (San Francisco) and the hysterical New Reformed Orthodox Order of the Golden Dawn have been quietly aborning, or reaborning. It's most likely a natural extension of the spiritual experiments we were all doing in the '60s, when Zen and Vedanta smote us with such changing freshness. These Oriental disciplines, in their fundamental nature, were liberating as all hell; but each, after thousands of years of "evolution," had picked up authoritarian, male-supremacist and downright ridiculous aspects of "orthodoxy." We could no more seriously practice these creeds in a congregation than we could Seventh Day Adventism.

So it was only mildly unnatural for us, in seeking to recapture that effortless perception of the gentle holiness in all things that we knew in the '60s, to look into the pre-Christian holy traditions of Europe. The First Fathers and the Inquisition did a wonderfully lousy job of erasing these old mystery and fertility creeds: Just enough "pagan" lore survived to conclusively demonstrate that there was definitely

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something real in the Eleusinian Mysteries, the various Celtic ethnic cults, the cult of the Aesir and so on. But nearly every swatch of exposition that described the established rites or dogmas of these creeds was rigorously censored forever. So nowadays we can freely syncretize selected elements of these faiths, juggle their deities around as we wish and develop our rituals tailored to our tastes. We can even toss in some good stuff from the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes and the Gospel according to Saint John—as long as everybody else in the local coven feels comfortable with it.

Margot Adler most wonderfully illustrates all this by interviewing neopagan folks and enjoying their rituals all over the country. As really the first book of its kind, *Drawing Down the Moon* ought to fulfill the superb function of preserving the whole process from ever being consolidated into or co-opted by any single doctrine, carrying a depressing albatross of received illuminations, authorized texts and orthodox rituals. She presents a very entertaining commentary on the various writers who have provided the essential epistemology of the neopagan renaissance—Margaret Murray, Gerald Gardner, Robert Graves, James Frazer—and shows them all to be about equally inspired, equally harebrained and mutually contradictory. None of it could be easily manipulated into a coherent codex by any authoritarian messiah-creep, and even though practicing neopagans would by nature be repelled and horrified by any such attempt, it's good to have Adler's comprehensive critique here on record.

The most common characteristic Adler finds among these neopagans is a tendency to remember and respect childhood impressions of wholeness within the living world and a desire to reachieve them through ritual. Intellectual types, political heads and psychologists, naturally, abhor this notion. Having themselves felt inadequate and helpless in childhood, they freak at the idea of recapturing any part of it and will simply not believe that an adult could be profoundly enriched by anything a child experiences. That's why I worry that this book might prompt these insecure social pundits into a frenzy of media condemnation: Folks who do Wicca, the sweetest goddess sect I know about, will be condemned for conducting some antiintellectual, socially morbid, politically "retrogressive" mud-flush down the tubes of self-serving bogus superstition.

But what the hell, these people are so swell and so dignified, they were bound to start picking up heat anyway. And if this book does anything, it shows how neopaganism is in no wise a threat to any person's intellectual autonomy: These sects don't demand you yield yourself wholly up to them, they offer themselves to you—if you're honest enough with yourself to be interesting to other folks. People who don't want to know themselves and be them-

seives will always regard people like this as threats and invent excuses to put them down. This is one reason why many neopagans so much enjoy calling themselves witches.

—Dean Latimer

THE CULTIVATOR'S HANDBOOK OF MARIJUANA, by Bill Drake (Berkeley: Wingbow Press, \$8.95). Here we have 223



pages crammed with photos, drawings, scientific charts, maps and simple popular mechanics-type planting and pruning diagrams that will assist the novice or veteran farmer in his quest for the ultimate homegrown herb

—a vast amount of scientific, historical and metaphysical information combined with an easily digestible format. It is Bill Drake's contention that it's vital for the serious cultivator to know all aspects of the plant and its shamanistic history, as well as how to choose a good planting location or how to cut a branch graft

The first chapter, "Marijuana and the People," a short history of pot, compares popular fiction with the facts. The second chapter deals with the plant itself, its sexuality, the proper identification of male and female plants and the production and chemical breakdown of the resins. The next step is learning to plant. In "Marijuana and the Land," we get information on the physical circumstances that are needed for good plant growth, the choosing of a site, the chemical makeup of the soil, indoor soil, water and atmosphere requirements. We get helpful hints on how to spot the signs of deficiency in the seedlings and the proper mineral and nutritive remedies to take, including chemical nutrient feeding, bottom heating and plant protection. The early stages of the plant's life are of critical importance to potency. Drake also covers seed selection, additives and hormones that can be used to increase plant growth, transplanting, hardening of young plants, pruning for mass and potency and how to produce a heavy head on the plants.

Probably the most important factor in the development of good plants is light. In a chapter crammed with graphs, charts and maps, Drake reviews all of the information that a successful pot farmer needs to know. There's even a formula for computing plant growth in terms of electric bills. The book finishes up with cultivation and harvesting, emphasizing the principles of curing, drying and improvement of low-potency weed.

The book closes with "Cultivation and Awareness," a down-to-earth look at the spiritual and psychic side of growing grass. Drake's contention is that in using your conscious energy to stimulate the plant, you will experience considerable directedness of mind in raising our own consciousness.

—Charlie Frick

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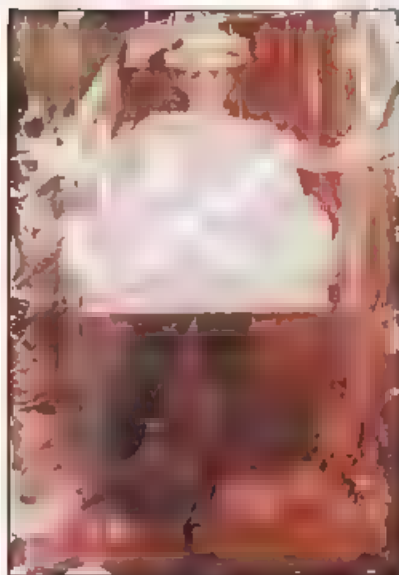
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JUNE 1980



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